

REVIEW

THE



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, 1966-67







HEADMASTER'S FOREWORD



One of the basic problems of education is that suggested in the rather enigmatic saying of the ancient Hebrew prophet, Hillel: "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? If I am for myself alone, what am I?"

Although the first half of the quotation seems to condone self-interest, it is in keeping with many of our educational aims and principles. It implies that each person has the obligation to strive for his own highest development. A student is taught to be for himself in acquiring knowledge, skills, appreciations and the ability to think clearly. We reward such achievements with marks, diplomas, prizes, and eventually with good jobs and prestige positions in adult society. This year's fine academic record proves that we have been for ourselves in the classroom; this excellent *Review*, with the multiplicity of successful extra-curricular activities it records, proves that we have also been for ourselves outside the classroom.

The second part of the quotation obliquely states that a completely selfish man is not really

a man at all. The prophet's question suggests that each man has an obligation to his fellow man, and no man attains the stature of a human being until he fulfils that duty.

It is apparent that the need for unselfish concern increases as civilization evolves. A century ago two powers in the Middle East could have been at each other's throats and the rest of the world might have indifferently watched them fight it out. Now war breaks out between the Arabs and the Israelis, and within minutes the whole world is fearful about the involvement of other nations, and the possible catastrophic consequences to every living being. Of necessity, we have become our brother's keeper.

It is gratifying to know that in Canada's centennial year, Andreans devised and successfully completed a project, not for selfish school purposes, but for the good of future patients at York County Hospital. In fact, most events of the whole school year tended to prove that the students of S.A.C. are learning to be for themselves, but not for themselves alone.

J. R. Coulter

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Fourth House Housemaster

Science

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C. S. Stoaate, M.A.	French, <i>Housemaster of Flavelle</i>
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G. B. West, B.A., B.P.H.E.	Physical Education, Science
J. M. Wilkie, B.D., D.D.	Chaplain, Religious Knowledge
R. W. Wilson, M.A.	Geography, English
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*

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P. N. Nation

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J. M. Shields, R. D. Sommerville.

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DOUGLAS

J. M. Shields

MONTROSE (1st place)

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WALLACE

R. D. Sommerville

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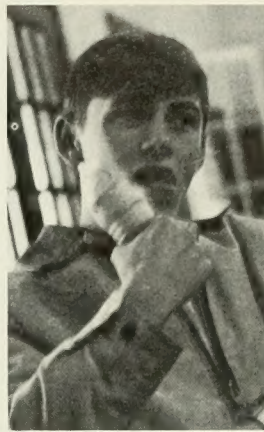
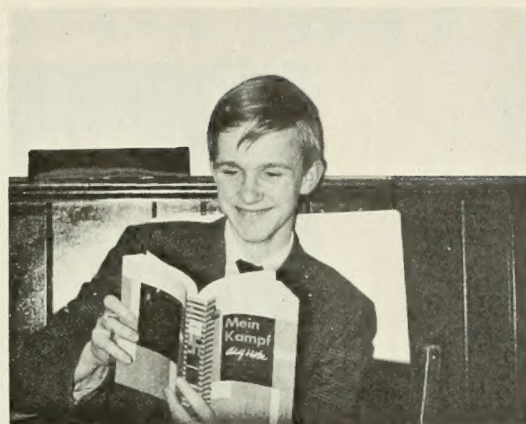
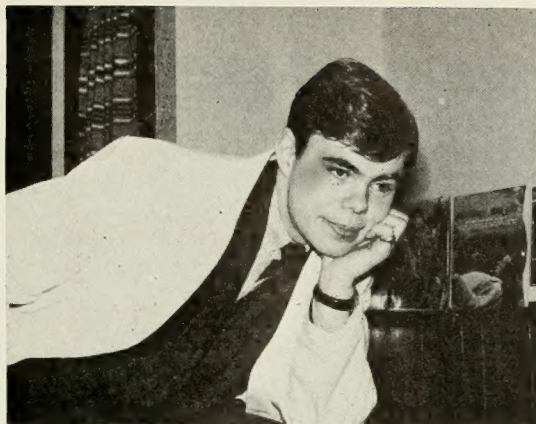
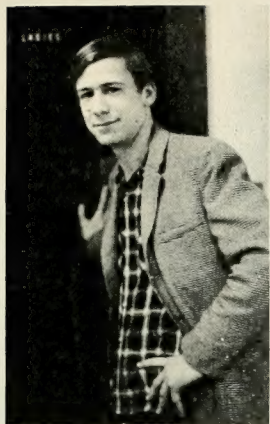
W. M. H. Haust

C. R. Burton

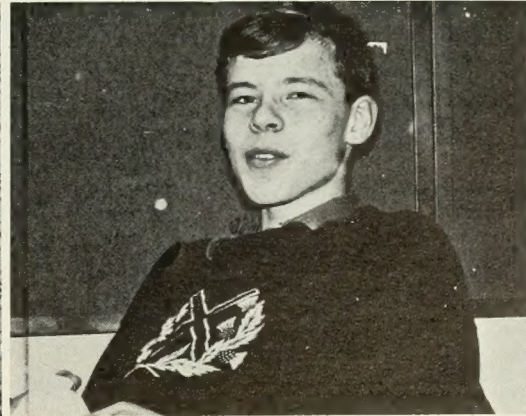
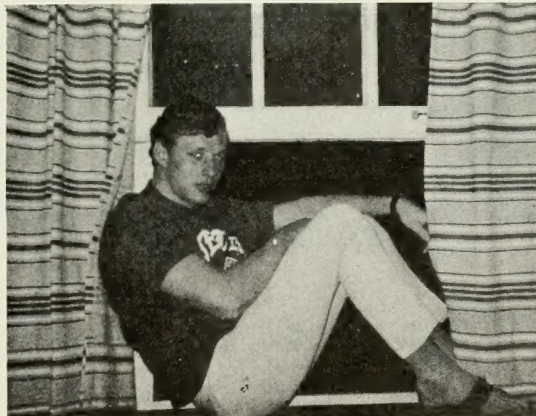
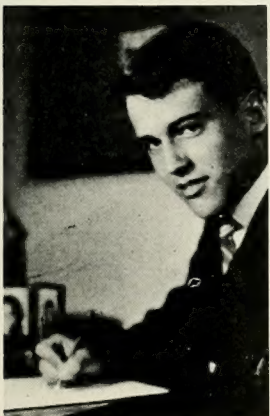
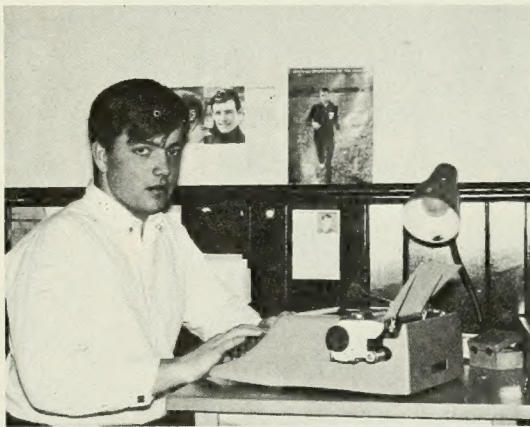
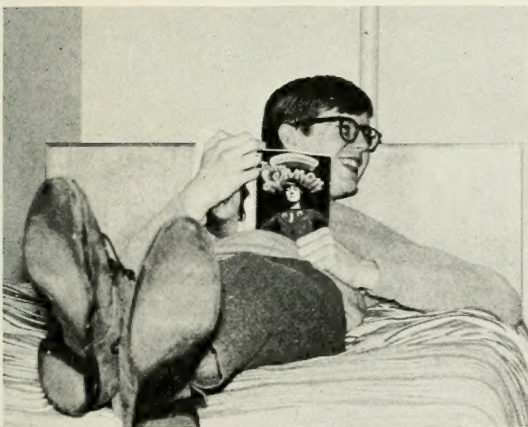
MACDONALD HOUSE

Editor ----- G. A. Dougall

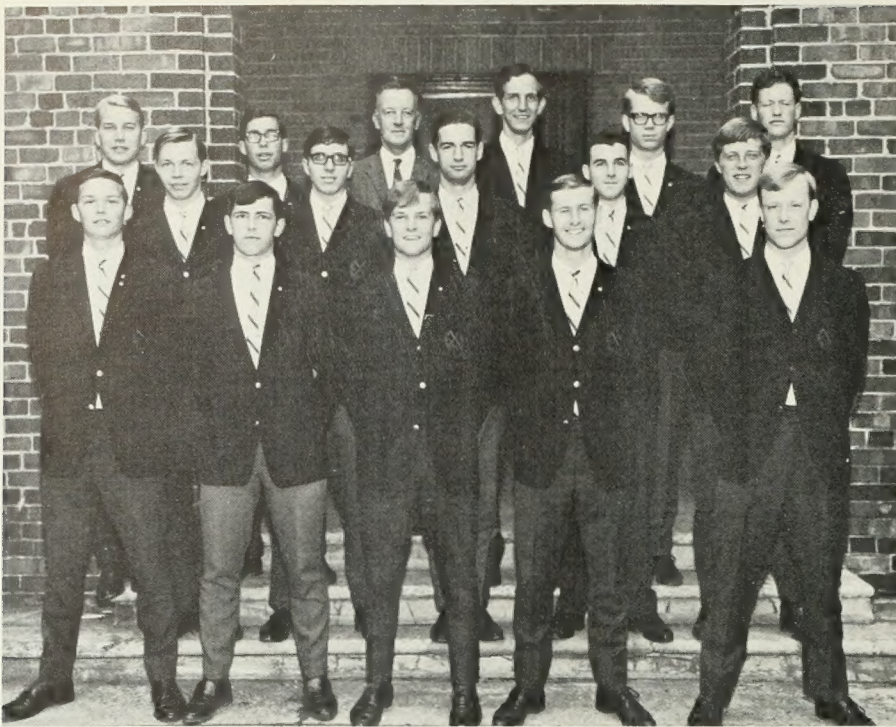
Staff Advisor ----- D. J. Timms, Esq.



THE EDITORS



THE PREFECTS

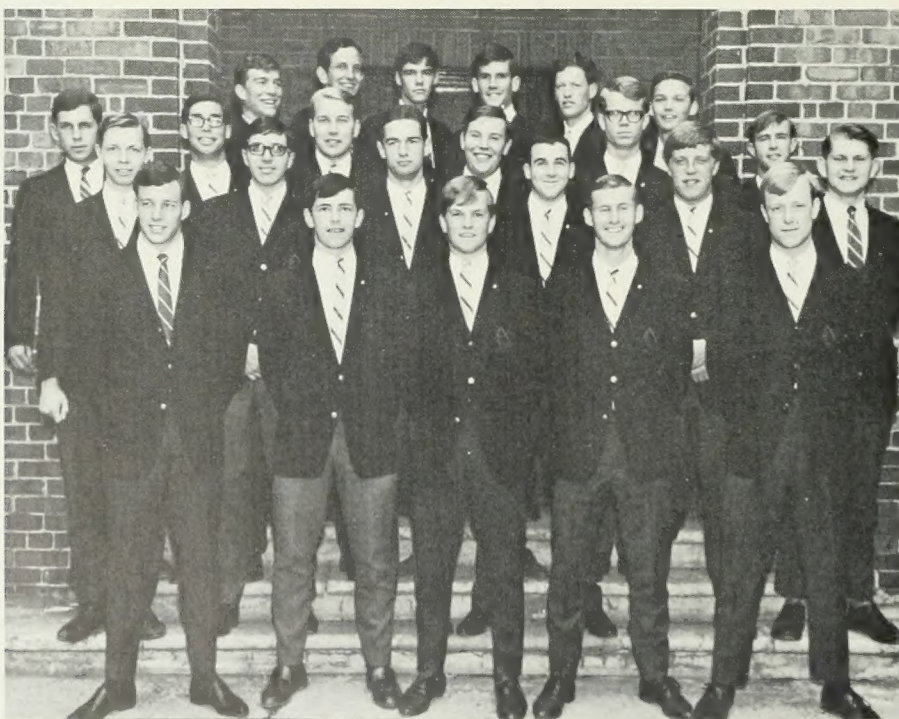


Rear (L-R): Lathrop, Jones, Mr. Coulter, Grant, Maréchaux, Macdonald.

2nd (L-R): Kitchen, Chapman, Nation, McTavish, Shields.

Front (L-R): Love, Mason, Ball, Sommerville, Barrett.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL



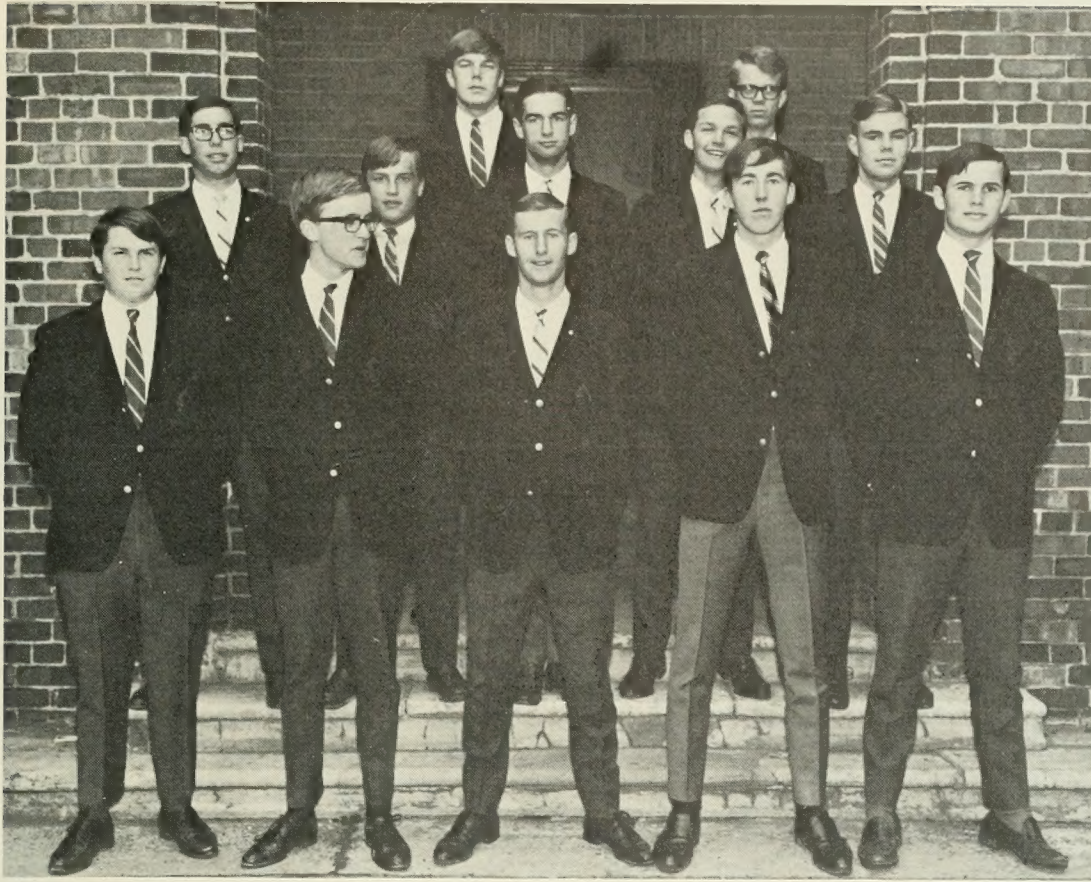
Rear (L-R): Bates, Grant, Marshall I, Owens, Macdonald I, Love I.

3rd (L-R): Brownrigg, Jones, Lathrop, Duggan, Maréchaux, Osborne.

2nd (L-R): Kitchen I, Chapman, Nation, McTavish, Shields, Cross I.

Front (L-R): Dunkley I, Mason, Ball, Sommerville I, Barrett.

THE SERVICE COMMITTEE



Rear (L-R): Jones, Good I, Whiteside, Nation, Love I, Maréchaux, Crookston.

Front (L-R): Campbell II, Evans, Sommerville I, Smith I, Jackson I.

Absent: Mr. Stoaate, Agar.

This year the main concern of the Service Committee was to find and support a suitable Centennial Project. After long discussion, it was decided that since it was Canada's Centennial, and not the school's, the project should be concerned with the community. It was decided that the school should help to furnish the planned teenage convalescence lounge in the York County Hospital, Newmarket. Once this project was agreed upon, the Service Committee began the job of raising funds.

The sale of soft drinks throughout the year, a white elephant sale to end all sales, held in March, and the auctioning of Upper Sixers and masters as waiters proved to be very successful.

But the most commendable and rewarding ven-

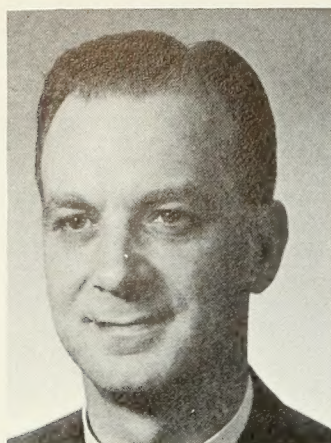
ture undertaken by all masters and boys and led by the Service Committee was the Centennial Bazaar on May 13. A great deal of fun was had by all, but, more important, the goal set earlier was exceeded: the grand total surpassed \$3,500.

Although the Centennial Project was our main concern this year, we continued to support, through our weekly Chapel donations, four boys, who live in Dr. Graham's Homes, Kalimpong, West Bengal, India.

Under the dynamic leadership of Mr. Stoaate, this was a most successful year for everyone on the committee. To you, sir, our warmest thanks for a rewarding year.

P. F. L.

NEW MASTERS



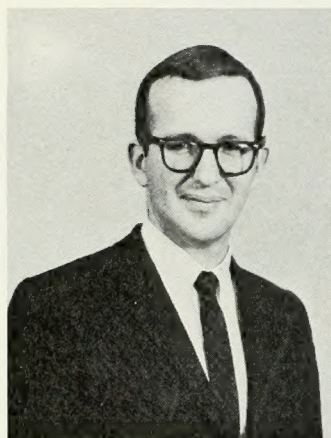
DR. WILKIE

Dr. Wilkie was born and schooled in Dundee, Scotland. He went to the university of Edinburgh where he obtained both a Master of arts degree and a Bachelor of Divinity degree. He subsequently taught for three years at the university of Durham and, following that, taught Hebrew and Old Testament at Cambridge University for three years.

Dr. Wilkie came to Canada in 1953 to become minister of Knox United Church in Sutton, Ontario. In 1957, he became a minister of Deer Park United Church in Toronto. He was there for nine years before he came to St. Andrew's.

At St. Andrew's, Dr. Wilkie is minister of all services in the chapel and teaches religious knowledge to grades nine and eleven. He is married, has three sons, all of whom attend St. Andrew's, and lives on campus in the Campbell Houses.

Dr. Wilkie is the school's first full time chaplain and he is available to all boys who are in need of spiritual help. Early in the year, a number of boys from Upper VI came to his house for an informal group discussion about religion, where he befriended believers and non-believers alike with his sincerity and open-mindedness.



MR. FISHER

Mr. Fisher was born in Toronto and received his education there. He went to Western first but later transferred to the University of Toronto where he obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree. Before coming to St. Andrew's, Mr. Fisher worked for five years in life insurance. He teaches History here at school and plans to coach Junior Swimming. Mr. Fisher is married and lives in Newmarket.



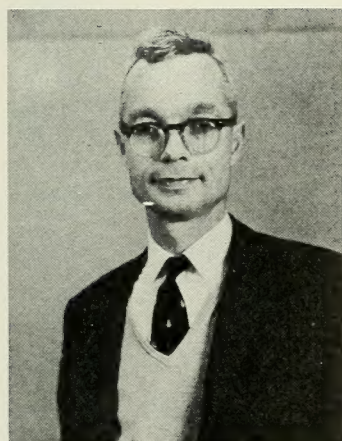
MR. RAY

Mr. Ray has led an interesting life. Born in Johannesburg, South Africa, he has lived in various parts of South America, England, and Scotland. He completed his schooling in Canada, and attained his B.A. at Dalhousie University in Halifax, and his B.Ed. at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. Arriving at St. Andrew's in 1966 he lives in a single apartment in MacDonald House, and teaches English to forms III A, B, and IV B, C. In III A he is experimenting with team teaching. He is joint coach of Under 15 soccer, expects to help with Oliver in the winter term, and Cricket in the spring.



MR. LISTER

Manchester was Mr. Lister's birthplace, but he went to high school at Upper Canada College. There, he played soccer and cricket, and was editor-in-chief of "The College Times". He went to university at Princeton, and received his B.A. Mr. Lister lives outside Newmarket with his wife, on a ten acre lot. He coaches football, and will be coaching hockey. He teaches classes L. II, III A, C, and VA. The boys of these classes have noticed his rather different approach to education. He splits his classes up into small discussion groups, and after formulating answers, each group presents them. He encourages class participation to the fullest degree, a new thing for some boys. His ideas on education were adopted at Monarch Park, a school in Toronto. His story about his becoming a teacher is rather amusing. As he puts it, at first he was an "unwilling conscript" pressured into registering with the Ontario College of Education after counselling at a summer camp. He enjoys teaching at St. Andrew's and we hope he continues to do so.



MR. DAWSON

Mr. Dawson was born in Hertfordshire, England. His education is varied and most interesting.

After completing his secondary school education, Mr. Dawson played with the Welsh Guards Band. Following this, his education included attending The Royal College of Music and Oxford University.

In 1949 Mr. Dawson came to Canada and taught at one of our rival L.B.F. schools, Upper Canada College, until 1954. He then returned to England and obtained his M.A. degree.

Having received his degree he returned to Canada and taught for five years at Hillfield and one year at Pickering.

At St. Andrew's this year Mr. Dawson will have more than his hands full. Besides being the Chapel Organist and teaching grades 7 through 10 Music, he will be fully involved in the planned production of Oliver, as Musical Director. The Christmas Carol Services and the organization of a Band and Glee Club will certainly keep him very occupied.

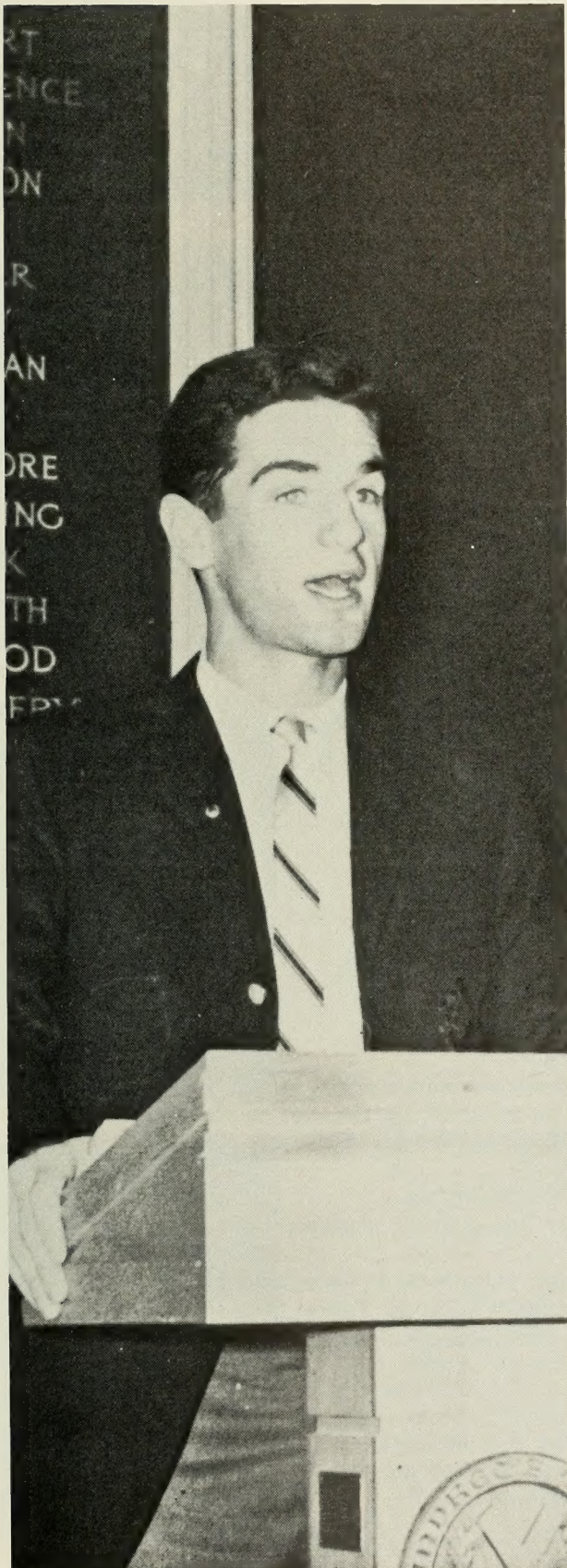
Mr. Dawson is a fully accomplished Musician with the clarinet, piano and organ. His piano degrees include the L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M.

Mr. Dawson and his family are living in the Campbell Houses.



Rick Schmeichler

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS



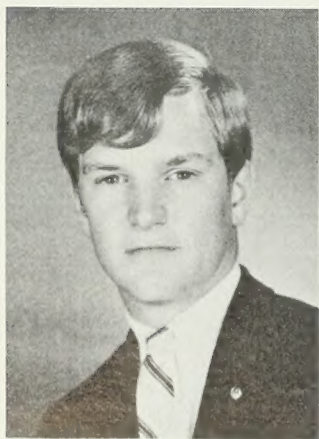
Five years ago, the then head prefect, Gordie Griffiths, said to the school in his valedictory address, "I think few of you will disagree with me that the school has slipped this year. Once a school slips that all-important first notch, the descent proceeds very rapidly". I think that perhaps this year the school has regained several, if not all, of the notches that Mr. Griffiths felt that it had lost. For one thing, the Grade XIII class as a unit has given more positive leadership to the school. This is shown by the unusually high number of prefects that were appointed, and by the additional number of boys who came close to being appointed prefects. Another reason was the wide support and co-operation that was given the prefects by the student body. Although this support lagged at times, it was probably better than that given to the prefects in the last two or three years, and it resulted in the school, as a whole, accomplishing more.

For example, the social, service, and athletic committees managed to achieve more this year than in previous years. The Social Committee managed to arrange an additional dance in the second term, and showed much-needed originality in their planning for all the dances. The Service Committee gave the school a useful Centennial project which not only helped the community, but also offered students in the school a chance to show initiative and to work together. I'm glad to say that the chance was taken by almost everyone, and that the result was an outstanding success. The Athletic Committee, after many frustrating hours, has managed to arrange the whole system of sports awards into a fairer and simpler form. These three committees are by no means the only examples of groups working for the good of the school, but they deserve mention above the others. If the spirit of co-operation that has begun to develop this year continues into the coming years, the school will be a much better and, I might add, a much happier place.

There are many among you who will want to challenge features of school life when you return next year. This is necessary, but must be done in the right way. Those of you who are inclined to complain endlessly and to behave generally in a selfish way should realize that you must become part of the school to really benefit from it. The constructive criticism of a person who is respected by master and student alike will go farther than the destructive criticism of someone respected by neither. Too often we hear the voice of the negative minority; we would like to hear more from the positive majority.

In many ways, we think that this has been a good year at S.A.C. However, we would also like to think that there will be even better years to come.

P. N. Nation



ROBERT A. BALL - "Bobby"

You're right Nick. There is too much smoking in the school.

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Football, 1st Hockey, 1st Cricket, Dramatics (Oliver, Paths of Glory), Debating, Cdt.Lt., Bensoc, Social Committee.

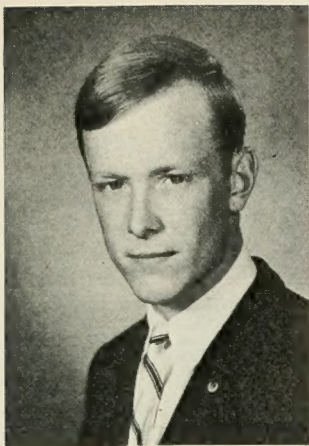
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Showering

FAVOURITE PLACE: The prefect's common room after meals.

AMBITION: To get early admittance to some university.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Happy Valley Nursery

NEXT YEAR: Arts at York, Queen's, Western, or S.A.C.



M. G. BARRETT - "Bart"

No kidding???

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Montrose Clan Captain, 1st Football, 1st Hockey, Track, Social Committee, Drama Committee, Athletic Committee, Drum Sergeant, Art Club, House Captain, Play Director, Part time member of the Flavell House Smoker.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Packing it in

AMBITION: To be a musical Michelangelo.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Educated bum in a Yorkville dive.

NEXT YEAR: Ontario College of Art



ROBERT L. BUCKNER - "Buckers"

Why not? Everyone else does.

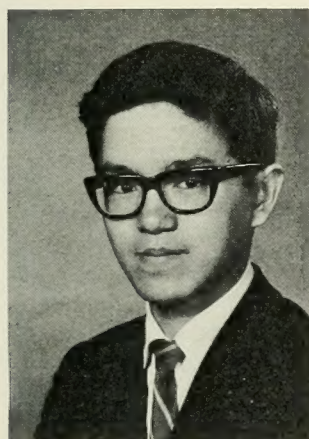
ACTIVITIES: Design Editor of the Review, Swimming, 3rd Soccer, The Mets, Rifle Team (highest aggregate), Bensoc, The Trough, Moffat's Super-ranger (ret'd), Cdt. L/Cpl., Dramatics.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Working

AMBITION: To do a homework assignment.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: PhD in Math

NEXT YEAR: Fine Arts at Mt. Allison



FRANCIS CHAN - "Charlie"

Forget yourself!

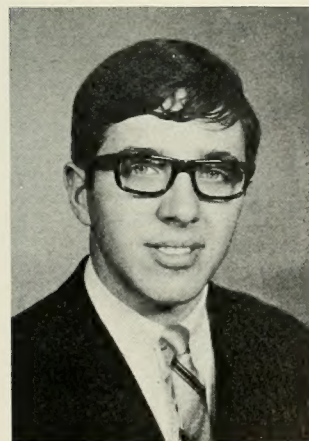
ACTIVITIES: Clan Hockey, Clan Cricket, Clan Soccer.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Joke

AMBITION: To be a smoker

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Home

NEXT YEAR: U. of W.



BILL CHAPMAN - "Teeth"

Well, if you were with a girl you wouldn't.

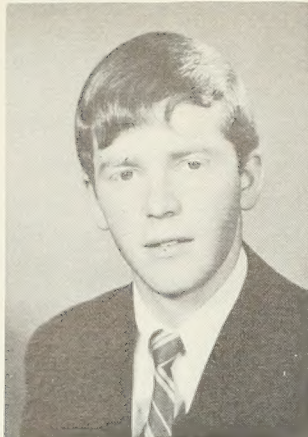
ACTIVITIES: Chairman of the Dramatics Committee, Prefect, Secretary of the Student's Council, Second Football, Clan Hockey, Track, Cdt. Captain of the honorary "B" Company, Make-up crew.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to get Ninky "happy".

AMBITION: To defeat, utterly and absolutely, Mr. Pitman in an argument.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Cracked teeth

NEXT YEAR: Economics and Political Science at Glendon.



PETE CLARKSON - "Torch"

But you already owe me ten, Stud.

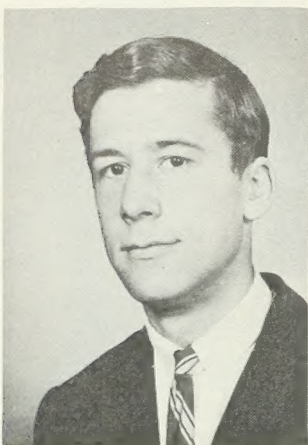
ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football, 1st Fencing, Cdt.Lt., Review Staff (photography), Photography Club, Vice-chairman of the 4th House smoker, Moffat's Rangers, Coburn's Guerrillas.

FAVORITE PASTIME: Visiting Flavelle House basement for a . . .

AMBITION: Yeh, Sure!

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Sanitation Engineer

NEXT YEAR: Math at Queen's or U. of T.



JOHN COSSAR - "Brother John"

Did anything happen in Math today?

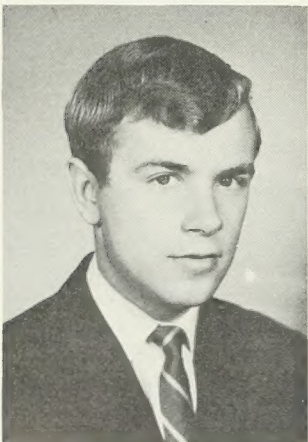
ACTIVITIES: Review Editor, Pipe Band, Science Club, Flup, Debating, Film Society (Silent Member), Victim of nitrogen dioxide fumes.

FAVOURITE HANGOUT: Jim's room

AMBITION: Emancipation

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Day boy at Alcatraz.

NEXT YEAR: Biological and Medical Science at U. of T.



DUDLEIGH COYLE - "The Ox"

Stick it in your ear!

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Clan Hockey, Private first class, Bensoc, The Trough.

PET PEEVE: Teachers who get their tongues twisted around simple names like Dudleigh.

AMBITION: Yes; but somewhat tapered.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: After a few years at S.A.C., who knows?



GORDON DUNCAN - "Gorf", "Peon"

Let's cut; double or nothing.

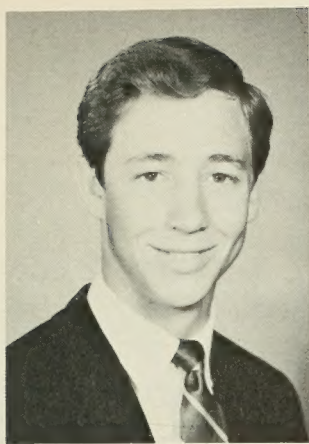
ACTIVITIES: 2nd Soccer, 1st Hockey, Track, Science Club, Brass and Reed Band, F.L.Q. (Fun-loving Quebecers).

FAVOURITE CHUCKLE: One-eared elephants without trunks.

AMBITION: Prime-Minister

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Short order cook at the Aurora Dairy Bar

NEXT YEAR: University of New Brunswick



COLIN DURIE - "Peanut"

Speak of the Devil; it's —!

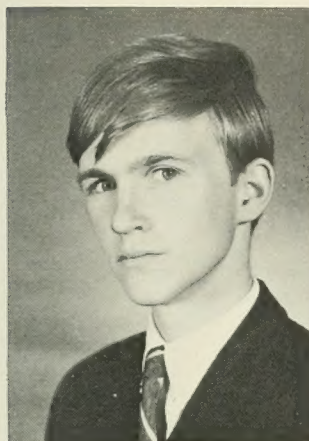
ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer, 1st Basketball, 1st Cricket, Cdt. Sgt. of the "Coon Platoon", Member of Trough 27.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Wendy

AMBITION: Wine, women, and women.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Anywhere with a tropical climate.

NEXT YEAR: Business Administration at Western



D. F. EVANS - "The Sarge"

What's a tursh?

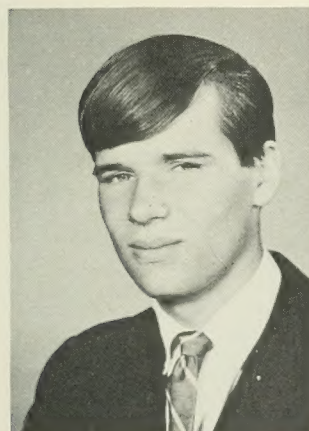
ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football, Service Committee, Debating, Bensoc, The Trough-Table 27, Exchange Editor of the Review, Oliver, Cdt. Sgt., Librarian.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Eating and generating noise in BENSOC after lights out.

AMBITION: To cut Page to shreds.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Shreds

NEXT YEAR: Honours Political Science at U. of T.



R. W. FORBES - "Blackfly"

ACTIVITIES: 1st Basketball, Cdt. L/Cpl., The Trough, Flavelle House Smoker, 2nd Cricket.

FAVOURITE PLACE: Flavelle House Smoker

AMBITION: To turn white

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Civil rights leader in the States

NEXT YEAR: Arts at Western



NICK GLASSOW - "Mario", "Rock"

oops!!

ACTIVITIES: Moffat's Rangers, Coburn's Guerrillas, 1st Soccer, 1st Cricket, Skipping Chapel, Imitating masters behind their backs.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Singing in Math class

AMBITION: To run a chain of pizza stores.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Making the pizzas

NEXT YEAR: Medicine at Toronto.



DAVE GRANT - "Coon, Jungle Bunny, Nigger, Black Boy, Rastas"

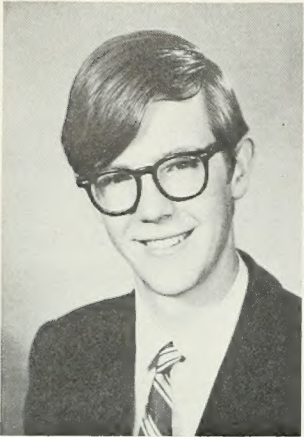
Twee suh

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Soccer, (MVP), 1st Football, 1st Basketball (capt.), 1st Cricket (ass't capt.), Tennis Team, Cdt. Lieutenant of the "Coon Platoon", Students' Council, Dramatics, Variety Night, Math consultant.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Telling people that Blacks are superior.

AMBITION: PhD. in Grade XIII

NEXT YEAR: Honours Math at Queen's



G. S. B. HALLY - "Sy"

Give us another imitation of a human being, Jim.

ACTIVITIES: Scholar, Literary Editor of the Review, Pottery Club, President of the Science Club, Film Society, Cdt./Pipe Sergeant, Alphabet Soccer, Billiard Academy, Flup.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Contemplating life in Math B class.

AMBITION: To convert the world to Atheism.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Ordained

NEXT YEAR: Honours Math, Physics, Chemistry at U. of T.



CARR HATCH - "Snatch", "Carbuncle"

Aw come on Roden, that's not even funny!

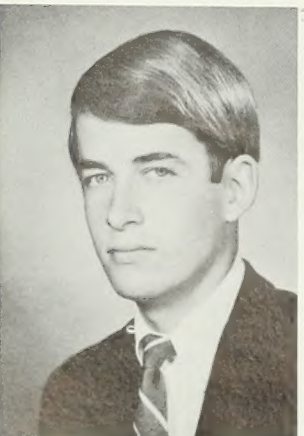
ACTIVITIES: 1st Cricket, 2nd Soccer (MVP and Ass't Capt.), 2nd Hockey (Ass't Capt.), Cdt. Cpl., Moffat's Rangers, Chief trap setter of the Trough.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Defending Bright's wines and editing the Vatican Rag.

AMBITION: President of Bright's Wines or Pope Carr I

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Grape stomper or janitor in a synagogue

NEXT YEAR: Business Administration at Western



W. S. HILLARY

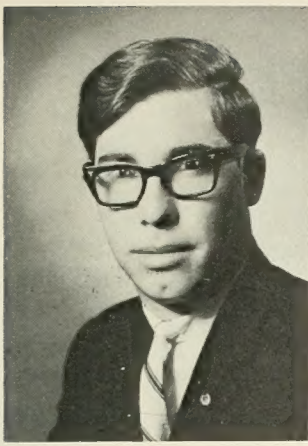
ACTIVITIES: 1st Shooting, Cdt. Cpl., 3rd Soccer, S.A.C. Billiard Academy, Moffat's Rangers, Coburn's Guerrillas, Active member of Trough 27, Ski Club, Flavelle Baseball.

FAVORITE PASTIME: Skiing AWOL in Collingwood.

AMBITION: The perfect raid on 109, Memorial House

PROBABLE DESTINATION: "Honest Mr. Pitman, these water-bombs are for a physics experiment in Dudleigh's room."

NEXT YEAR: Premeds at Queen's



ROBERT L. JONES - "Tea Bag"

Hold Strain!

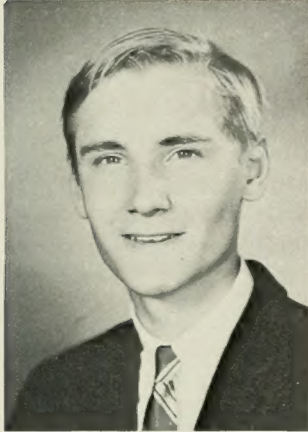
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Athletic Committee, Students' Council, Debating, Cinema Committee, Service Committee, Platoon Sgt., 1st Soccer, 1st Cricket, Tennis.

FAVORITE PASTIME: Being obnoxious

AMBITION: Wine, women, and song in a tropical paradise

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Hermit in Antarctica

NEXT YEAR: Arts at Western or U.B.C.



T. P. KINGSTON - "T P"

Well, if you want my opinion, I think it stinks.

ACTIVITIES: Librarian, Cinema Committee, Scholar, Dramatics Committee, Film Society, Review Staff, Billiard Academy, Bruce Clan, Le Cercle Français, Flavelle House Smoker (occasionally), Cadet Lance General, Pres. of Soccer Veterans Inc.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Being a pseudo-intellectualist.

AMBITION: Existentialist

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Confucianist

NEXT YEAR: Arts at McGill



DAVID E. KITCHEN - "Kitch"

No, Peter, you're not a suck.

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Chairman of the Athletic Committee, 1st Football, 1st Hockey (Ass't Capt.), Rugger, Students' Council, Montrose Vice-Clan Captain, Cdt. Sergeant, Variety Night.

FAVOURITE MEAL: Early breakfast

AMBITION: Mayor of Etobicoke

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Chief Sanitation Engineer of Etobicoke

NEXT YEAR: Math at University of Waterloo



NED LATHROP - "Ben"

Now what's Bobby done?

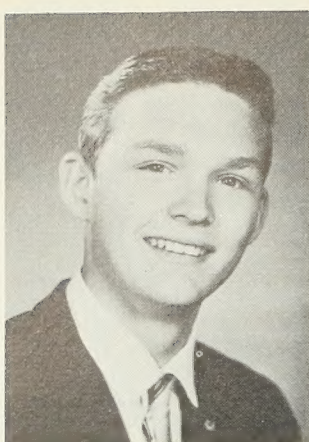
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Football, 2nd Hockey, Cinema Committee (Chairman), President of S.A.C. Billiard Academy for Gentlemen, Cdt. Captain, Students' Council, Moffat's Rangers.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Lecturing Bobby on Hypocrisy

AMBITION: To get to Europe

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Stranded in Halifax

NEXT YEAR: General Arts at Queen's



PETER LOVE - "Flav"

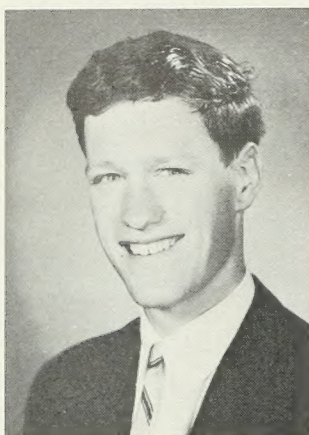
As you were! Relax!

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Chairman of the Service Committee, 2nd Football, 1st Hockey, 1st Cricket, Cdt.Lt., Students' Council.

AMBITION: Writing bigger and better Math books

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Associate Chemistry Professor at S.A.C.

NEXT YEAR: Maths and Science at U. of T.



T. I. MACDONALD - "Timmy"

What bugs me, Mace, is . . .

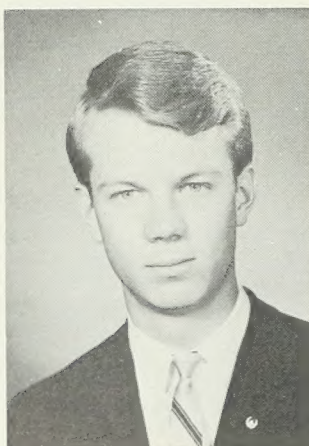
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Football, 1st Hockey, 1st Cricket, Cdt.Lt., Bruce Clan Vice-Captain, First Clan Colours, Students' Council.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to get a butter-patty at lunch

AMBITION: To see the prefects' common room empty

PROBABLE DESTINATION: It'll be locked.

NEXT YEAR: Soc. and Phil. at U. of T.



F. M. E. MARÉCHAUX - "Max"

Shut up and have another drink, yourself!

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Head Librarian, Pipe-Major, Deputy Organist, 2nd Soccer (Capt.), Cross-country Run, Dramatics, Students' Council, Secretary of the Service Committee.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Practising the noon grace

AMBITION: Diplomat

PROBABLE DESTINATION: 3rd Secretary to Antarctica

NEXT YEAR: Liberal Arts at York (1968)



GLENN E. MASON - "Mace"

What bugs me, Timmy, is

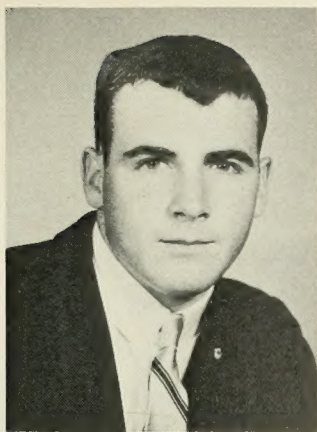
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Football, 1st Hockey, 1st Rugger, Scholar, Athletic Committee (Secretary), Debating, Cdt.Lt., "Brothers in Arms" (Director), Students' Council, Non-Member of Prefects' Smoker.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Ignoring smoke and noise of Flavelle House

AMBITION: To decide what to do next year

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Undecided

NEXT YEAR: Engineering or Physics or Honours Math or Psychology at Queen's or Waterloo or Western



A. F. McTAVISH - "Le Boucher"

Grubbage!

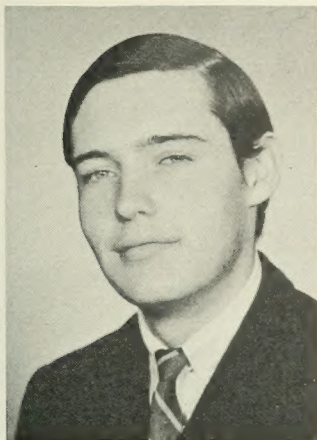
ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football (Co-Capt., MVP), 1st Hockey, The Mets, Cdt.Cpl., The Trough (Former Vice-President).

FAVOURITE ATHLETE: #21 for the Leafs

AMBITION: To hit like "The Boomer"

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Sin Bin: Two minutes for charging

NEXT YEAR: That's a good question!



BILL MULOCK - "Moooo"

What, another Saturday Night?

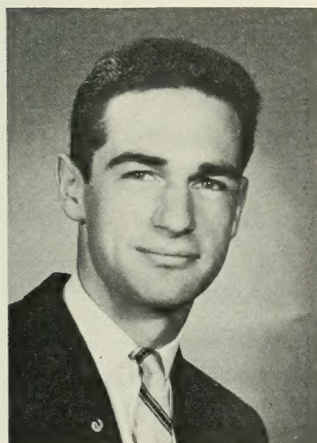
ACTIVITIES: 1st Hockey, Cdt.Lance Corporal, Flavelle House Smoker, Table Head, Day Boy, Ten year good guy.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Throwing Saturday Night??

AMBITION: Square root

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Eleven year good guy

NEXT YEAR: Arts at York



P. N. NATION - "Nephew Nick", "Ninky"

Look guys -you gotta understand my position.

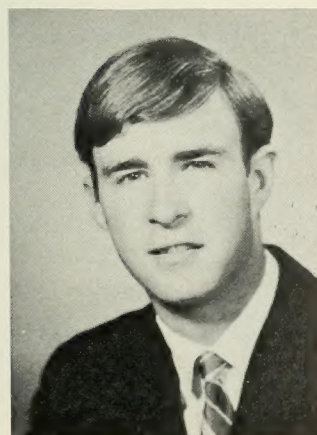
ACTIVITIES: Head Prefect, C.O. of Cadet Corps, Chairman of the Students' Council, 1st Soccer, 2nd Hockey, Sr. Rugger, Bensoc International.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Breakfast and looking respectable.

AMBITION: To be myself again after the year is over

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Being myself

NEXT YEAR: Science somewhere in western Canada



R. E. OSBORNE - "Ozz"

All right, Nick, you can come in now.

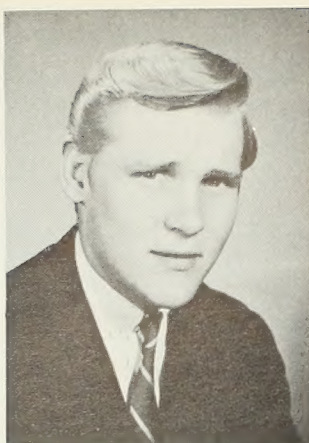
ACTIVITIES: Cdt.Lt., Chairman of Debating, Dramatics, The Trough, Bensoc.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Getting shot down.

AMBITION: To find an original joke for this heading

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Trying again

NEXT YEAR: Political Science at York



DOUG PAGE -"Muscle-Mouth"

Pass the potatoes!!!

ACTIVITIES: Head man of Trough 27, 1st Football, 2nd Hockey (Capt.), 1st class Private of #1 Platoon, Film Society, Self-appointed President of the Flavell House Smoker, General Nuisance.

AMBITION: To pass Grade XIII

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Housemaster of Flavell at S.A.C.

NEXT YEAR: Chemical Engineering anywhere



M. D. D. PATCHELL -"Stud"

Can you lend me one, Pete?

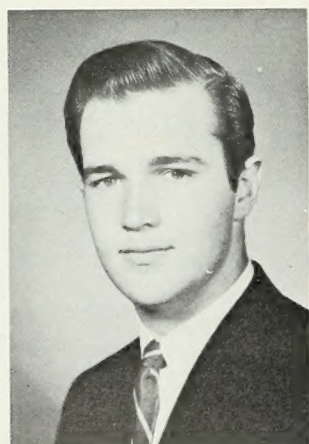
ACTIVITIES: Chairman of the Fourth House Smoker.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Loafing

AMBITION: Not much

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Bookie at Woodbine or Bartender at the Lido.

NEXT YEAR: Business at Bishop's or Western



JAMES C. PRILL -"J C"

Well, back in England . . .

ACTIVITIES: Open Rugger, Memorial House Blast-ing Engineer, Camera Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Making out with Mary Jane

AMBITION: To live

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Lived out at 25

NEXT YEAR: U. of Saigon?



R. T. RODEN -"Ju Ju"

-Hey, Yoohooey!

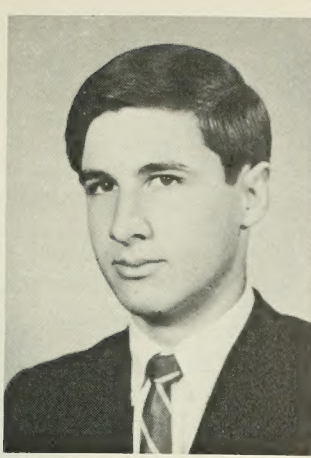
ACTIVITIES: Chapel singing, Cadet Corps, The Trough, Moffat's Rangers, 2nd Soccer, Member of Fourth House.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Procrastinating

AMBITION: Eventually

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Windsor Salt Mines

NEXT YEAR: Business at Western



R. E. SCHMEICHLER - "Shinkle"

So what are you arguing about, Stud?

ACTIVITIES: 1st Fencing (Capt. Bar), Cdt. C.S.M., Librarian, Photography Editor of the Review, Président du Cercle Français, Executive of the Camera Club, Moffat's Rangers, Alphabet Soccer.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to shovel what Prill shoots while catching what Page roars from the head of the Trough.

AMBITION: Not to endure another winter at S.A.C.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Teaching at S.A.C.

NEXT YEAR: Industrial Management at U. of Mass. or Boston U.



J. M. SHIELDS - "Murr"

Hail to thee blithe Stud!

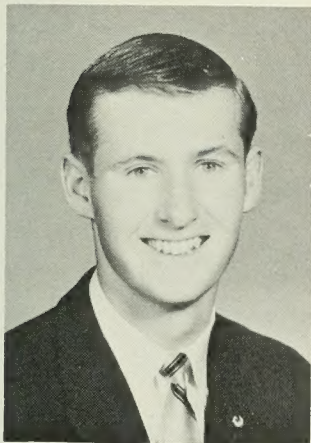
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Football, 1st Swimming (Capt., MVP), 1st Cricket, Athletic "A", 2 I.C. of the Cadet Corps, Chairman of the Social Committee, Douglas Clan Captain, Students' Council, "Oliver", Bensoc.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Nibbling . . . carrots

AMBITION: Air Canada Airline Pilot

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Test pilot for Jockey Shorts

NEXT YEAR: Business at Western or Honours Arts at St. Andrew's



BOB SOMMERVILLE - "Donny"

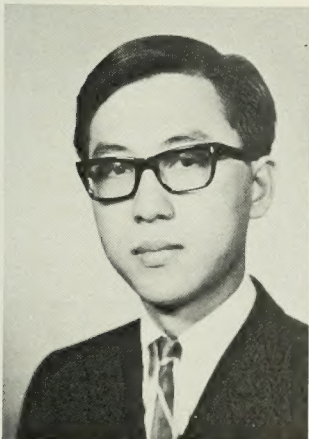
Awwwww . . . ! !

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Hockey (Capt.), Prefect, Students' Council, Cdt.Lt., Service Committee, Wallace Clan Captain, 1st Rugger.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Bugging Neddy

AMBITION: Lots of ambition, *but*, it needs channeling.

NEXT YEAR: Arts at Bishop's or Business at Western



FRANCIS YU - "Frank"

--Jim, your feet smell.

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Soccer, Fencing (temporary), Moffat's Rangers, Camera Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Daydreaming

AMBITION: Successor to Mao

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Casino Royale

NEXT YEAR: Engineering at Queen's



CLUBS

debating



JUNIOR

This year, the Junior Debating Club had rather a bemuddled year. We did however, arrange two interschool debates and numerous club debates.

The year started in fine form with the club spending the first four meetings debating on topics to be sent to other schools. The first term was supervised exceedingly well by L. C. Williams.

During the second term, the club held two interschool debates: the first, against T.C.S., was lost; the second, against Rousseau College, was won. The topics were, "Cricket is better than Baseball," and, "Long Hair Looks Better on Boys than Girls," respectively. The second term was supervised by J. M. Currie; L. C. Williams stepped down for personal reasons.

During the third term the club broke up to study. We would like to thank Mr. Skinner for his gracious help during the entire year, especially for his help in teaching us to debate.

J.C.



SENIOR

It is difficult to express "defeat" in seven different ways, but . . .

In the opening debate of the season Evans I, Jones II, and Shields, opposing the resolution that "Splinter parties are necessary in Canadian politics", were defeated by a cool and experienced team at U.T.S.

On November 18, the team of Ball, Cossar, and Love II, opposing the resolution that "Religion is a necessity for complete happiness", lost a close decision in a heated debate at U.C.C.

Evans I, Henderson II, and Somerville III journeyed to the T.C.S. Invitational Debate, but in spite of a good showing, failed to make the finals. On the 27th of the same month, Mason, Campbell II, and Ward debated at B.R.C. They lost, upholding the motion that "Communist and Western philosophies will someday voluntarily emerge to form a compromise philosophy."

On February 10, the team of Nation, R.L. Jones and Osborne debated — the "new morality" — here against T.C.S., in what proved to be the most lively and interesting debate of the season. The judges gave a controversial decision in favor of T.C.S.

The final debate of the year was staged at B.S.S. The team of Cossar, Henderson I, and Ward. . . well, the odds were "stacked" against them.

An attempt to organize a Senior Debating Club was made but, due to lack of support from the student body, nothing materialized. It is hoped that next year, with increased support, the S.A.C. teams will make a better showing.

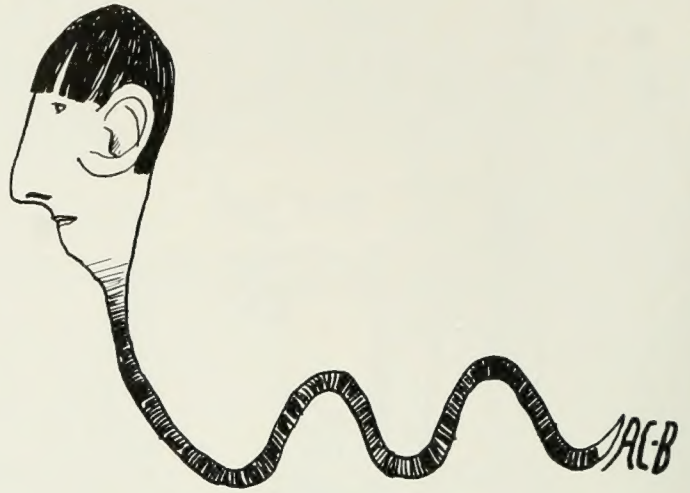
R. E. W.

le cercle français

Cette année était l'année des diapositives et des discussions pour le Cercle Français. En nous montrant ses diapositives de Paris, Macfarlane nous a parlé de la culture et de l'art français et nous avons appris beaucoup. Ricardo Schmeichler notre président, et Michel Patchell nous ont montré des diapositives de leur voyages en Europe de l'été passé qui étaient très intéressants. Nous avons tous parlé de l'Europe comme elle était vue sur les photos et nous avons parlé aussi de la guerre en Vietnam - une discussion très chaude!

Merci mille fois à M. Macfarlane car sans lui nous n'aurions jamais pu réussir à avoir de bonnes réunions.

R. E. S.



the radio club

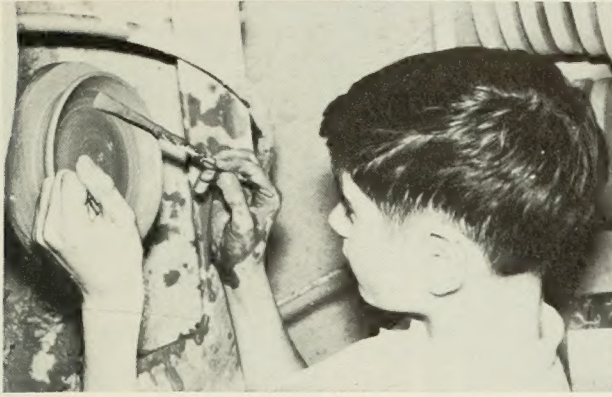
The radio club was formed for the first time this year, and I think all who were involved in it considered it a success. The radio club itself was the idea of L. Hilborn, who contributed a lot to the club by giving both his time and equipment. The main function of the club was to teach its members the use of correct army voice procedure on the air. A test at the end of the course showed that most members had a good working knowledge of the

use of a portable 26-set. Four small 26-sets with a two mile range were used throughout the year, and in April two larger 42-sets were delivered to the club for use next term. In all, the radio club was a real success, and we would like to thank Mr. Stoate for generously letting us use his basement as a club room.

M. J.



pottery club



In order that St. Andrew's can keep up with the traditions of the ancients, there is a pottery club in the school. This year, so many boys wanted to join this exclusive association that the club facilities could not contain them, and the group had to be reduced by more than half, the elders having preference. The club, under the discriminating eye of Mr. Pitman, our leader, mass-produced everything from urns, popular with parents, to ashtrays, popular with students. Throughout the year, boys were able to create to their hearts' content whenever they wished, since the club was always open. On the day of the Centennial Bazaar, this small group earned over one hundred dollars, a fine showing from a fine club.

M. W.



bridge club

As an addition to club activities, Mr. Inglis and Mr. Stoa decided to introduce bridge to St. Andrew's. Reaction at the beginning of the year was encouraging, and boys were enthusiastic as they were initiated into the complexities and subtleties of the game. It is still unknown how Mr. Stoa survived watching us bid in those first few weeks. As the year went by, the non-fanatics were weeded out and about two tables were left. These Tuesday evenings were enjoyed, as they should be, by all, and everyone gained a sound knowledge of the fundamentals. If the club is continued, we will be able to master all the conventions and bidding niceties, though you never stop learning when you are playing bridge. Our thanks to Messrs. Inglis and Stoa for their unflagging devotion to the club and for teaching us to play such a great game.

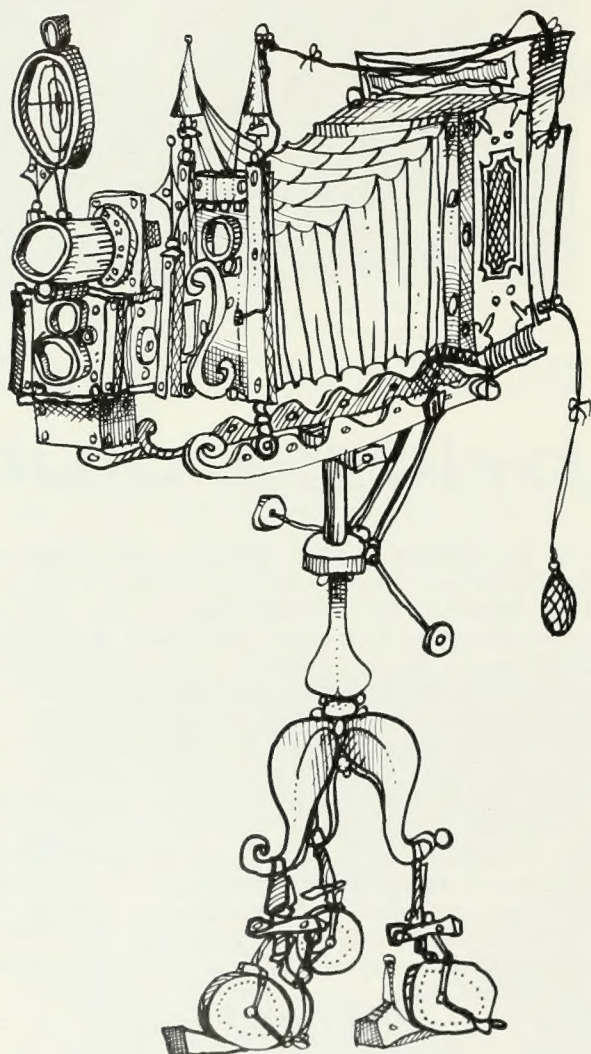
G. C. D.



camera club

Of the twenty-odd people who turned out at the beginning of the year for our first meeting, only five managed to endure to the end. These had what might be called stamina, if not persistence: they had to wage the same old war against the condition of the darkroom and meet the demands of the "Review". Mr. Moffat managed to acquire enough pictures from the members to put on a successful exhibition at the end of the year, and, in most cases, the "Review's" demands were satisfied. However, I can only suggest that unless the darkroom is re-equipped, the quality of the photographs is going to deteriorate at the same frightening rate at which the enlargers and furniture are falling apart.

R. E. S.



*The
Final
Print*

art club

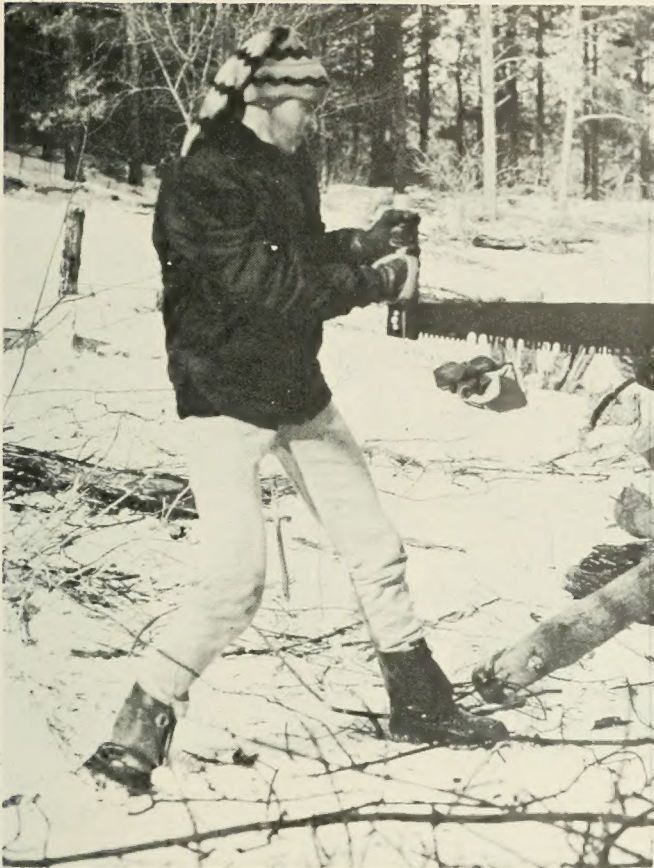
In this, our Centennial year, the Art Club has been more than a once-a-week finger painters' convention. Members of this élite gathering of sophisticated personalities have participated throughout the year in various school functions. Brackley painted the London Bridge backdrop for "Oliver", several members painted provincial crests for the Cadet Dance, while others worked in preparing a booth for the Bazaar. Several members were on the Review's Art Staff, and others made many of the posters advertising school events. Mr. Ives, staff consultant for the Art Club, also helped to arrange several art shows which were held in the foyer of the theatre. Thus has the Art Club served the school.

We of the Art Club could never have achieved or learnt as much this year had it not been for the unrestricted efforts of Mr. Ives. His letting us paint and draw more or less what we wanted greatly enhanced the value of the Art Club. "The Club" not only allows one to relax but allows one to paint, draw or sculpt his emotions into a creative piece.

R. W. C.



conservation club



The Conservation Club is one of the few clubs which, aside from its value as an outlet for boys' energies and interests, has a useful immediate purpose. That purpose: to clean up the "back woods". During the winter, club members put on their lumberjack clothes and, with saws, axes, and hatchets, set out to remove dead or unsightly trees, and wood that had fallen on the ground to rot. The wood was then cut into chunks suitable for the fireplace and sold to nearby residents. In the spring, new trees were planted to take the place of the ones that had been removed. These activities were carried out under the leadership of Mr. Gibb who has, himself, a close connection with and knowledge of the land.

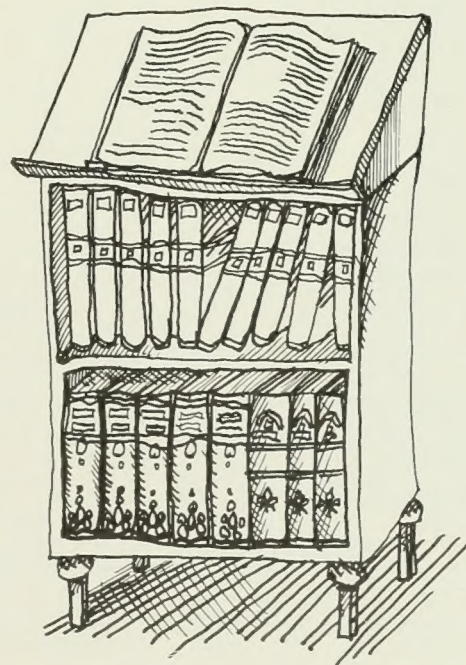
penguin club

The club originated about 20 years ago when boys got together and discussed Penguin Pocket Books. Today, when the club meets, it discusses other topics but remains under the traditional name. The number of members is debatable; sometimes there are three; others, fifteen.

The club meets in the Ladies Guild Lounge, or the Assistant Headmaster's Apartment. Mr. MacPherson chairmans the meetings, and usually decides upon the topic of discussions. The club has travelled to St. Kitts and South America through the aid of Mr. MacPherson's slides. It has learned about clan "Heraldry", one of Mr. MacPherson's specialities, and listened to recordings, from the comedy of the Brothers-in-Law to classical opera.

Though the group is not large, the boys who spend their time at the Penguin Club profit greatly from the wordly knowledge of Mr. MacPherson.

J. H.



SOCIAL COMMITTEE



Rear (L-R): Owens, Bates, Crookston.

2nd (L-R): Rous, Dunkley I, Good I.

Front (L-R): Ball, Shields, Barrett.

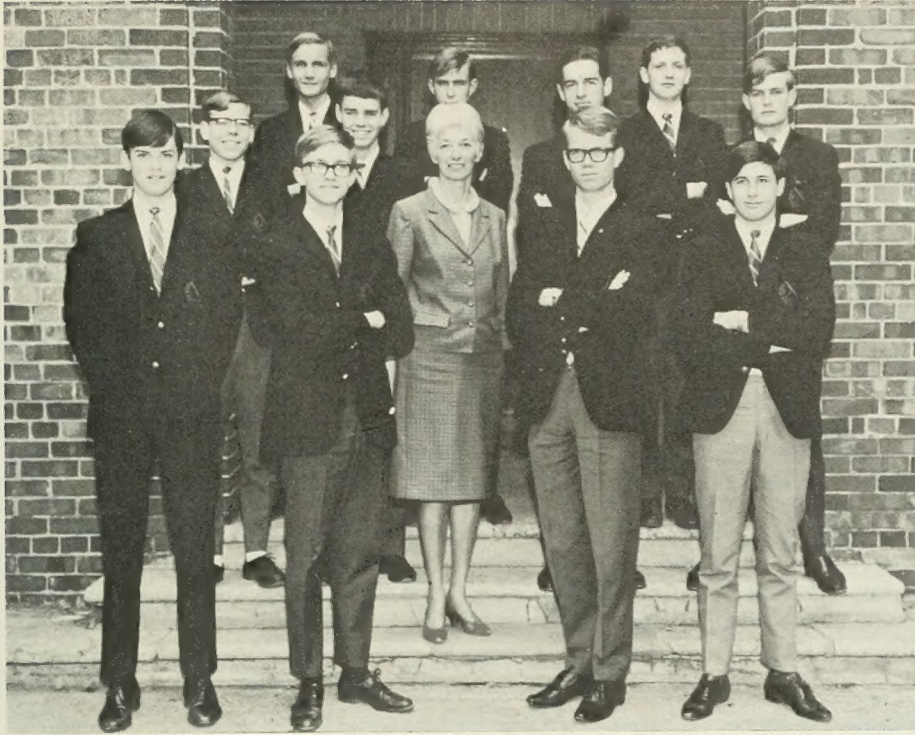
ATHLETIC COMMITTEE



Rear (L-R): Jones, Blanchard, Gilchrist, Good I.

Front (L-R): Mason, Kitchen I, Barrett.

LIBRARIANS



Rear (L-R): Dunkley II, Kingston, Jones II, Osborne, Nation, Williams, Harstone.

Front (L-R): Somerville III, Evans I, Mrs. Roberts, Maréchaux, Schmeichler.

CHAPEL BOYS



Rear: Rutherford I, Mr. Dawson, Dr. Wilkie, Henderson I.

Front: Rous, Dunkley II, Hillary, Jones II, Rook, Cross I, Shinkle.

the football dance

"A dance is a dance is a dance!" I hear you mutter. Well, perhaps, but — and I'm sorry if I misquoted you — but there are good dances and there are drags, and this one was certainly no drag.

To begin with, over two miles of red and white crepe were hung over the tables and dance floor, which was surrounded by glittering aluminum hangings. The "newest" thing this year was the ripple tank, which cast a reflection of shimmering water onto the ceiling in soft blue light.

The band was unimpeachable. Undaunted by the fact that they had only 80% of the group with them that night, the Five Rising Suns minus one exploded the room with popular hits. They were appropriately surrounded by a dazzling but fragile "House of the Rising Sun", made of crepe paper, part of which collapsed at about 11:00. The music continued while a couple of volunteers reraised it. At one point, the musicians became particularly engrossed in chatting with Randell Carpenter, Mur Shields' date, to whom they dedicated a song — "Happy Birthday".

At 12:00, couples, famished from their exertions, ate a delicious buffet. The dance continued until one, whereupon the couples left for other destinations. We may thank Mr. Inglis and Murray Shields for the superb job done on decorations, Mr. Stewart for the buffet, and the school for a great turnout that evening.

mid-winter dances

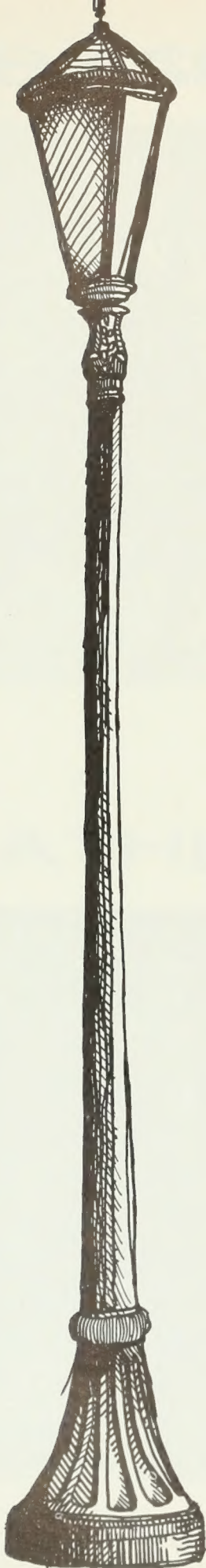
During the winter term, instead of our famous, or rather infamous, skating party, Mr. Coulter, after consulting the social committee, decided to substitute two dances.

The first dance was held in the dining hall, and it was decorated with large red valentines with jokes attached to bristleboard in their centres. The band was a local group, the Ardells, who set a fast pace for an evening of fun. The dance ended all too soon at 12 o'clock, and the girls went their respective ways.

The second dance was held in the gymnasium and the decorations were of a modern theme. For this dance we didn't have a band but B. Owens did a more than adequate job filling their place, as a disc jockey. The dance only went to eleven o'clock, though, and the general consensus was that it could have been prolonged an hour or thereabouts.

I'm sure most boys will agree however that these two dances were great successes and they are looking forward to them next year.

D. S.



the stratford production

*"O for a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"*

Do these lines ring a bell? — They should. The opening lines of *Henry V* are entombed in the subconscious of even the most casual theatre-goers and pseudo-intellectuals, often buried under a decaying mound of other literary bones.

In Stratford, this year, Henry's bones came to life again in the body of Douglas Rain, who gave a fine performance and left much of the rest of the cast in the background.

One drawback to an otherwise good production was that many boys complained that the words were hard to make out. To some extent, this is unavoidable because of the actors' difficulty in projecting their voices in every direction, the unfamiliarity of Shakespearean English, and the inability of the audience to concentrate fully all the time. Consequently, much of the intricate detail and imagery was lost, and some of the scenes which Will Shakespeare had intended to be humorous were performed in an embarrassing ether of silence.

Such a scene was one involving the three comical rogues, Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol. Since what was witty in 1600 is not necessarily so now, it has to be the actors' gestures which are funny. Too much emphasis was put on the words in the script and the audience did not know when to laugh.

One scene which had a universal appeal was the comical sketch in which the French princess, Katherine, tutored by her ladies-in-waiting, was trying to learn English. The words, "head" and "elbow" came out something like "id" and "elebo". Throughout the play, the French had been pictured as foppish and effeminate and this helped to relieve the air of friction between the two cultures. It is worth mentioning that, with few exceptions, French rôles were played by French-Canadian actors.

Unlike the 1956 Stratford production of *Henry V*, this one took a verbal beating from the critics. Michael Langham, director of both productions, has offered a few words of explanation in defence.

"I don't try to cover up with effects. This season, I could put on *Henry V* so that every scene worked. But I am going to try to do it in another, more vulnerable way. All these 'effects', these things that 'work', are a director's armour. But he reaches the point where he can take off bits of it. Then he mustn't cling to it."

In doing away with the "effects", Langham feels his productions are more artistic. Perhaps it was due to the lack of these effects that some of the humour failed.

In addition to developing the play as a work of art, Langham used it to explore a political philosophy — pacifism. Like many of Shakespeare's plays, *Henry V* contains heroic battle-scenes of the kind that exalt and glorify war. Until recently, audiences have digested these battle-scenes with no reservations. However, the alleged glory of war is past, and it is ob-

vious to us that Henry V had no right to attack France as he did. Is Henry a hero or a villain? What cause is served when England wins the war? Is a leader responsible for the deaths of his soldiers? Do governments ever act sensibly, for the good of the people? The answers to these questions are undoubtedly weighted in favour of pacifism.

It was not intended that, after seeing *Henry V*, we should return with the ability to reconstruct the plot on an exam. If the trip gives us an interest in Shakespeare's genius and, perhaps, in all theatre, then it accomplishes its purpose.

THE BLACK SWAN

The Stratford trip was not accompanied by the usual "boxed lunch" this year, but instead by a visit to a local coffee house, the Black Swan. The Black Swan is a dimly lit, elegantly timbered room hidden upstairs above the Piazza Restaurant very near the centre of Stratford. Its style, including woodwork, tunics for the waitresses, and lighted candles, or, should I say, tapers, on every table, suggests an old English tavern.

Before the afternoon performance of *Henry V*, all the seats in the house were reserved for St. Andrews. A light lunch was served and entertainment was provided by folksinger and humorist, Cedric Smith. Among the songs he sang were "The Tinker", a ribald Irish ballad; "Dr. Johnson's Car", a song about the Irish revolt; "So Long Mom. I'm off to drop the bomb", a bit of World War Three pre-nostalgia; and "I'm not sayin'", a song popularized by Gordon Lightfoot. He also did a very humorous skit satirizing the typical American war hero. The performance was well applauded, and many boys made a mental note to return to the Black Swan when it did not happen to be so full of Andreans.

J.C.



the happening

The Happening was great. Boys who had been at the school for eight or nine years had difficulty remembering a better Variety Night than this one.

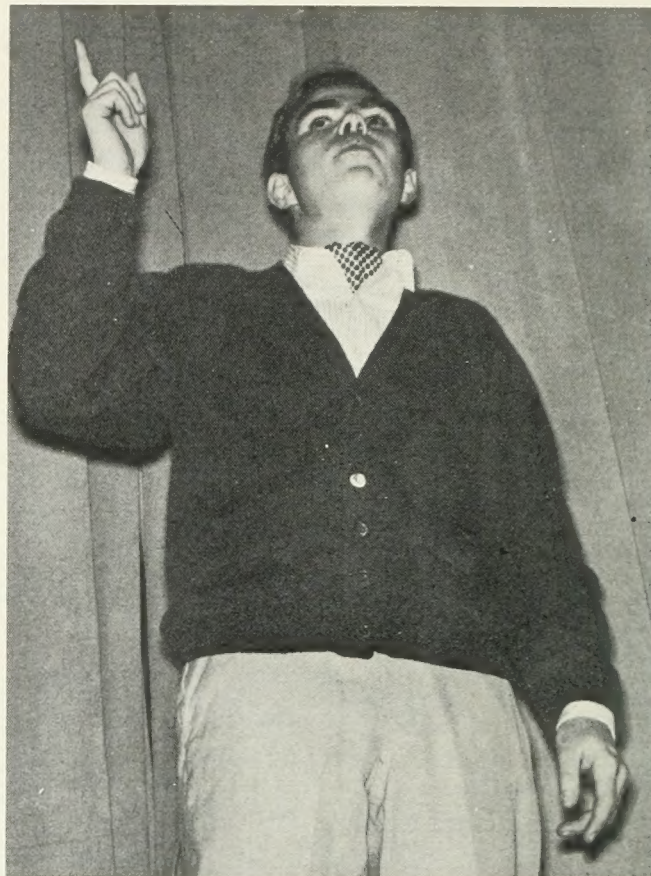
The show was m.c.'d by Jamie Crookston who, with jokes and imitations, gave the show a continuum of hilarity. There were three bands. The "Clique", with Garratt, Jolliffe, Henderson, Pirie on drums, and Jones singing, was near professional. There was also a Mac House band called the "Centennials". Mr. Dawson had a guitarless band which played "Opus 1" and "The Saints", a number, as it was cryptically announced beforehand, which had not yet been performed in public. There was a combo of Cossar, Duncan, and Campbell consisting of piano, horn and drums, and there were the "Bloody Marys" of Thompson, Barrett, and Campbell. Barrett also sang solo, doing two folk songs, coupling artistry with ability to make the words understood.

There were three single skits. One was by Clarkson, who did a Victor Borge routine, putting punctuation marks in a sloshy love story. Another was by Shinkle and Ball, who did a Bill Cosby act called "Noah and the Lord," and the other was by Roden reciting the "Ode to the haggis" in a rather more familiar voice than his own.

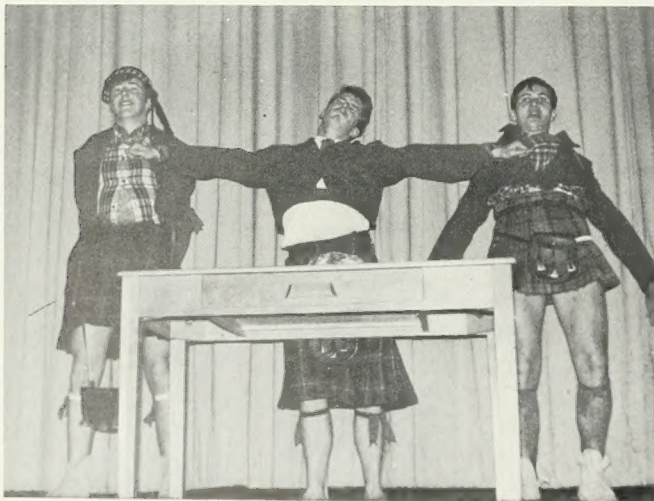
There was also a skit about Raggs Laundry, done by Whittaker, Speechly, and the boys. Jamie Crookston sang the infamous Andrean Rag again for the last time (I wonder?).

Of course the masters and the prefects had their own skits. The masters, Messrs. Inglis, Hamilton, Lister, Timms, Hiltz, and Dawson, gave a rendition of oldies but goodies without accompaniment and in tune, no less. The prefects did a very funny parody of "To Tell the Truth", using for mystery guests half a dozen masters. Both of these were extremely well rehearsed.

The whole show was organized and produced by Crookston. It was two hours long and a tribute to everyone connected with it. Let's hope that if our talent doesn't run dry we can get a few more "Happenings" in the future.



You will not.



But, mark the rustic, haggis-fed!



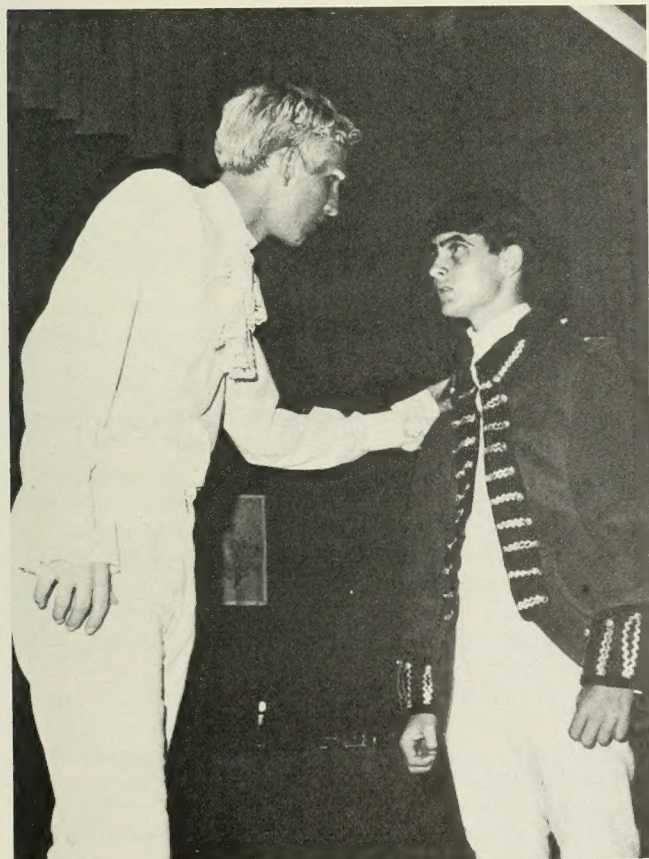
Down by the old mill stream.

three canadian plays

The day of the Centennial Bazaar, probably the most festive day of the school year, ended with the performance of three one-act plays, each based on one aspect of the Centennial theme.

BROTHERS IN ARMS

The first play, *Brothers in Arms*, had to do with a married Canadian couple who left the city, where they had lived for most of their miserably urban lives, to "rough it" in a Northern hunting camp twenty miles from a railroad. Dorothea, the wife, played by Pete Davies, was crazily enthused with the idea of leading the simple, natural life of the Canadian *coureur de bois*. However, the Major, her husband, played by Fred Rous, did not appear impressed by the wilderness, and was impatient to leave for the city lest he should lose a costly business deal. For most of the play, the Major was irritably trying to find out from Syd when his taxi driver would be back from the hunt to take him to the railway station. Syd, played by Paul Kitchen, was a real backwoods type, amiable but apathetic, and ridiculously slow in explaining where the taxi driver was. He angered the Major in being equally indifferent to both the army and the Major's precious time. Finally, Charlie Edwards made his entrance as the taxi driver, who, with some difficulty, acted even more lazy than Syd. As it turned out, Syd would have been willing to make the trip to the station all the time . . . that is, if the Major had had the sense to ask him.



THE PATHS OF GLORY

The setting was the British camp on the night before the battle of Queenston Heights. General Brock, himself, was played by Dave Grant. The plot rested around two of the men under Brock's command, Colonel Shaeffe, portrayed by Ward, and Lieutenant Darras, by Jolliffe. These men represented the extremes which Brock had to deal with. Shaeffe was vicious, brutal, and full of contempt for any man who was not loyally English. He treated his men harshly and had once almost caused a mutiny. Darras was just the opposite. Although not lacking in bravery, he considered himself more useful on the farm than in battle. He came to Brock before the battle to tell him he was going to desert. In dealing with both of them, Brock showed the ideals that were necessary for the founding of the new country, Canada.

Dave Grant and Rob Buckner deserve credit for their acting and their knack of tempering their accents to sound like gentlemen of the "Old Country". The play was well received and should be considered the best of the three.

THE BLOOD IS STRONG

This play was the story of one of the many families, evicted from their land in Scotland, who came to Canada to start a new life. It showed how the people very slowly and reluctantly gave up their allegiance to their fatherland in favour of the uninhabited country they were just beginning to fill up.

The play took the form of a narrative illustrated with short scenes from the life of the MacDonald family. For most of the time, the spotlight was on Scott Marshall, who played the narrator.

Having originally been written for radio, the play left a lot to be desired as a stage production. The audience could not decide whether the play was meant to be serious or funny, which made it interesting but ineffective in establishing the correct mood. This was not the fault of the actors, who had obviously spent some time on their parts. With great effectiveness, Guy Baker played the rôle of Murdoch MacDonald, the stoic, thick-skinned and thickly bearded head of the family, whose nostalgia for Scotland grew the longer he stayed in Canada. A hat tip should also go to Maréchaux, who, as well as acting in the play, recorded a bagpipe solo to be used in it.

The three plays were directed by Mr. MacPherson, with the help of assistant directors, Mason, Ball, and Barrett. They were the final touches to an already extremely successful and pleasurable day.

J.C.

oliver

Charles Dickens' novel *Oliver Twist* is a classic and perennial favorite. This year, the school put on *Oliver* by Lionel Bart, a highly successful musical based on the novel. This was an exceptionally demanding play for all participating in it. The major actors had long and very intricate parts to portray. Some scenes, especially the last in Act II, were very hard to put over dramatically. The scenery was complex and difficult, requiring numerous scene changes. All the scenery had to be completely portable and to



be moved in complete silence. Due to scene changes and innumerable characters, the lighting was very complicated and sorely tried the skill of the lighting staff.

The lead part of *Oliver* was ably handled by Hally III, although he was called on to take the part late in the production. Crookston was outstanding as Fagin, a sly, Jewish thief; he used his great dramatic talent to enthrall the audience. Mrs. Alison Roberts played Nancy, a lower class woman of questionable virtue. She acted and sang her difficult part superbly. Mrs. Roberts literally saved the show when she stepped into the breach left when Mrs. Doreen Hiltz was forced to lay down the part.

There are some other characters which must be mentioned. Duggan was unforgettable as Mr. Bumble, a beadle who runs an orphanage. Paine gave an excellent portrayal of Bet, a "junior Nancy". Finally, Shields acted, very realistically, a hardened criminal, Bill Sikes.

The stage crew under Oswald did an exceedingly difficult job extremely well. The sets were realistic and they were moved with close to a minimum of noise. The lighting staff under Empey and Mr. Timms rose to the challenge of the play, and the lighting was brilliant.

The play was artfully designed and directed by Mr. Kamcke.

To make such an elaborate production as this more worth the effort, it was decided to put it on twice. The first was to the school and the second was to the parents. This idea was a success. The second night, the actors played to a packed house of enthusiastic parents and visitors. All agreed it was outstanding for a high school performance.



G.C.D.

st. andrews day



Each year, St. Andrew, the Saint of Scotland, is honoured on a festive occasion. This year, the event took place on November 30. The ceremony commenced with the piping in of the masters, the guests and the haggis. After everyone had been seated, Mr. L. C. MacPherson, who was attired in gay highland costume, gave the traditional "Ode to the Haggis". He did an excellent job in giving this oration.

The haggis was then served to the school. This was followed by the main meal. After the dinner, a bronze statue of Sir Robert the Bruce was presented to the school by H. R. Jackman in memory of R. C. Kilgour (S.A.C. 1899-1906 and Governor 1936-1949).

This statue was sculptured by Pillsington Jackson and is one of ten of its kind in the world.

The chairman of the Board, J. K. MacDonald, gave a short talk. The clan colours were then awarded and a toast to the Queen was proclaimed by the Headmaster. The guest speaker, the Honourable Matthew Dymond Q.C., Minister of Health for Ontario, was introduced.

He first talked on Scotland and St. Andrew's Day. However, the main part of his speech was on books and their influence on people. After the speech, the dinner was adjourned and another St. Andrew's Day was completed.

G.B.



music



JOINT MUSIC CONCERT

On Friday, May 12, a busload of our best musicians went, "on the road" to U.C.C. It was the first of the inter-school music concerts. If everything goes right, there should be a few more next year, since this one was quite successful.

Broadly speaking, we provided the recorders and Upper Canada provided the strings. In addition, both schools had singing choruses and brass bands. Time was equally shared and there were a few songs in which both choruses joined. Our best contribution was a number composed by our own Mr. Dawson, "Street Scene", originally written with words but played as an instrumental by the band.

In the eyes of Mr. Dawson, this is the one inter-school event we have which is not intended to be competitive. The only other event which comes to mind is the Little Big Four Dance. Anyhow, for once there was harmony between us and Upper Canada.

MUSIC AT ST. ANDREWS

In order to commemorate the year, the school has produced an LP of some of our best sounds. One side consists of the best numbers chosen from the Carol Service, recorded at the last rehearsal. On the reverse are engraved several marches by the pipe band and a number of hymns. One hymn was sung by the whole school with Maréchaux at the organ and with Duncan playing his ubiquitous trumpet. The best is probably "We're no awa", which is introduced by Pirie on drums, followed by the recorder group, and featuring a solo by Dean Agnew. It is not actually a hymn but a folk song.

Anyone who has this record ten or twenty years from now will perhaps, in playing it, be able to recapture some of the most pleasurable times he spent in his youth at the College.

the war games



It was a cold, bleak night. Two men in black, boggy things made their way across the smelly river. All of a sudden, out from behind a tree, jumped another man in a black, boggy thing, and he shouted, "Seven". The first two men, not knowing the meaning of this, let fly with their hand grenades. The unsuspecting warrior who shouted, "Seven", and expected "Four" as a reply was killed. The first two men got out of the river and took the dead man's tag, advancing toward their objective, the bridge.

What were these people doing? They were playing at war. Mr. Smith had organized a little fun for the boys; so they were out on a Saturday night, screaming "Seven" and getting hit by flour bombs (hand grenades), while trying to blow up the bridge with candles. Actually, it was a good laugh and a lot of fun for everyone — except those who were the first to be killed.

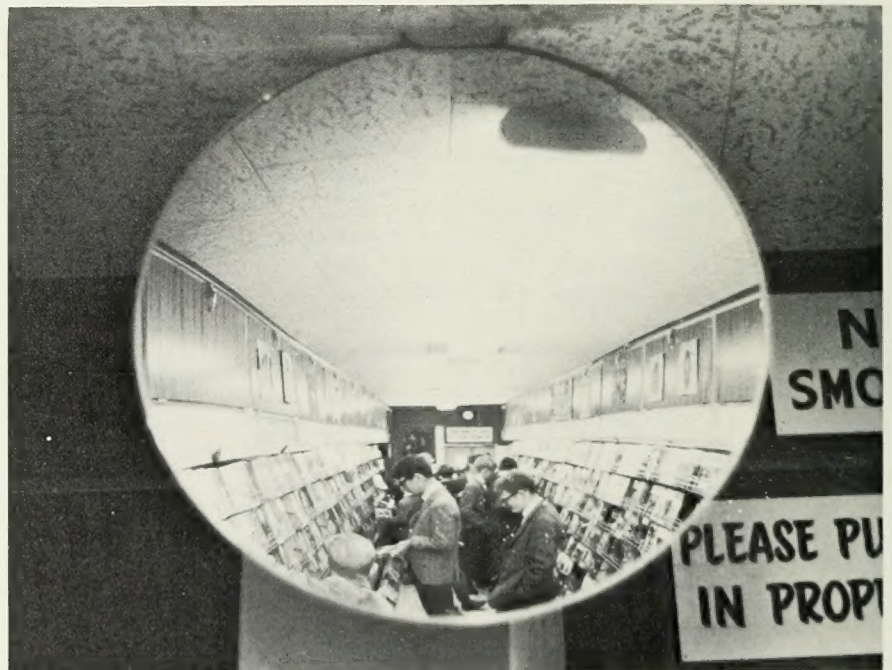
G.L.S.

bookmobile

This year the school was fortunate to have the Bookmobile visit it. The Bookmobile came twice during the school year, in October and February. It is a mobile bookstore, selling the very best in paperback books. A large selection of books is offered — from sport to mystery to reference.

The Bookmobile travels over southern Ontario every year. The most popular selling book has been "A History of Tortures". Thus, all literary-minded Andreans can go and browse to their heart's content and jealously hoard their purchases till the next time the Bookmobile arrives.

G.B.



centennial bazaar

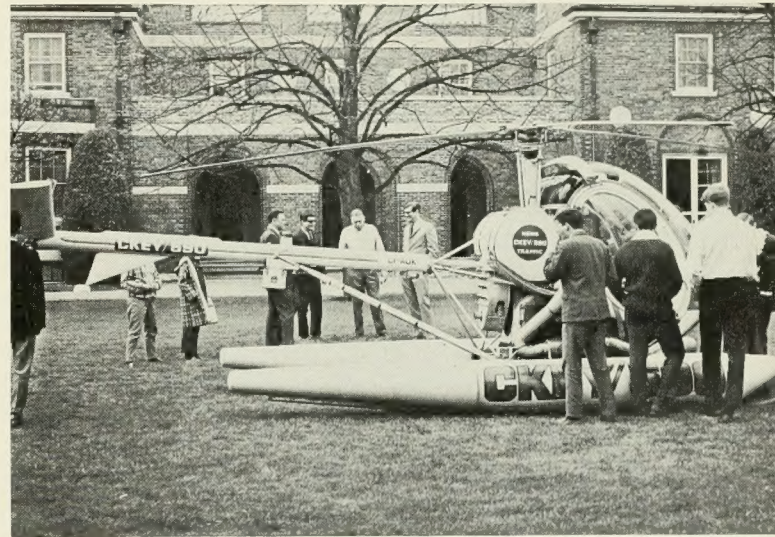
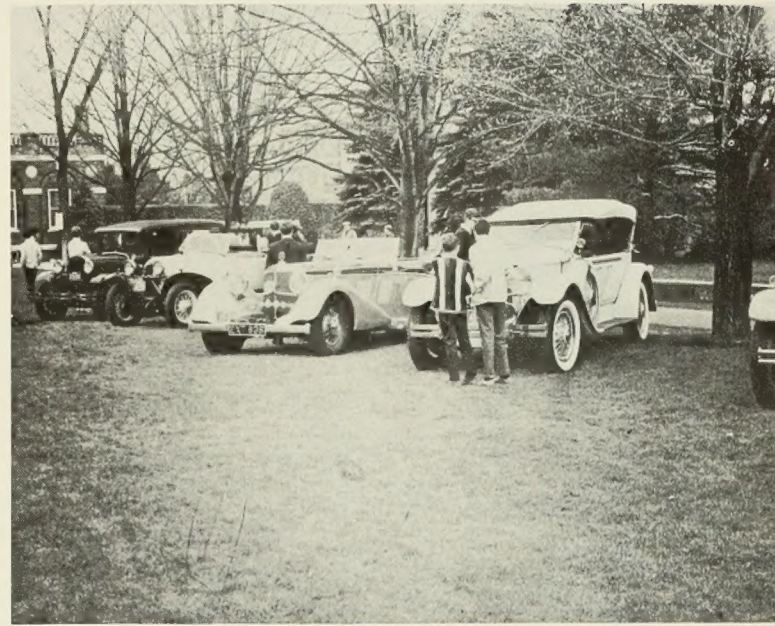
On May 13 of this Centennial year, St. Andrew's College played host to nearly two thousand people in its biggest endeavour yet, a Centennial Bazaar. This project had been planned back in November. Its object was to raise sufficient funds for the school's Centennial project, the furnishing of an adolescent lounge in the York County Hospital. Mr. Stoaite, the Service Committee's staff advisor, did a Trojan job in organizing all the requirements for the project's success.

Money wheels and games of chance were secured from a novelty company. However, the school did its fair share in inventing games of skill for the patrons to lose their money on (happily of course). Probably the most popular booth among Andreans was the "soak the masters" booth. Every so often screams and pleas for mercy came from the tarpaulined victims, who sat under buckets of ice cold water which, with enough skill, could be triggered off to soak the faculty member concerned. Each booth was supervised by an individual form. The Old Boys Association and the Ladies' Guild also provided a booth, which sold items such as lighters and beer mugs bearing the traditional S.A.C. crest on them. Other fund raisers included pony rides, trail rides, and a car wash. A refreshment booth fed the "hungry multitudes" with hot dogs, hamburgers, pizzas, ice cream and pop.



During the day, the pipe band played the "Re-treat" periodically. For the "Pepsi Generation", the Elastic Band supplied folk rock to the enjoyment of young and old. Crookston put on a one-man show of his own with some of his favourite impersonations. To the relief of the masters, it was not they who were subjected to ridicule this time; it was Canada's two major party leaders.

Sports events during the day included two cricket matches, Old Boys vs. the Firsts, and the Fathers and Sons match. For the less genteel-minded, the back fields were occupied by a rugger tournament. Teams from far and near competed in various classes.



At one point during the day, the school became so overburdened with the large volume of cars to be parked, that vehicles were being taken to the Aurora Arena for placement there. Raffle tickets and door prizes constituted a good deal of our financial success, but probably the greatest fund raiser was the auction. Merchants in Aurora and Newmarket generously contributed gifts, along with parents and friends of the school, which when auctioned off put the school \$600 closer to the goal.

During the evening, the St. Andrew's College Players presented three one-act plays, each depicting some part of Canada's past.

After most of the booths were cleared we found that approximately \$2500 had been raised for the "Project" on that one day. This is an effort the school can certainly be proud of. To the Service Committee, to Mr. Stoaite especially, and to all others who contributed so generously to this success, the school extends deep gratitude.

flup

Flup was an hour and a quarter long show presented under the auspices of the Drama Committee. It encompassed various moods ranging from the intellectual to the completely unhinged. It was, at times, totally bereft of reason. It was very entertaining, however, and the best thing which could be said for it was that it attempted to shun the academic atmosphere for one afternoon. It avoided references to school life instead of trying to scandalize it.

Flup began with two songs by Pete Clarkson, "Pollution" and "National Brotherhood Week", both of them (de-) compositions of Tom Lehrer. Then came a plunge into the depths of cynicism, a poem entitled "The Hollow Men". This was followed by three folk-songs sung by Mike Barrett and Dave Whiteside, who in their last number, asked everyone to sing along. They reappeared later on for two more numbers and got quite a good reception.

There were two skits. In one, Campbell and Shinkle played two self-conscious reporters in a nudist camp, remaining delicately hidden behind portable bushes. The other was about four hillbillies and a dawg, which howled because it sat on a nail and was too tired to move. The skits were both written by the boys who acted in them, they were both funny, and they both had very sickening punch-lines at the end.

Cossar came on and read a hilariously nonsensical story by John Lennon called "A Spaniard in the Works", as an exercise in incomprehensibility. Dean Agnew and Rob Buckner recited the poem, "The Unknown Citizen", a satirical tribute to the modern man who has become a slave of bureaucracy. Then there was a short play in verse, directed by Mr. MacPherson, during which Charlie Heintzman, playing a henpecked husband, restated his omnipotence over his wife, played by Jackson, after dumping her in the washtub. The nagging mother-in-law was played by Smith, whose cironing, cackling voice will probably make him an ideal mother-in-law someday, if he ever chooses to be one. Flup ended with a hymn, the Vatican Rag.

Recognition should be given to Chapman and Hally, who were the originators, directors, producers, and general perpetrators and coagulators of Flup.

J. C.

the new boy test

During the fall term, there is a test, given by the prefects to all new boys, containing various questions about the school and its traditions. The results of this test help to determine which new boys should be given old boy status, and when. In writing the test, some of the new boys proved themselves to be more imaginative than observant.

The school motto, when translated from the Greek, is, "Quit ye like men; be strong. Let all your deeds be done with charity." However, the answers on the test showed that there was some disagreement among new boys as to what the motto really was. One wrote, "Quit ye like men, be strong, and give cherishly." The idea is there but . . . no, "cherishly" is not a Greek word either. One pertly rearranged it as, "If you have to quit, do it well," while another stoically wrote, "Be a good guy." Other close answers included "Work!" and "Let greater men live than let die."

When asked to interpret the meaning of the school motto, one boy brazenly wrote, "Be men and take failure as a future goal," obviously from a misunderstanding of the meaning of the word, "quit", which, in this context, means "to behave". One new boy, however, showing promise as a true Andean, said, "I consider this a very good idea and that it should be considered by all people."

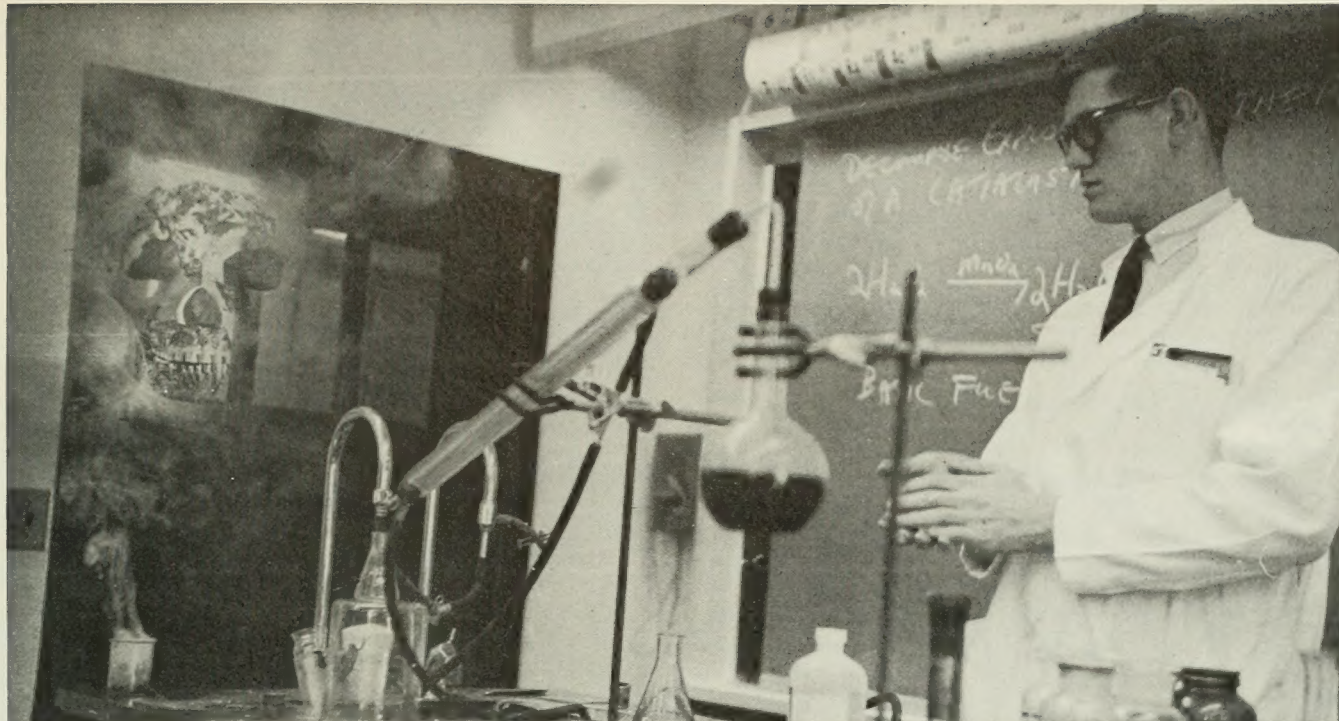
Another question required the boys to identify Sir Joseph Flavelle. Answers to this included "a war-time general", "Love's grandfather", and "There wasn't one."

What do these answers mean? —probably that it takes a great deal of faith in human nature to imagine that these flippant new boys could ever become ingested into the main stream of Andean life. But they do.

Bensoc International.

Buckner was absent when the picture was taken . . . he forgot.





the chemistry lab

If I were to recount here all that went on in the chemistry lab this year, St. Andrew's would probably become the first school in Canada to have a complete dossier in the central office of the C.I.A. Therefore, no more will be said here than what is permitted by common decency and diplomacy. I cannot emphasize enough that any reports of quantities of fissionable material postmarked "CHINA" leaving the lab are complete fabrications.

If there was an apparatus on the front desk which looked like an apparatus for distilling water, then that's exactly what it was, and, until further evidence is uncovered, no-one is warranted in saying that it was for preparing heavy water. That morning that the class appeared to be doing a titration experiment, and underground disturbances were recorded on seismo-

graphs all over the world, the class was actually only doing a harmless titration experiment. When Dave Evans dropped several beakers and test tubes on the floor, it was due to a momentary spasm on his part, and not to any movement of the terrain on which he was standing. When Simon Hally said he was synthesizing amino acids which were supposed to be white but continually came out yellow or brown or white with brown spots, we would have to believe him. If John Cossar said he was isolating elements, there could be no doubt that the little mushroom clouds so formed were pure, elemental gases. However, if you really want to know what went on in the lab, ask J. C. Prill. He'll tell you. If you can believe anybody, you can believe him.

bensoc international

In September of this year, it was concluded by a group of six Grade 13 students (Ball was later included of necessity.) that continuous work from 7 P.M. until bedtime, which varied, was both unnatural and unhealthy. As we decided, the best way to solve this problem was to congregate en masse, and eat and talk. BENSOC was born — by Caesarean section! The purpose of BENSOC was twofold: it was to make its members the best fed and laziest students in the school, and to give the house — we weren't selfish — the understanding of the great value of silence. Certain authorities will agree that both these goals were realized with great success.

The idea was so successful that we even had others trying to fit their initials into our name. Example: BENSPOC — ugh! In nine months, this select group had succeeded in consuming more loaves of bread, pounds of butter, jars of peanut butter, jam, jelly, yes even pineapples; in wasting more studies, in complaining about more things, and in other words, having a better time than any other group of Grade 13's before it.

Highlights of the year:

- the day Mr. Pitman came up with the salt for our popcorn party.
- the day Mr. West gave up sending us to bed.
- the day Mr. Pitman decided, if you can't join 'em, fight 'em.
- the subsequent day when we were thrown out of Coyle's room.
- the subsequent day when we took sanctuary in the "Dick van Dyke" room.
- the day Shields found his bed impaled with his own sword.
- the day Osborne found out that Duralex glasses sometimes don't bounce.
- the day Buckner worked: He made our sign.
- the night Bobby visited his girlfriend, Grant.
- the day I decided the place wasn't half bad after all, despite certain people.

Dave Evans

the band

As usual, the pipes and drums band displayed its precise drill and musical ability on the parade grounds. This year, the band was better than average and many band members received the praise and recognition to which they are more than justly entitled.

But spectators at the church parades and the inspection only see the final result of six months' tedious and sometimes unrewarding labour. The band begins practices in September, whereas the rest of the Cadet Corps seriously begins to drill only three or four weeks before the inspection. The long, tedious Sunday practices and the short, time-disrupting weekday practices make the task anything but

pleasant. All during this time, many band members become depressed and reluctant to continue, and it is not difficult to understand their feelings. The work culminates in an inspection and two church parades. After these performances are over, the band members gleefully pack up their instruments until September, when the same cycle again begins. Is it really worth it?

The answer is definitely yes. The sense of pride and achievement which the members of the band feel when they perform should more or less compensate for half a year of heart-aches. The fact that they are using their musical talent, as well as learning to march, gives them a great deal more satisfaction than would merely carrying rifles.

F.M.E.M.



*

*

*

the choir



cadets



During the training of the new boys in drill, it was decided to give the old boys a course in first aid. The lectures were delivered by N.C.O. candidates every Saturday cadet period. Much of the course had to be crammed into the last two weeks. The tests were administered in one frantic weekend. The results of this endeavour have not yet been released.

At the end of the winter term and the beginning of the spring term, boys had to settle down to cadets in earnest. All this effort culminated in the usual three parades.

The first of these, the Aurora Church Parade, took place on a bitterly cold day; this along with a slow pace caused extreme discomfort to all cadets, but all bore it manfully and didn't show it outwardly. The rear platoons had great trouble hearing the band and were frequently out of step. All this added up to a parade not up to the usual caliber of the corps.

However, weather on the day of the inspection was perfect, almost as if it was trying to make amends for the previous Sunday. The corps carried off this parade with the perfection customary to it. The inspecting officer was Lt. Gen. Guy G. Simmonds, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., C.D. His address was

short and to the point. At the beginning of the inspection there was a ceremony dedicating the new corps flag. The flag should add a colourful touch to the corps.

Cadet weekend came as a well earned interlude.

The finale to the year was the Toronto Church Parade. The day was cold and gloomy. Boys were elated at the omission of horses from this year's parade. The parade was uneventful until we reached the church. It was marred by a rainstorm which prevented a march past and dismissal. Thus cadets ended on an unfortunately negative note.

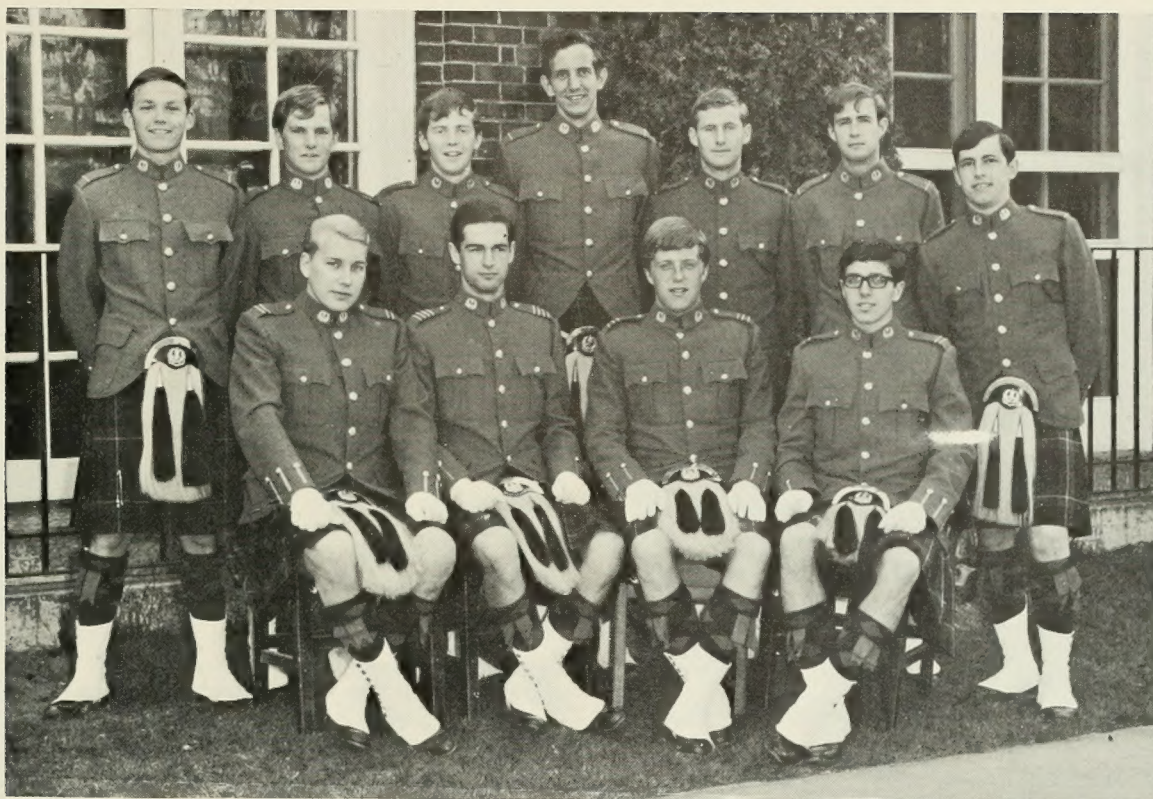
G. C. D.



Best Cadet: N. F. Glassow.



cadet formal



Rear (L-R): P. F. Love, R. A. Ball, P. H. E. Clarkson, D. F. W. Grant, R. D. Sommerville, R. E. Osborne, G. E. Mason.
Front (L-R): G. E. Lathrop, P. N. Nation, J. M. Shields, L. G. W. Chapman.

This year, the Social Committee made an all-out effort, and the decorations for the dance were outstanding. There was a central Centennial theme, with numerous Expo 67 symbols in bright tin-foil arranged around the Great Hall. All of Canada's provinces were represented by colourful plaques on the walls.

The reception line lasted until nine-thirty when the couples started to dance. The band was Dee and the Yeomen, whose marvellous but loud music made the dance a real success.

Last year, there was no Highland Dancing, but this year this grand old tradition returned. The officers, guided by Mr. Inglis and Mr. MacPherson, showed the boys how it was done. Then the pipes burst out playing and the dance floor turned into a mêlée of swirling kilts and flying dresses.

The retreat was performed by the band outside the Great Hall and it was well received by the guests.

The masters provided great entertainment and added to the success of the dance by showing the young people modern dancing and how it should be done.

Mr. Stewart must be thanked for his part in making the dance a success by supplying a buffet and refreshments.

L.S.



st. andrew's in the media

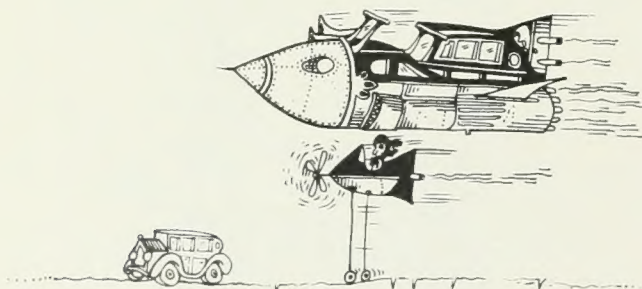
THE PRESS GANG

We unfortunately do not have an official school newspaper. However, the complete and unabridged works of the pupils of IV A were offered this year as a substitute. These took the form of a number of pages stapled loosely together under the title, *The Press Gang*. On first appraisal, it did not appear to be the greatest achievement in the evolution of journalism since the invention of the printing press. For one thing, *The Press Gang* did not even use a printing press. However, in spite of the limitations of its medium (ditto sheets), and of its writers, the paper was genuinely funny and, on occasions, thought provoking.

The Press Gang was hatched in Mr. Timms' class, and the idea of it was to give the boys of IV A a chance to write for a public rather than just for their teachers. The idea worked well. Four editions were produced, each one by a different editorial staff. Fomenting titles like "Is St. Andrew's College Deteriorating?" and agitating phrases like "Some School!" gave the paper a rebellious aspect. Other, rather harmless titles included "Fox molests Mr. Stoate's Cat" and "The Mad Bomber; Dead or Alive?" *The Press Gang* contained sports commentary, reports of local happenings, film reviews, satirical poems, jokes, puzzles, and one recurring column mimicking "Dear Abby". Proving that there is always room for opinion, it criticised school spirit, dress regulations, clan point allocations, the prefects, and even found space to dissect Canadian laws.

Perhaps this small effort will lead the way to a regular school newspaper such as a bi-weekly or even a monthly. Let's hear it for the *St. Andrew's Free Press*.

J. C.



THE FORM III A MOVIE

This year, the members of form IIIA made a movie in a number of English periods from February on. The basic plot was the disobedience of the students. When the master walked in for his first time to meet his class, he found them in quite a state of disarray and confusion. Being presumably a novice, as was

decided upon in the original script, he yelled and gesticulated wildly in an attempt to coerce the class into arranging itself into the accustomed position, etc. Originally we had thought of doing something a little more sophisticated, such as a chase scene, involving stealing something and then a chase. However, the major setback right from the beginning was the fact that our equipment was very limited, and we had no financial backing whatsoever except what came from interested individuals.

One thing we learned from the very first roll of film that we had exposed was that it wasn't as easy as we had previously thought. We had contemplated doing a more sophisticated film. However, just to do the simple theme that we finally arrived at cost us \$100 in film, \$20 to replace the burned out movie lights that we used, as well as paying \$5.00 for movie cans and reels. The greatest setback that we faced was lack of funds and equipment that limited us in the movie's composition. While the plot of the movie is very simple, it showed us how difficult the making of a movie really is. As we were more or less doing this for the first time, there were quite a few technical failures as well as plot and acting complications.

Our total equipment amounted to two 16 mil. magazine movie cameras, two hand home-movie lights, and a pair of gooseneck movie lights, along with two light metres and a borrowed titling kit. One of the first mechanical failures was that one of the light metres failed to give the proper reading, and the first 50 ft. were almost black. Another complication was that a great many lights are needed to illuminate the scene of action if a perfect exposure is to be obtained.

The final print was as close to a good film as we got, and when all the other factors were taken into consideration, we found that we had come up with something we were quite pleased with. After the editing and organizing had been completed, we found that out of 500 ft. of film shot, only 400 ft. remained, and we could have quite satisfactorily replaced some of the final reel if finances had not been so limited.

We feel that this movie was a success and in the future we hope to be able to produce something even better. There were a great many successes in this movie. It was coherent and logical, as well as being lively and interesting. We had no sound track on the flim, but, with the help of Mr. Dawson, to whom we owe the success of the musical accompaniment, piano music was recorded on a tape-recorder. We enjoyed producing this movie very much, and perhaps in future years we will be able to produce one of greater length and with a deeper plot.

Russell II

prize day

LOWER SCHOOL PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

LOWER II	R.A. Paine	79.8%
UPPER II	D. Hally III	88.9%
	R. J. Wilkie III	82.9%
	P. W. Baker III	78.4%
	G. D. Hawke II	77.3%
	T. B. H. Jones V	76.1%

SPECIAL PRIZES

The Kilgour Prize, The Music Prize, Mrs. E. Morison Winnett Prize, Mathematics Prize	D. Hally III
Spelling & Writing Prize, History Prize	R. J. Wilkie III
Drawing Prize	T. B. H. Jones V



Address by the Honourable William G. Davis, Q.C., B.A., LL.D., Minister of Education of the Province of Ontario.

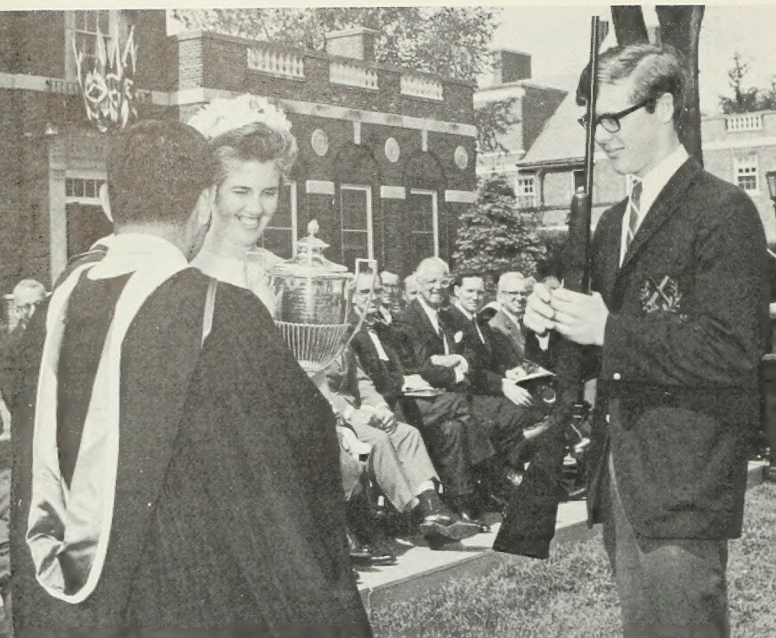
MIDDLE SCHOOL PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

FORM III	J. L. Walker II	85.8%
	T. A. Bryant	84.9%
	C. R. Burton	79.7%
	W. C. Casselman	79.2%
	D. B. Macdonald III	78.5%
	D. E. Stewart II	77.4%
	R. P. Russell II	76.5%
	I. R. Smith IV	75.7%
	W. M. H. Haust	75.3%
	N. M. Turner	75.0%
FORM IV	B. R. Christie	84.5%
	B. A. Adsett	81.0%
	A. N. Wilkie II	80.5%
	G. D. Hathaway	78.6%
	I. W. Jones IV	76.6%
	R. L. Dilworth	76.4%
	H. R. van Patter	75.5%
	T. S. Stephens	75.1%
	M. M. Westcott	75.1%
FORM V	W. G. Love II	87.0%
	J. A. Ballard	86.5%
	D. R. Harris	85.0%
	R. D. Pritchard I	80.5%
	D. E. T. Somerville III	77.8%
	N. S. Smith I	76.7%
	D. B. Annan	76.5%



On behalf of Montrose . . .



"Yes, but can he hit a groundhog?"



Crookston presented with the Theatre and Chapel Reading Prizes.

SPECIAL PRIZES

English Prize	J. A. Ballard
	W. G. Love II
Stuart B. Wood Memorial Prize	D. R. Harris
	W. G. Love II
Mrs. Victor Sifton Prize	A. A. Evans II
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Prize	J. C. Maynard
Ladies' Guild Essay Prize	I. W. Jones IV
Andrew Armstrong Prize	L. C. Williams
Music Prize	C. B. Edwards
King Memorial Trophy	J. L. Walker II
Art Prize	D. B. Macdonald III

UPPER SCHOOL PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

LOWER VI	G. C. Dunkley II	88.1%
	D. K. C. Chen II	84.8%
	B. A. Jones II	83.0%
	F. C. Rous	80.3%
	D. R. Agnew	78.5%
	R. J. Perry	78.2%
	G. F. Brunke	77.7%
	J. C. Stock	76.0%
	P. C. Bates	75.0%
UPPER VI	G. S. B. Hally I	86.1%
	L. G. W. Chapman	85.3%
	J. Cossar	84.7%
	P. F. Love I	80.1%
	D. F. Evans I	76.9%
	P. N. Nation	75.0%
	G. E. Mason	75.0%
	F. M. E. Maréchaux	75.0%

SPECIAL PRIZES

Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History, George Etienne Cartier Medal in	
French	L. G. W. Chapman
H. E. Goodman Prize for Chemistry, Review Prize	J. Cossar
Charles Ashton Medal for Proficiency in English, Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics, Mathematics Contest Award, Donald Cooper Medal in Science	G. S. B. Hally I
Chapel Reading Prize, Theatre Prize	J. G. Crookston
Wyld Prize in Latin	T. P. Kingston
Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History	F. W. T. Somerville II
Prize for outstanding contribution to Chapel music	F. M. E. Maréchaux
Governor General's Medal	D. M. Sanger
Lieutenant Governor's Silver Medal	G. B. S. Hally I
Lieutenant Governor's Bronze Medal	L. G. W. Chapman
Laidlaw Trophy	J. M. Shields
Macdonald Medal	G. E. Mason
School Prize to the Head Prefect	P. N. Nation
The Chairman's Gold Medal	G. C. Dunkley II
Presentation of the Rifle, Lawrence Crowe Trophy for Rifle Shooting	R. L. Buckner
Lawrence Crowe Medal	J. C. Prill
Dr. K. G. B. Ketchum Prize for the Best Novice Piper	D. E. T. Somerville III
Housser Trophy for Inter-Clan Competition	
	Douglas 1865
	Bruce 2279
	Wallace 2365
	Montrose 2480
Montrose Clan Captain	M. G. Barrett.



SPORTS

A NEW SYSTEM

This year's Athletic Committee changed the colour system of the school considerably. The first major change was to clear up the area of major and minor sports. The distinguishing between major and minor sports has become very difficult with the growing prominence of Swimming, rugger, and fencing. Therefore, it was decided that if a team takes part in at least four inter-school meets, it would be considered major. It was felt that this was flexible enough so that other sports could gain their proper recognition.

The next item for the Athletic Committee was a careful examination of the colour system. Last year's Committee had suggested that a colour system similar to those employed in universities should be adopted. The Committee, as well as many coaches, felt that the school's colour system placed too much emphasis on the decision of the coach and the Colour Committee. Also, the awarding of colours seemed to distinguish too sharply between players. The new system adopted was that every boy who attended practices and games regularly would receive a team bar. It was hoped that this arrangement would reduce the former degree of subjectivity.

It was decided also that every team should have an M.V.P. award. After some debate, this suggestion was passed by the Students' Council. After this step had been taken, certain regulations had to be changed accordingly. It was decided that only the highest bar in each sport was to be worn. A boy could purchase his white sweatercoat after he had won five first team bars.

The final change was in the awarding of the Athletic "A". On a recommendation by the headmaster, the Athletic Committee decided that the "A" should become a more common award. A boy should be entitled to the Athletic "A" after he has won ten athletic points from representative teams.

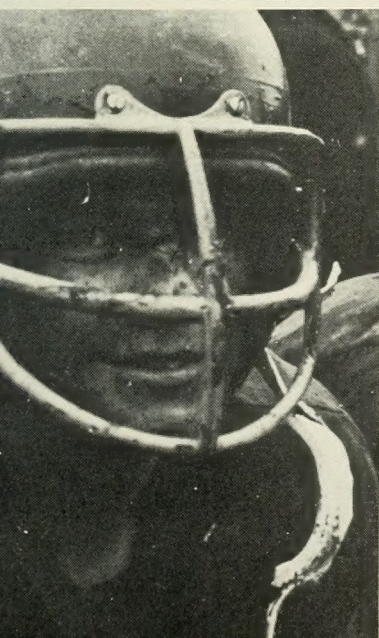
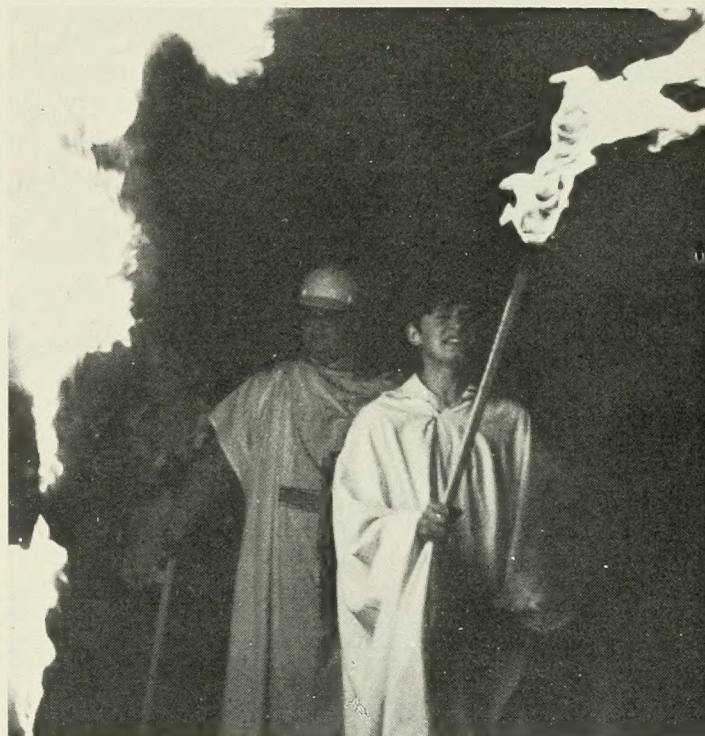
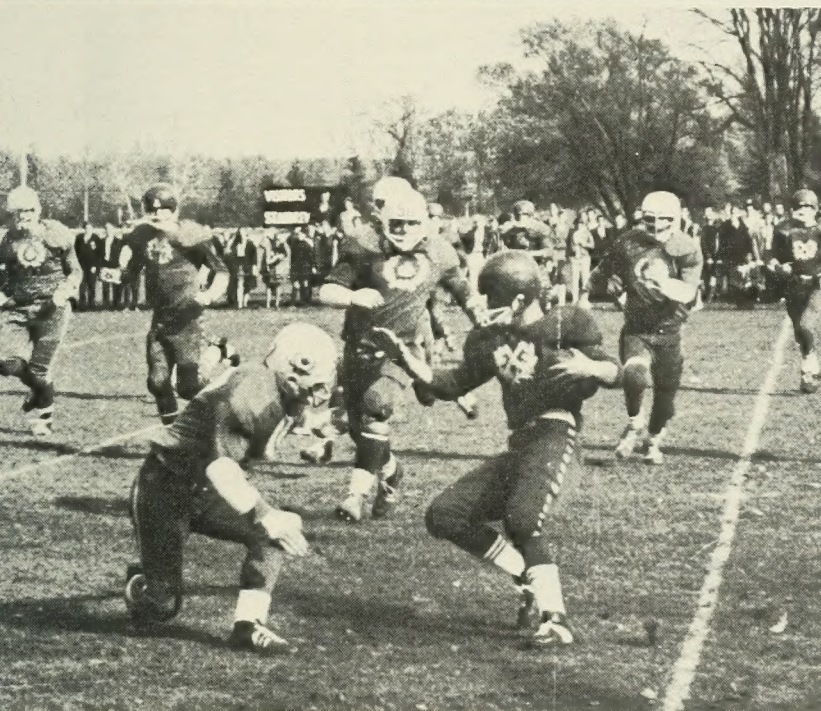
This year's Athletic Committee has worked fairly hard and spent many hours on discussion and debate. Glenn Mason, the secretary, deserves a lot of credit for he spent many hours typing the minutes and he was also instrumental in adopting the new system. Above all, the Committee would like to thank our Athletic Director, Mr. West, without whose guidance and suggestions the new bar system could not have been initiated effectively.

D. K.

Editor's Comment:

The abolition of the old system was to draw away from the sharp distinction between players and the stress placed on the coaches and Colour Committee concerning the awarding of these colours. But, now, although there is no formal bar for it, there is still a player or players who receive colours "with distinction".

FALL



WELL WE DIDN'T WIN TOO MANY
GAMES BUT WE SURE HAD SOME
FASCINATING DISCUSSIONS....



BART.

FIRST FOOTBALL



*Top L-R: Ball, Wilson I, Jeffries, Woods, Macdonald I, Grant, Whiteside, Baker I, Jackson I, Page.
Second row: Kitchen I, Coyle, Jones II, Somerville II, Dryden, Shields.
Third row: Mr. West, Mr. Edwards, Marshall II, Brunke, Martin I, Oswell, Clark I, Cane II, Lathrop.
Fourth row: Good I, Glover, Sommerville I, Duggan, (Capt.); Dunster, (Capt.); Barrett, Brownrigg I, Mason.*

SEASON REVIEW

The first football team suffered its most disastrous defeats since 1956 this year. We had all the ability of any first team, but we lacked the experience. There were only five first teamers back from last year, none of whom was outstanding; therefore the new players had little to take example from. A first team is different from any other team in the school. It must take the game seriously; not as a joke.

We did manage, through sheer determination, to win two games, Dorchester, and Lakefield, but this is where our season ended. The first game of the L.B.F., against Ridley, started out with hard playing and a lot of spirit and determination, but due to a loss of a

touchdown and a "give up easy" team, we lost. The Upper Canada game was the second. I feel we played a terrific game in the first half, but finally U.C.C. found our weak spots. We were defeated miserably. T.C.S. was our last game of the L.B.F. and the most humiliating of all the games. All that can be said is they won their first L.B.F. game in twenty-seven games. I have never seen a happier team in all my life.

I feel that next year or the year after we should have a championship team if we work at it.

F.T.D.

RIDLEY at S.A.C.

On Saturday, October 15, Ridley came to St. Andrew's for a day of soccer and football games. It had rained for the past three days and still showered frequently throughout the day to make the ground conditions very poor.

The First team football game began in favour of the Saints: a punt was recovered by the Red team on Ridley's five yard line. The offence, however, could not drive over for a major, so Mr. 'O', Dave Grant, star soccer player, kicked a field goal to put the Saints in an early lead. However, when Ridley obtained the ball from the kick-off, they muscled themselves down the field for two converted touchdowns. The defence was not to blame; they held off the Black

team on several occasions; but the offence could not control the ball, and Ridley capitalized on our fumbles by scoring an unconverted touchdown before half-time.

In the third quarter, the offence began to move, but fumbled the ball when deep in Ridley's territory. Ridley then, by passing and sliding, moved down the field again for two unconverted touchdowns.

After the kick-off and several plays, the Saints were forced to kick. Ridley pressed down to the one yard line. But the Big Red defence held the Tigers there. However, the offence did not have any luck at all and fumbled in the end zone, with Ridley recovering the ball for a converted touchdown.

For the remainder of the game, the St. Andrew's side of the field was quiet; but, the Firsts had not lost their spirit. They dominated the last remaining minutes, but it was too late; the minute flag lowered, and we bowed our heads in defeat. The score stood 39-3 for Ridley.

J.S.

U.C.C. vs. S.A.C.

The spectators and players were tense as U.C.C. kicked off to the Saints. The S.A.C. offence moved down the field but was halted short of the goal line by the Upper Canada defense. Shields kicked a single and the defense went on to get the ball back. Both defensive squads were playing extremely well as neither offence made headway. Finally U.C.C. broke through for a major that was unconverted. St. Andrew's offence was unable to move the ball when the defense recovered several U.C.C. fumbles. This was the main difference between the two teams in the first half which ended with the score 6-1 in favour of Upper Canada.

Both teams returned for the second half knowing that success depended upon the amount of offensive power. The Saints started to move but an interception that was run back for a touchdown pulled on their spirits. The convert was good. The defense began to weaken and U.C.C. scored two more converted touchdowns. The third quarter ended with Upper Canada leading 27-1.

Early in the fourth quarter one of the "nightmares" of a football player took its toll. On a third down punt, the ball went over Shields' head. He went running back to recover it and got away a high short kick which fell behind most of the Saints, who were rushing down field. A U.C.C. player alertly snared the ball and ran the short distance for the major which was converted. Later, Upper Canada's offense broke through for another seven points. The final scoring play was an interception and a run by an Upper

Canada defensive halfback. The final score was a disheartening 45-1.

K.R.O.

S.A.C. vs. TRINITY

On Saturday, October 29, the school travelled to Port Hope with the hopes of winning. The conditions for playing were quite good, although there was a strong gusting wind.

The game did not really have any significant value except to decide who would have the honour of the basement. Neither team wanted it, and thus the game consisted of hard hitting players determined to win.

At the start of the game, the Saints looked as though they were going to control the play decisively. The offence moved the ball with the aid of fast backs, Don Clark & Brownrigg, while the defence held Trinity to their own, with Fred Duggan and Dave Whiteside giving fine resistance.

However, the Saints had had a soft week of practices and Trinity capitalized, scoring two touchdowns before the half ended.

During the half-time show the Saints retired to their dressing room. During this period, their spirit was uplifted from the depths and this helped the Saints to get going once again.

During the second half, the only thing that held the Saints back from victory was ill-fortune. Trinity intercepted two passes, both of which led up to touchdowns. Then Murry Shields, our fine punter, was injured and put out of action. To replace him, the Saints came up with many combinations and found one that unlocked the door; on a third down situation, Don Clark faked a kick and burst down to the five yard line with the aid of fine blocks from his line. However, with little time remaining, the Saints were unable to score, and thus the game ended, the score 24-0 in favour of Trinity. It was a long and hard season, and an unsuccessful one also; but, the team was young and light; but then again, all it takes to win is determination, which I'm sorry, my fellow Andreams, the team just didn't have.

J.S.



SECOND FOOTBALL



Top L-R: Leitch, Weinrich, Cameron, Armstrong, Owens, Dougall, Chapman, Ballard, Campbell I.

Second row: Mr. Smith, Davey, Clarkson, Fahlgren, Bates, Wilkie I, Garratt, Henderson.

Third row: Mr. Kinney, Annan, Love I, Gear, Housser, Evans I, Rook, McEwen, Smith I.

Fourth row: Campbell II, Watt, Rutherford, Rous (C), McTavish (C), Gilchrist, Davies I, Ward.

B.R.C.

On an overcast day, we fielded a small team with misgivings. Previous to this, we had no wins. When we saw Ridley, we were aghast. They seemed huge! But right at the beginning of the game we hit hard and kept on hitting hard. They were big but they fell hard. The game was close, but we came out on top 16-7 on touchdowns by Jim Gear and Bruce Owens, converted by Bill Watt, and two singles kicked by Owens.

U.C.C.

On Wednesday, October 19, we went to U.C.C. for an exhibition game and because of lack of spirit, we lost 41-0 on a blowy, cold day.

Again on Saturday we started and continued to hit hard. We contained U.C.C. This was a close game. It see-sawed back and forth for the whole game. With about 2 minutes left, it was 18-12 for U.C.C.; we scored, making it 18-18. The convert was missed but U.C.C. was offside. So we had another try and made

it! 19-18! The defense held, and we won! Touchdowns went to Jim Gear, Rob Davey and Jim Rook. Rook's was a 45-yard run on a third down pass from kick-formation.

T.C.S.

We travelled to T.C.S. with our spirits high. It was a bad day and our team spirit seemed to depend on the day. At the start of the game we had little spirit, but even this dwindled during the game. It seemed as though no one could do anything right. There were many fumbles, bad passes, dropped passes and so on. Due to the lack of spirit we were trounced 36-0.

All our losses were due mainly to lack of spirit, which left quite a bit to be desired. Special mention should go to Fraser MacTavish, the defensive captain, who gave everything he had, for the 4th year. Overall the team played well together and had a good season.

F.R.



*Top L-R: Somerville III, Higgins, Martin II, Evans II, Edwards, Kitchen II, Pennal, Pritchard I.
 Second Row L-R: Mr. Kamcke, McDonald II, Hathaway, Whittaker I, Morton, Wong.
 Third Row L-R: Rutherford II, Davidson, Currie, Kane I, Anderson, Thompson, Stock.
 Fourth Row L-R: Brady, Stephens, Millar, Love II, (C), Pritchard II, (C), Jolliffe, Henderson II, Maynard.*

THIRD FOOTBALL

The Third Football team had an excellent season! The fact that they did not lose a game might be proof enough, but more important is the fact that every player learned football, and had fun. Throughout the season, they had one form of strategy that no other team could beat — spirit. A certain spirit which carried the Third Football team of '66 to an L.B.F. Championship.

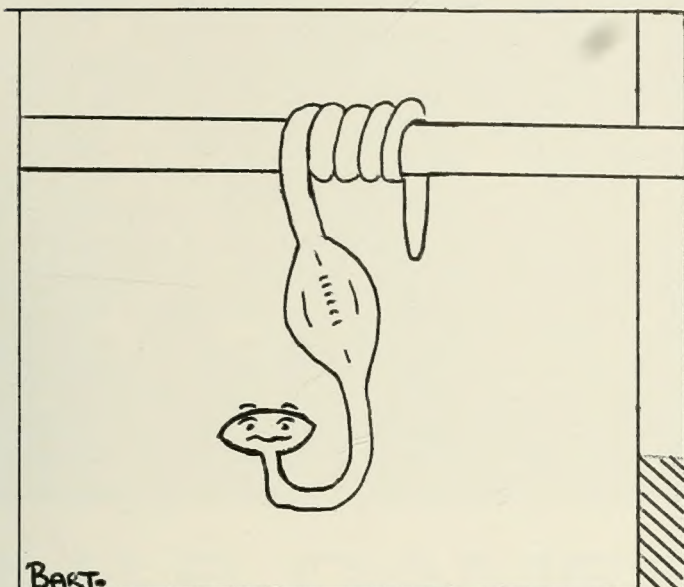
The season opened with landslide victories for the Saints. A good example was the defeat of Appleby, 36-6. By the time of the L.B.F., a perfect record brought peculiar superstitions to the team, everything from dirty game pants to a moth-eaten "coon" coat. Whether these superstitions were valid or not, no one knows, but, the Thirds went on to defeat Ridley, 26-13, U.C.C., 6-1, and in the last quarter of play pulled up to tie T.C.S., 12-12.

Credit could not possibly be given to any one player. They played as a team and won as a team. Yet great credit and thanks must be given to their two coaches, Mr. Kamcke and Mr. Lister.



R.S.J.

UNDER 15 FOOTBALL



The Under 15 A's were coached by Mr. Skinner. There were many new recruits who helped in the building of the team.

We began well by beating Appleby in our first game of the year. The score was 19-13. After this, however, we started to decline. We tied the next game against Lakefield's Thirds, and then something happened to us. We were defeated by the same Appleby team later in the season. Our next game was against Ridley. There had been rumours floating around that Ridley had a very good team. The rumours were right! We lost to them by an unbelievable score of 75-0. You would think that after this we would lose any remaining hope, but, although our record was on the downhill, our spirit was not. With great encouragement from Mr. Skinner, we started again. In the next game, we lost to U.C.C. by a small margin. Even after this defeat our spirit was not gone.

We were even more determined to beat T.C.S. After a terrific battle, we lost. It was our best game of the year, however.

Among the outstanding players of the team were Christie, Casselman, and Patchell II.

G.P.

Top L-R: von Diergardt, Amell, Sommerville IV, Bailey, Dean, Bain, Smith III, Sara.

Second Row L-R: Blackshaw, Gordon, Wakelin, van Patter, Houghton, Hutchins, Percival.

Third Row L-R: Mr. Skinner, Casselman, Adsett, Walker II, Bryant, Johnston II, Agar.

Fourth Row L-R: Grass, Karrys, Patchell II, Christie, Ruse, Cary-Barnard.



FIRST SOCCER

Soccer started this year on a very enthusiastic note. More people turned out than in the two previous years put together. This encouraging outlook gave soccer a good start to what might be called a reasonably well-played season.

Our first game was played in Aurora against Dr. Williams High School. As a team, we lacked efficient ball control, field placement, and passing ability among ourselves. On this account we lost the game 3 to 1.

By the time our next game had rolled around, we had had a few chances to get together and play as if we were a half-decent team. Hillfield came here and we beat them by a favourable margin of 3 to 0. For this game the whole attitude of the team changed — as if we enjoyed playing soccer. Our game with Ridley was next. And it was a tough one! They had a good team, and we did well to keep them to the score that was recorded: 1 to 3. By now the spirit of the team was "top-notch". We were playing to win every time,

and if we were beaten it was by a better team. However, we still put on our individual shows and consequently the principle of teamwork was not evident.

In the following two games against Pickering and Huron Heights, we started to play as a team. This made a one-sided game in both matches. It was now that we were ready to play soccer. But we only had a handful of games left. Everything that we had tried to accomplish in the past seemed to be wasted.

In the final games, having previously won two more consecutive matches, we lost only to Aurora.

The final standings were good in that we had lost only to two schools. The team made an admirable try to win every game; however, as the coach has said for the past number of years: "The time that we really start to play well is at the end of the season, which seems to be very paradoxical and unfortunate."

D.G.

Top: Mr. Pitman, Glassow, Preston, Hally II, Nation, Paterson I, Woolnough.
Bottom: Blanchard, Durie, Perry, Jones, Empey, Grant.





L.B.F. GAMES

S.A.C. at RIDLEY

For its first L.B.F. game, the First XI went to Ridley. Determined to win, the Saints controlled the ball for the first part of the game, but soon Deeks pushed one past for Ridley from five yards. Ridley's possession of the ball up to the second half demoralized our team somewhat. Soon after, Ridley scored another goal. Towards the end of the game the tempo increased and Glassow drilled one in for the Saints. With precious moments left, Ridley managed to hold the Firsts, and forced them to accept a 2-1 loss.

S.A.C. at T.C.S.

This game proved to be infuriating for both teams. A strong wind blew off Lake Ontario and threw the ball around haphazardly. Early in the game after many S.A.C. attempts, Glassow drilled a pretty shot under the Trinity goal-keeper. Moments later he drilled another hard shot at the goal but the wind took the ball and slammed it against the post. Throw-ins proved quite futile, but this says nothing for goal-kicks, which went absolutely nowhere in the furious wind. Nation must be given credit for his valiant attempts to get the ball down the field. In the second half, with the wind going strongly against them, the Saints played almost entirely defensively. T.C.S. poured forth a frantic effort to score in the dying moments of the game and on one occasion missed the goal by a number of inches. The Firsts, on the defensive until the end of the game, triumphed 1-0.

A.N.H.

U.C.C. at S.A.C.

This game turned out to be one of the highlights of the soccer season. An extremely strong defence and a powerful forward line led the First XI to a 4-0 victory. Not one U.C.C. shot managed to reach the goal. This may be attributed to a much improved defence. After fifteen minutes of play, Perry scored for S.A.C. Just before the half, he put another past and the Firsts led by 2-0. After another ten minutes, Webber drove a well placed shot into the top right of the net from twenty yards. He made an identical shot five minutes later, making the score 4-0. For the remainder of the match, S.A.C. played defensively, which won the Saints a shut out.

RIDLEY at S.A.C.

This rematch with Ridley was characterized by the excellent passing ability of B.R.C. The failure of S.A.C. to control the ball resulted in a disappointing 3-1 loss. After about twenty minutes of play, Ridley scored on a goal well placed into the right corner of the net. Five minutes later, an attempted centre by the B.R.C. right wing resulted in a mix-up and another Ridley goal. Shortly into the second half, Perry put the ball into the empty Ridley net. Towards the end of the game, Ridley scored a spectacular goal resulting from a very efficient passing combination. The game ended on a frustrating note for the Firsts, for rarely did they gain control of the ball for any length of time.



*Top row: Mr Stoate, Dunkley II, Johnston, Gibb, Smith II, Thom.
Bottom: Roden, Roberts, Martin III, Maréchaux, Hatch, Shinkle.*

SECOND SOCCER

Following the example of last year's team, this year's Seconds had another successful season. Only two out of thirteen games were lost.

Unfortunately, the season started out with a loss. Our local rival, Aurora, beat us by a score of 2-1. However, our team did play against Aurora two more times. The second time we had to concede to a tie, 1-1, and the last time we triumphed over them, 2-1.

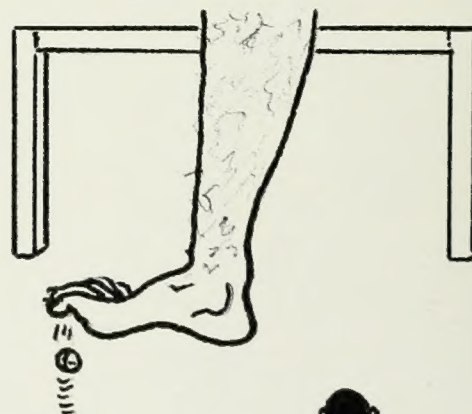
Also this year, the Seconds came the closest to winning the L.B.F. yet. The first time we played B.R.C. during the season, the game resulted in a tie, 2-2. But the second encounter was a 2-1 victory for the Saints. However, in the game against U.C.C. after a long and hard struggle, we had to give in to a frustrating 2-1 loss. We beat T.C.S. 3-1.

All other games the team won, but they were by a very small margin. Hillfield College was beaten by a 2-0 score, as were Huron Heights and Pickering College. We edged a 2-1 victory over Muskoka Lakes College and Woodbridge High. The most sweeping victory of the year was the first of the two games against Pickering College, when we walked all over the blue men with a score of 7-0.

Even though the second XI was not a very skillful team, its drive and determination compensated for this drawback. The spirit and enthusiasm of the players overcame the skill and powers of most other teams. For this outstanding characteristic, the play-

ers are to be congratulated. But, most of all, congratulations are due to Mr. Stoate, whose continual support and spirit inspired the second team, and led them to all their victories.

F.M.E.M.



U-15A SOCCER

This year the Under '15' A Soccer Team was not successful in winning the L.B.F., but our record on the whole was good. We played twelve games; won seven; lost three; and tied two. The main goal scorers were the Davies brothers and Grist. Of course, not all the credit goes to these three players, for a good number of goals were prevented by a strong line of half-backs.

The team ranked in second place in the L.B.F. losing only to B.R.C. by a score of 2-0. After this defeat, we were determined to beat U.C.C. which we did by a score of 2-0. The last game was against Trinity College, whom we defeated 2-1.

The three L.B.F. games were nothing to really brag about. We beat Pickering College 9-0 and Appleby 6-0.

At the beginning of the season, the entire team was a little rusty, but thanks to the coaching of Mr. Timms and the help and hints from Reverend Wilkie, we had a very successful season.

J.A.M.J.

SEASON RECORD

	Opponent	Score
Won:	T.C.S.	2-1
	Hillfield	2-1
	Appleby	7-1
	Appleby	6-0
	Pickering	9-0
	U.C.C.	2-0
	Aurora	3-0
Lost:	Newmarket	0-5
	B.R.C.	0-2
Tied:	Aurora	1-1
	Aurora	2-2

*Back row: Mr. Timms, Yule, Grist, Murray, Banks, Sanderson, Jackson II.
Front row: Davies III, Roots, Jordan, Jones IV, Davies II.*





**U
15
B**

*Top: Haust, Brownrigg II, Ratcliffe, Kayser, Wilkie II.
Bottom: Smith IV, Baker II, Lampel, Daly, Jones V.*



**U
15
C**

*Top row: Mr. Ray, Dixon II, Overton, Stewart, Russell II, Turner II, Martin IV, Mr. Inglis.
Second: Ralling, Doyle, McSherry, Fisher, Depew, Phair.
Third: Stoaate, McDonald II, McBryde, Wilkie III, Hally III, Taylor I, Whittaker.*

ALPHABET SOCCER

Ludicrous? Probably. A waste of time? Perhaps. Soccer? Hardly.

Once again, alphabet soccer (?) marches dutifully on through the annals of the autumn term. Once again "all boys not participating in some other form of athletic activity" congregated on the lower field on weekday afternoons. Once again, the crowds gasped in awe and disbelief at the daring exhibitions of skill and courage that are so common in that great team sport, league soccer. For it is a team sport; each team is one smoothly working machine of eleven separate but co-operating parts. Often goals would be scored when a player actually passed the ball to someone else on his team, instead of trying vainly to score himself. This intense feeling of camaraderie made itself obvious in the unusually fast and exciting games.

Being the school's athletic trash-can, alphabet soccer tends to attract the lower elements, such as the football castoffs, well known for their rough, un-

gentlemanly habits; however, this unfortunate disadvantage was balanced by the presence of the First and Second soccer teams. A finer group of sportsmen could hardly be imagined. To see Grant, Glassow, Jones, and other stalwarts of the Firsts plough their ways through the opposing team was a sight to warm sad hearts. Many a poet sought inspiration in this moving spectacle; none left unrewarded.

There were, sad to relate, a few misguided creatures who took the games seriously and who were actually concerned about the final score, but these, happily, were the minority. Most players were content with the knowledge that "it matters not who won or lost, but how you played the game!" In fact, throughout the season, the spirit of these immortal words pervaded the entire lower field, as the gentlemen of St. Andrew's took part in "the couth game."

G.S.B.H.

MASTERS vs. FIRST SOCCER

Before this year's game, one of the masters said he was going to get his pads. He didn't. As it turned out, he wished he had got them, together with a little added cushioning.

They must play a different type of soccer in Scotland, since by our standards, the referee was a little one-sided. Despite these strange calls — including an offside against a First Team player when he was in front of his own goal! — the Firsts took an early lead.

In passing, however, it might be of some interest to

note that the masters were not an entire loss. At least one of the First Team players found out that Mr. Gibb was tougher than he thought. Of course, among the masters, there were the usual stars — Mr. Stoate and Mr. Pitman — and in the words of that master himself, the usual pirouetting and choking about the goal. Unfortunately, for the masters, Mr. Wilson did not join them in this game.

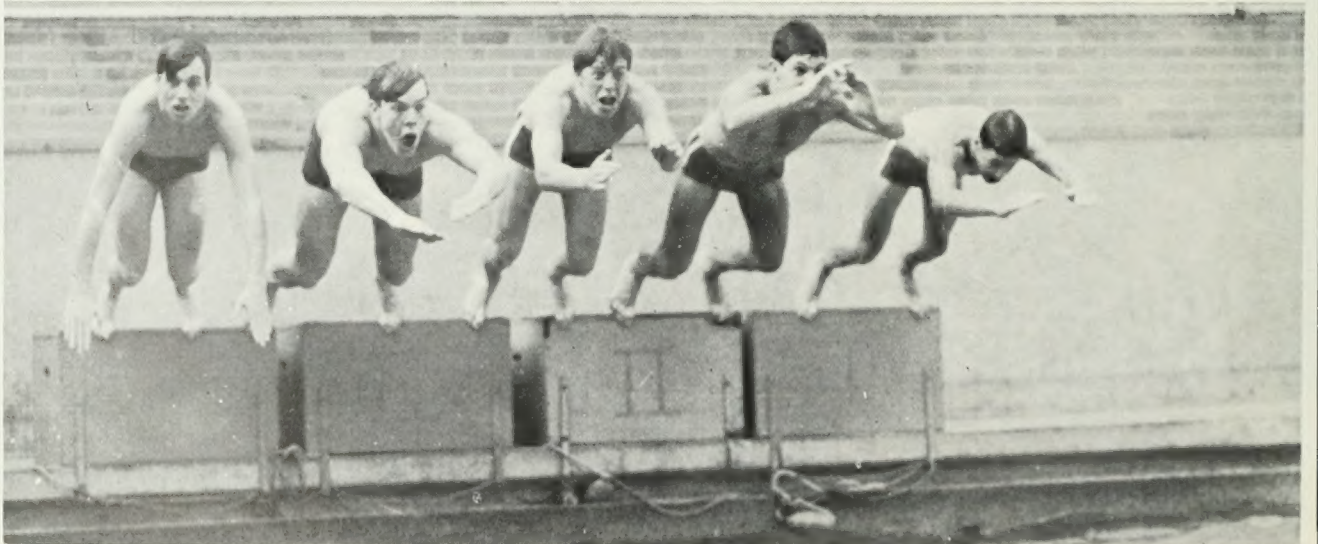
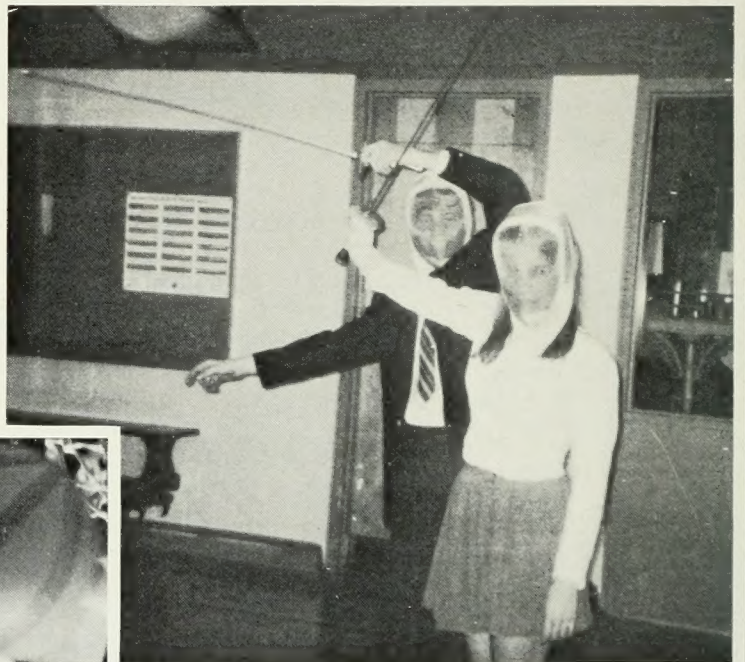
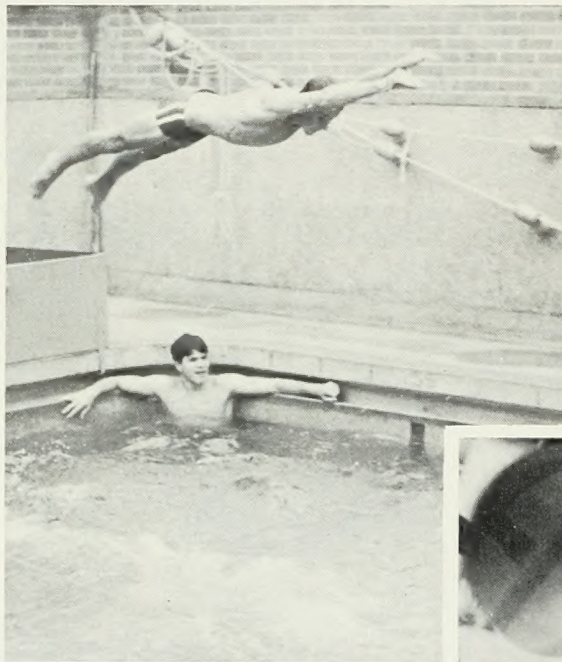
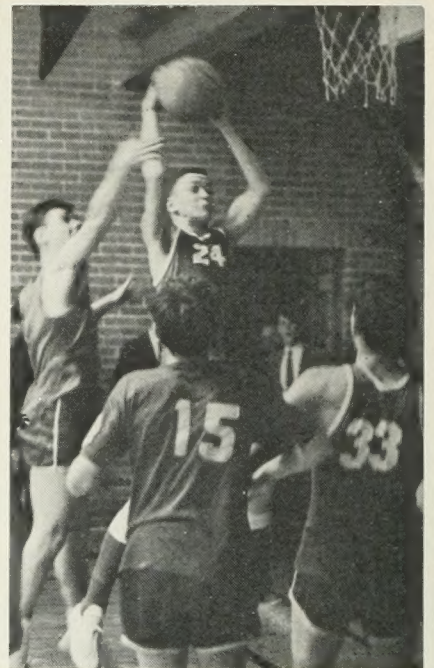
The Firsts walked over the Masters.

W.G.E.

Here is an exciting action photo of soccer. Just before it was snapped, a building got in the way, which adds to the excitement.



WINTER





Back row: Mr. West, Armstrong, Grant, Durie, Dougall, Somerville II.

Front row: Edwards, Perry, Henderson I, Forbes II.

FIRST BASKETBALL

S.A.C. at U.C.C.

The first Basketball Team rode to Toronto full of fighting spirit on a spring-like winter's day. They rode home depressed, on a cold winter's night. We were behind in score the whole game through, but we kept on "talking it up" until the final whistle.

U.C.C. jumped to a sizeable lead in the first half. However, during the second half, having become accustomed to the large court, the Saints began playing as a team. We narrowed their lead, but never seemed to take it ourselves.

RIDLEY at S.A.C.

The game with Ridley was rather disappointing from the standpoint of scores, but, even so, it was quite an animated game. Ridley obtained a good start and drew up a lead of 20 points. From then on, it was an even battle, with better teamwork and better shooting. By the end of the game, we were well up to their standard. Armstrong, Durie, and Perry should be complimented for an extremely good effort, throughout the game. It was a pity that the team as a whole had to wait until the second quarter.

S.A.C. at T.C.S.

As we rode the bus to Port Hope, we felt confident that we could win at least one LBF game. We had more experience than before and we were more accustomed to our fellow players' movements. Again,

however, we faced outranking opposition. Throughout the whole game, the team played well under the able coaching of Mr. Smith, as Mr. West was ill. We had the desire to win, specifically to bring home a victory for Mr. West. Although we failed, we left Port Hope in good humour. We had played one of the best games of the season.

B.P.

SUMMARY:

First Basketball had a very unsuccessful season. At the beginning of the season, they looked like a team with some very enthusiastic players and the spirit they needed to keep them going. Even though there were a few players who had good individual tactics, they lacked the factor, teamwork. They tried desperately to work at this, but, as soon as a game started, everyone was back to his own style.

The starting five were composed of one player from last year's Firsts, one from the Seconds, one from the Thirds, and two who were completely new. It seemed they could not adapt to a pattern of play which everyone could follow.

However, the season provided for quite a number of enjoyable games, one of which the Firsts won. They defeated Pickering 85-30. What they did and what they learned must be credited to their very patient and willing coach, Mr. West.

D.F.W.G.



*Back row: Henderson II, Marley, Brunke, MacFarlane, Gosse, Mr. Smith.
Front row: Marshall II, Good, Gear, Jones II.*

SECOND BASKETBALL

This year's Second Basketball team had quite a tradition to follow, as the seconds had captured the L.B.F. championship for the last two years, and last year they were undefeated. We started the year with a basically inexperienced team with several members of our illustrious group making their debut at the sport.

Our first game of the year was played against Appleby. We defeated them by a score of 54-38. As a result, we figured that our inborn heritage was showing through and that we were a "shoe-in" for another championship. What team could possibly dethrone the mighty St. Andrew's team?

Well, as the next eight games proved, there were several. A win-loss record of two and seven is hardly impressive. There were, however, many bright moments both off and on the court, with the entertainment provided by the (usually) good humour of our coach. We lost our next six games, in most cases by a relatively small margin — with the exception of our old rivals U.C.C. We then managed to defeat Pickering in our eighth game, 27-25, but then lost to the same team a week later, 69-46.

Credit must really be given to Mike (Stretch) Macfarlane. Stretch, our six foot five centre, was definitely a key man in our play. He usually managed to accumulate a great number of points. He had a season's total of 97 which is pretty close to 11 per game. Mar-

shall and Good usually accumulated a great number of fouls. Our thanks go out to Mr. Smith for his time, guidance and wit(?), and in general for putting up with us. Just remember our motto, "Well, maybe next year"; and we hope so for Mr. Smith's sake.

J.D.G.

STATISTICS

Appleby	won	54-38
U.C.C.	lost	58-37
Appleby	lost	32-27
U.C.C.	lost	62-28
B.R.C.	lost	45-20
T.C.S.	lost	50-42
Aurora	lost	39-24
Pickering	won	27-25
Pickering	lost	69-46

THIRD BASKETBALL

THE SEASON

The Third basketball team had a moderately successful season. It won six games out of ten and also defeated Mr. Smith's Second team.

The output of the team was fantastic. Usually facing overwhelming odds, the team persevered and through good defensive work, set up Pennal and McAdam for many, many baskets, which is what won the game. All of the team showed great improvement this year. Doug Pritchard, playing basketball for his first year, showed very great improvement as did Robin Wilkie who, even though he is rather small, was a definite force in the defense.

The team had two veterans from last year, Shinkle and McEwen who helped the team quite a lot. The backbone of the team was provided by Pennal and McAdam with their many fancy scoring plays.

The captain and M.V.P. was Shinkle.

The whole team expresses many thanks to our coach, Mr. Kamcke, who gave up a lot of his time to teach us how to play ball.

STATISTICS

U.C.C.	won	31-26
St. George's	won	72-24
Dr. Williams	lost	32-21
B.R.C.	lost	69-61
Dr. Williams	lost	36-23
U.C.C.	lost	56-41
St. George's	won	66-41
T.C.S.	won	31-20
Pickering	won	52-26
Pickering	won	75-29
S.A.C. Seconds	won	51-36

*Top L-R: Westcott, McEwen, Pennal, Weinrich, Currie, Mr. Kamcke.
Bottom: Wilkie III, Shinkle, McAdam, Good II.*



FIRST HOCKEY



*Back row: Mr. Edwards, McTavish, Watt, Dryden, Rutherford II, Gilchrist.
Second row: Davies I, Duncan, Woods, MacDonald I, Mason.
Third row: Rutherford I, Kitchen I, Barrett, Ball, Love I, Mulock.*

WHAT HAPPENED?

It is hardly worth dwelling for very long on our record for the season. Though always optimistic, we had come to accept our share of losses, hindered as we were by lack of practise time. In the first L.B.F. game of the season, Barrett scored early in the first period. Perhaps, despite everything, this was to be "the" year. Well, the final score of that first game was 7-1 for U.C.C. Ridley, who eventually finished second to U.C.C. in the overall standing, trounced us 7-1 in the second L.B.F. encounter. Again, Mike Barrett scored the Saint's only marker on a picture play goal.

The second game of the year against U.C.C. was an uneventful 8-0 whitewash. These were all very lopsided scores but not once did a St. Andrew's player give up. Not once did he grumble.

Now, only the T.C.S. game stood between us and the L.B.F. cellar. St. Andrew's quickly fell behind 3-0 but again refused to give up. Goals by Barrett, Duncan, and Kitchen made the game close, but T.C.S. clung to a 5-3 lead and clinched third place. Our

L.B.F. season finished on a sad statistical note: no wins; four losses; five goals for; twenty-seven goals against.

This season was very frustrating for the veterans. For some of us, it was our third or fourth year of failure. However, the team spirit was the highest it has been in three years and, because of this, our frustrations and embarrassments did not last long. Imagine a team being behind by seven or eight goals but still playing as hard as if it were a close game. This type of hockey was indicative of the spirit we had.

I would like to say a word to our rookies who are returning next year. It appears that you will have a very good team in two years. Don't be disappointed if the team is not really successful next year, as it will only hinder your own hockey. A team with good spirit is a good team even if it is unsuccessful.

R.D.S.
G.E.M.

THE SECONDS

Looking at our win-loss column (1 and 6 respectively), one might be inclined to believe that we had a bad season. Not so! Led by Captain Page, fun was had by one and all on the team. Despite our glorious record, we had a good team (even though for a few games we had to import goalies from our two farm teams, the First and Thirds).

Our lone win was against Pickering, needless to say; 4-1. In L.B.F. competition we fared not so well. In two tangles with U.C.C., we lost 8-3 and 7-3. In both games we were outplayed and disorganized but we were improved by the second game. Against Ridley we had a bad day. We lost 4-0. The main reason for this was our consistent urge to have only five men on the ice. We had penalties galore: one game misconduct, several 10-minute misconducts, and numerous minor penalties. At T.C.S. we started well but crumbled in the second and third periods.

Our exhibition games were very similar to our L.B.F. play. We lost 5-0 to Hillfield, and 3-0 to Lakefield.

In all games, we all seemed to be very anxious to let our goalie show his worth and be a star by letting the opposition "pepper" him with shots. Not very healthy for the goalie, to say the least.



Back row: Wilson, Jones I, Mr. Coburn.

Second Row: Martin, Lathrop, Nation, Ballard, Rook, Heintzman, Garratt.

Third row: Harris, Smith I, Rous, Page, Hatch, Warren, Thom.

We all had fun, except maybe for our two valiant coaches, Mr. Coburn and Murry "Horse" Wilson, who had to stand behind the bench every game and see "their boys" go down to defeat all the time.

F.C.R.

THIRD HOCKEY



Back row: Hart II, Stephens, Anderson, Mr. Kinney, Martin III, von Diergart, Harstone.

Second row: Morton, Hally II, Kitchen II, Evans II, Martin II, van Patter, Lowery.

Third row: Davidson, Maynard, Ruse, Love II, Patchell II, Higgins, Brady.

This year, the Third Hockey Team had a very rewarding and successful season, winning eight games and losing only one. Besides having a productive season as a team, individual improvement was evident in everyone throughout the season.

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mr. Kinney for his fine coaching which helped to make the season as successful as it was.

Although team spirit petered out near the end of the season, it was at a peak in the L.B.F. With one victory already behind us, we met B.R.C. at Bradford and defeated them 3-1. As in most of our earlier games, the third period was our strongest.

The next L.B.F. game was at U.C.C. and with spirit even higher, we won 4-1, chiefly thanks to outstanding goal keeping by Bruce Anderson.

The final game of the L.B.F. was at Bradford and against Trinity. It was our best L.B.F. game, as the score showed; 6-2 for S.A.C.

Although not an L.B.F. game, probably our best effort was against King City. Expecting our toughest game of the season, we routed the team 8-1.

We met our only loss at our first game against a better and more experienced Bramlea team at Aurora. However, by no means did this loss dim our spirits, as the L.B.F. was already ours.

G.L.

U-15A HOCKEY

The Under 15 "A" Hockey Team gave excellent showings in all but Little Big Four games. Every time they stepped onto the ice it was just "guts" which allowed the team to last until the final minute. With stunning victories over Hillfield, Appleby, Lakefield and U.C.C., the team showed superior ability to conquer others inferior to the ever present determination of the Under 15 Saints. Even our brother Under 15 "B" team proved to have very little opposition for us. With the blistering slapshot of Tom Amell which tore the netting right off the frame, and the thrilling penalties of Brian Hutchins inspiring the boys, the under 15 "A" Hockey Team proved to be the colourful and representative team typical of St. Andrew's.

The team also enjoyed their games, the more exciting parts being the bus rides and the refreshments afterwards. With the coaching of the house master of Macdonald House, Mr. Skinner, who knows how to handle boys, the lads trained until they were in the best shape possible.

Lack of ice gave them little time to prepare for the gruelling season ahead. But despite these difficulties, the team managed to achieve a fairly even season. Injuries plagued the team and this was probably one of the reasons why the team was not as successful as it might have been. L.B.F. games gave the team its trouble, except for the U.C.C. game. The blue team sweaters just seemed to fade away under the pressure of the big red squad. The final game of the season proved to be an exciting match between us and the Bramalea Bantams. Even though the Under 15 Saints lost this game, it was a well fought match. Even the supposedly undefeatable Third team lost to a Bramalea Midget Team.

The St. Andrew's College under 15 "A" Hockey Team did not win all its games, but it did prove one thing: even though you're down, a little determination and effort will make you look like the Champs.

J.S.

Top L-R: Hutchins, Mr. Skinner, Percival, Bain, Somerville IV, Hawke II, Casselman.

Bottom: Amell, Sara, Grist, Sanderson, Adsett, Jackson II.



U-15B HOCKEY



Back row: Mr. Lister.

Second row: Depew, Kayser, Haust, Adsett, MacKay, Bryant.

Third Row: Turner, Banks, Yule, Wilkie II, Jones IV, Wakelin, Lampel.



The U-15 B hockey team may not have been as successful as some of the other teams but it probably had a lot more fun. Our coach, Mr. Lister, was most likely the key to our small amount of success.

Our closest and most trying game was probably our last. It was against Pickering and ended in a 3-3 tie. The opposition was bigger and tougher, but at the end of the first period, the score was 1-1. At the end of the second, the score was 2-1 for S.A.C. Our spirits high, we went into the third period and were promptly scored upon. With about five minutes to go, we finally got a goal. It looked as if the game was ours, but, with seven seconds to go, a bounce-shot from the corner, hit the net. It was a disappointing game in score but it showed that we could handle a superior team.

The team consisted of two lines, a first, and a strong back-up line. These two lines worked well but our competition was more powerful. Our defence and two goalies were no disgrace to our team either! One defenceman, Yule, won the M.V.P. award, which showed that we had a good defence. Although the score didn't show it, the team had a lot of fun with hockey.

A.N.W.



Top L-R: Russell I, Schmeichler II, Stewart II, Russell II, Pratt, Anjo, Redwood, Mr. Stoate.

Bottom: Smith II, Annan, Schmeichler I, Clarkson, Somerville III, Dunkley II.

FENCING

Fencing, though one of the least recognized sports in the school, is one of the most successful. However, this year our former coach, Mr. Bozzay, had left us and we were at a low at the beginning of the season. But, we were blessed in our need with an excellent coach, Mr. Stoate. The fencers won an uphill battle and remained in firm control of the sport. They turned around and soundly defeated all opposition.

Our first meet was one of our annual contests with B.S.S. The results were surprisingly close as the seniors squeezed out a victory, 9-7, and the juniors won 20-5.

We then fought one of our most important meets of the year against Ridley for the L.B.F. Cup. Although some of the seniors had become victims of strep throat, Ridley was easily trounced 17 -3.

Our next contest was a return match with B.S.S. This time we had less trouble, defeating their seniors 12-4 and their juniors 14-11.



S.A.C. at a poor defensive moment

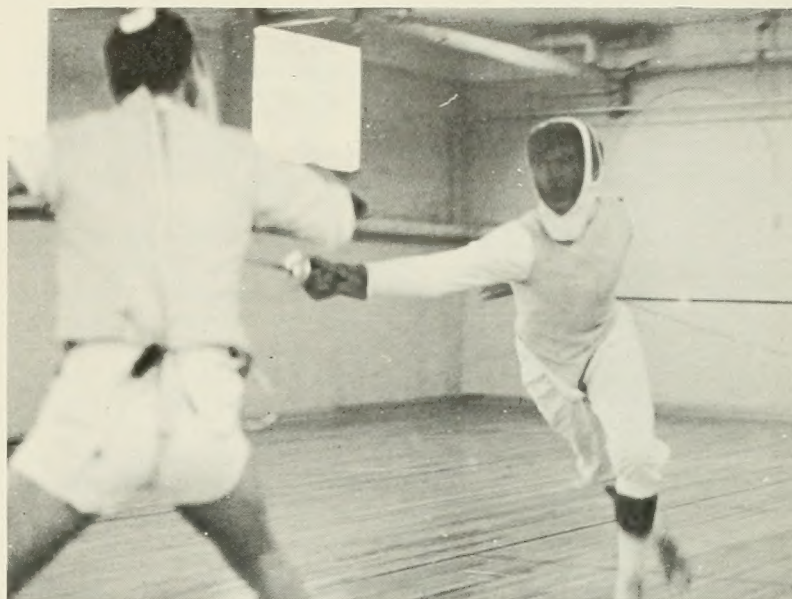
Since, so far, we had been offered little opposition, we decided to fence Carleton University, which had come second in foil among all the universities in Ontario. However, our seniors triumphed 11 - 5 and our juniors followed suit with a 10-6 victory. Our final meet was against U.T.S. The Saints went into this meet confident, perhaps too confident, of an undefeated season. However U.T.S. could produce only a painfully inexperienced team which we defeated by an UNBELIEVABLE 15-1. A group of seven fencers also travelled to the Ontario Junior Men's Foil Championships. Smith, Clarkson, Somerville, and Dunkley made the semi-finals. Dunkley carried on to win second place. This was by far the team's best effort of the year.

To finish off a very successful season, the school competition was held. Schmeichler won the competition - a well deserved victory - and Somerville came a very close second.

The future looks very bright for the team. Despite the fact that our two most promising newcomers, the Paterson brothers, were forced to leave the school in mid-season, we gained some outstanding new juniors, especially Murrell, Redwood, and Annan. Somer-

ville, Smith, Anjo, Pratt, and Dunkley should provide the leadership for next year's fencing team; we hope for a season as successful as this one.

G. C. D.



SWIM TEAM

This year's swim team was plagued neither with injuries, nor flu, nor measles epidemics, as it has been in the last two years. In fact, we had a very healthy year. So we have no excuses for having lost to Ridley in the Hart House L.B.F. Championship meet. We simply weren't good enough to beat the school that has had the L.B.F. championship for more than ten years. However, we did have a very successful season. After all, we were one of the 'winningest!' teams in the school this year.

We started off the season with a meet in Niagara Falls, New York against DeVeaux School. We'd heard rumours that they were fantastic; that they had beaten Ridley last year! So we were, to say the least, worried. They didn't turn out to be what we had expected since we defeated them quite easily, 58-35. The DeVeaux swimmers were excellent hosts. We enjoyed the trip very much.

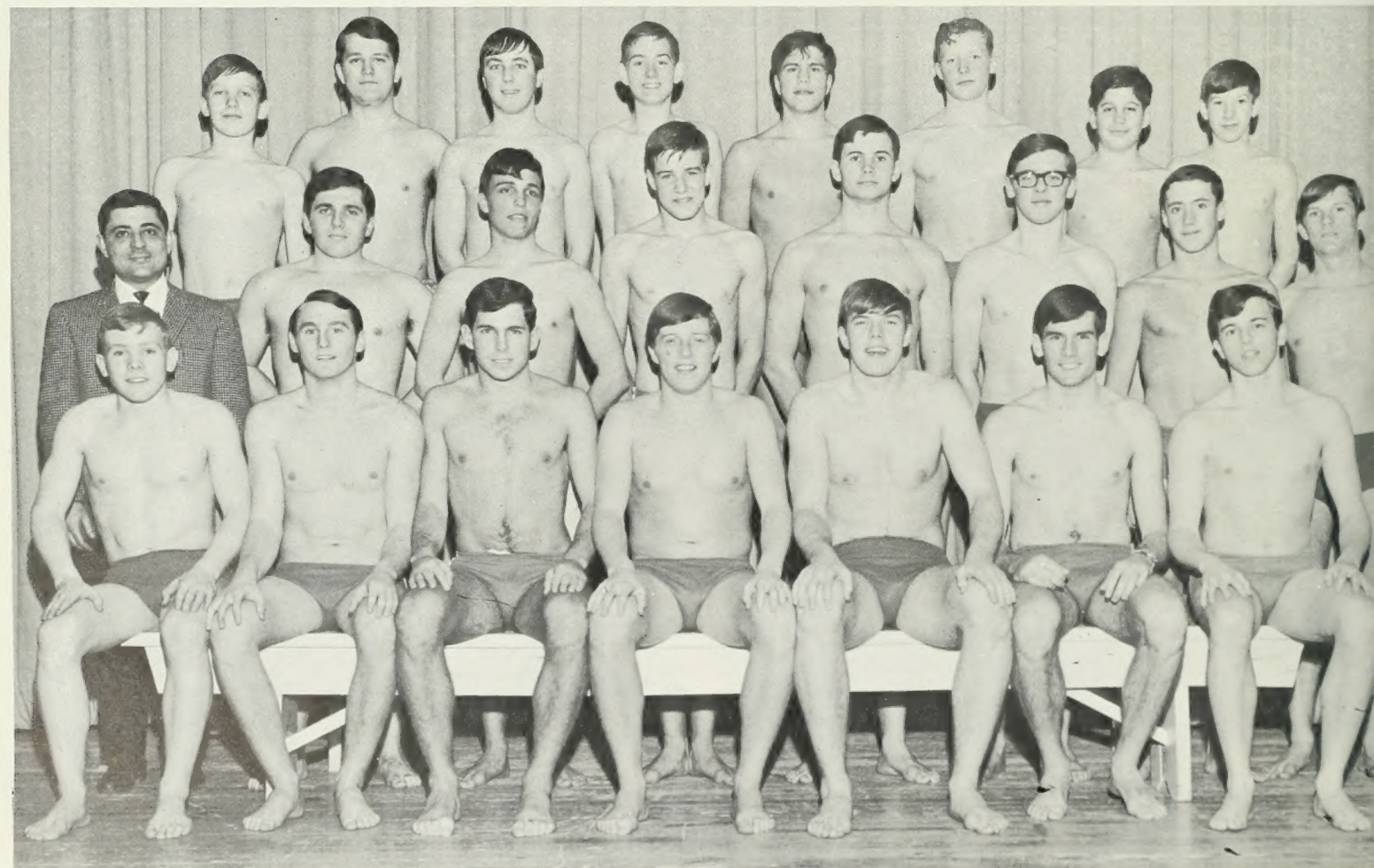
Then, with the season merely two weeks old, we travelled to Ridley to swim against their very strong team. (I must explain that any meets against L.B.F. schools before the Hart House meet are only exhibition meets.) But, we particularly wanted to win this



Top L-R: Davis, Fahlgren, MacKenzie, Walker II, Pickard, Christie, Brownrigg II, Davies II.

Second row: Mr. Guggino, Ward, Gordon, Johnson, Jackson I, Buckner, Blackshaw, Roberts.

Front row: Blanchard, Pritchard II, Brownrigg I, Shields, Whiteside, Owens, Houser.



one. We tried hard but we couldn't outswim the "Red Baron" and his comrades. Our juniors won their meet, which practically assured them of the junior championship.

We were disappointed with the outcome of the meet but we didn't let it bother us. In the following few weeks, we trained hard and defeated U.C.C. twice. We also won against T.C.S. and one of the top schools in Toronto, U.T.S. The juniors won all their meets and hence became L.B.F. Champs.

At Hart House, everyone made a supreme effort, but so did Ridley. We came second for the third consecutive year. First place finishes were taken by Dave Whiteside in the 50 yd. breaststroke event, and Murray Shields in the diving. Our second place finishers were as follows: the 200 yd. medley relay team of Housser, Pritchard, Blanchard, and Owens; Shields in the 20 yd. free-style; Whiteside in the 100 yd. Individual Medley; Housser in the 50 yd. backstroke; Whiteside in the 50 yd. butterfly; and our relay team of Blackshaw, Brownrigg, Shields, and Owens in the 200 yd. free-style.

Second best isn't exactly what we were hoping for, but we settled for it anyway. I think the spirit of the swim team is one of the best in the school. Next year, with Richtoffen and the other Ridley supermen gone, I am confident that our hard training and high spirits will not be in vain. I would like to congratulate the juniors on a fine season and I would also like to wish those swimmers who are returning next year the best of luck. On behalf of the team, I also want to thank Mr. Guggino and Mr. Fisher for their hard work.

M. S.

STATISTICS

STATISTICS

Senior				Junior			
S.A.C.	58	DeVeaux	35	S.A.C.	33	DeVeaux	9
S.A.C.	27	Ridley	59	S.A.C.	30	Ridley	19
S.A.C.	65	U.C.C.	12	S.A.C.	39	U.C.C.	29
S.A.C.	44	U.T.S.	41	S.A.C.	40	U.T.S.	40

Hart House Meet

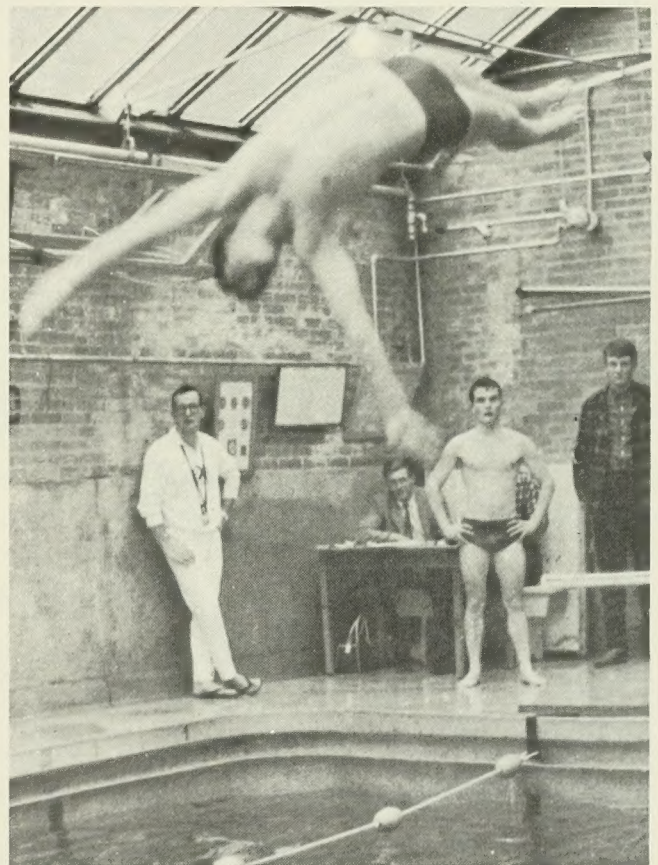
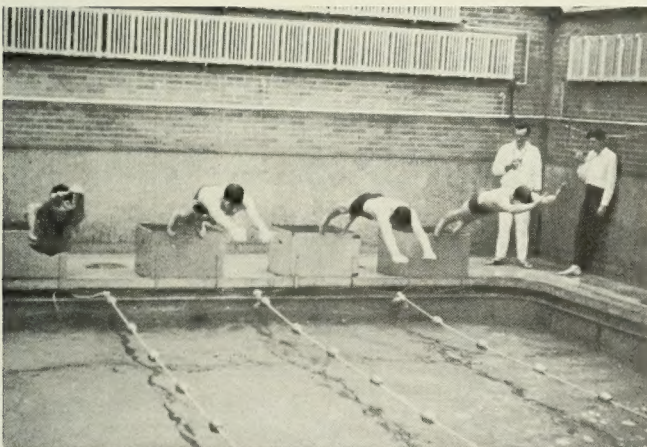
Ridley	- 75
S.A.C.	- 57
U.C.C.	- 26
T.C.S.	- 10

High Scorers

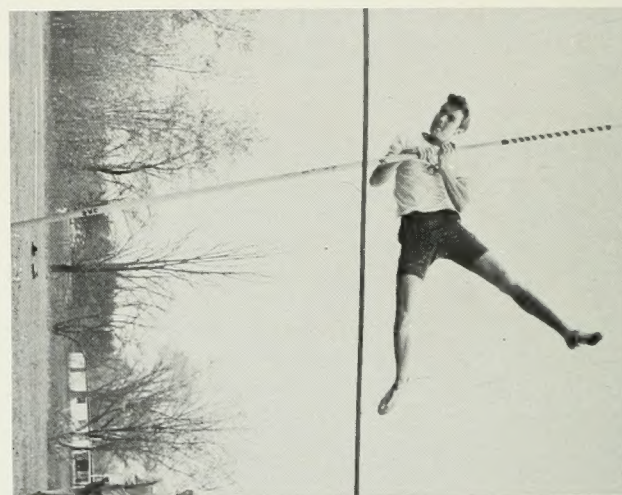
Owens	- 103
Shields	- 97
Whiteside	- 96
Blanchard	- 65
M.V.P.	- Shields

High Scorers

Blackshaw	- 93
Christie	- 75
Gordon	- 49
Walker	- 37
M.V.P.	- Blackshaw



SPRING



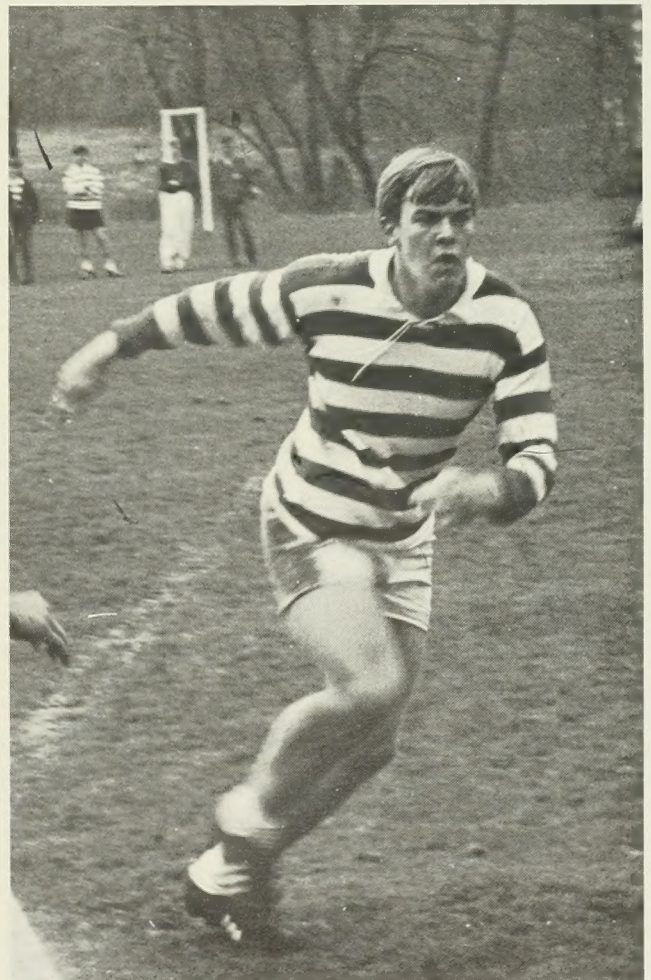


RUGGER

Every year since the inauguration of rugger at S. A. C., St. Andrew's has fielded, potentially, the best team in Ontario. 1967 was no exception: the First team, according to its coach, had as much potential as any school-boy team he had yet sent into competition. Never before had St. Andrew's won a rugger championship. Not since 1963 had they won a First team championship of any kind. Why, then, should 1967 be the year?

This year it was thought that an experiment could make the elusive championship more easily attainable. Rugger itself, is rather unique since there is no L. B. F. competition (ignoring U. C. C.). The championship is decided at a one-day tournament at Victoria Square. There are two first team classes, open and senior. The only distinction is a weight limit on the senior class. The first string back line of Bob Sommerville I, Dave and Paul Kitchen, and Glenn Mason qualified for both classes. So the experiment involved switching this combination between open and senior scrums. This shuffling caused the senior team to suffer losses to King City and East York, but these set-backs only increased determination. In the exhibition schedule, Ken Woods, Dave White-side, and Jim Prill finally jelled as the scrum. These seven formed the open team.

Enough can hardly be said of this team's effort at Victoria Square. That intangible something - team spirit - was present to excess, but there was more. It is a wonderful feeling to know that it doesn't matter who has the ball, who is in position to tackle, who is receiving a pass, that whoever he is, he has not only the talent but the desire to come out on top. The result was a convincing undefeated record at Victoria Square: 33 points for, 8 against, and the championship of Ontario.



I have mentioned the "experiment". It was the members of the senior team which made this a success. A team is only as good as it plays in practice. For this reason, the competition supplied by the seniors: Nick Nation, Jim Good, Chris Rous, Rob Perry, Jim Rook, and John Martin, was a vital factor in contributing to the success of the open team. I might add that, with a little luck, this same senior

team could also have advanced in its division. Rugger, then, can boast of a singular achievement in 1967: a First team championship. The "experiment" certainly proved valuable and may be used again next year. As for next year, it is a better than good bet that the Balmy Beach Challenge trophy will return to St. Andrew's College.

G. E. M.



Fifth Row (L-R): Owens, Kneale, Martin I.

Fourth Row (L-R): Mr. Smith, Wakelin, McDonald II, Kane I, Wilkie II, Henderson I, Love II.

Third Row (L-R): Christie, Pickard, Stephens, Warren, Cross I, Lampel.

Second Row (L-R): Good I, Adsett, Dunkley II, Campbell, Davies II, Shinkle.

First Row (L-R): Yule, Perry, Rous, Bates, Nation, Rook.
(Absent - Empey)

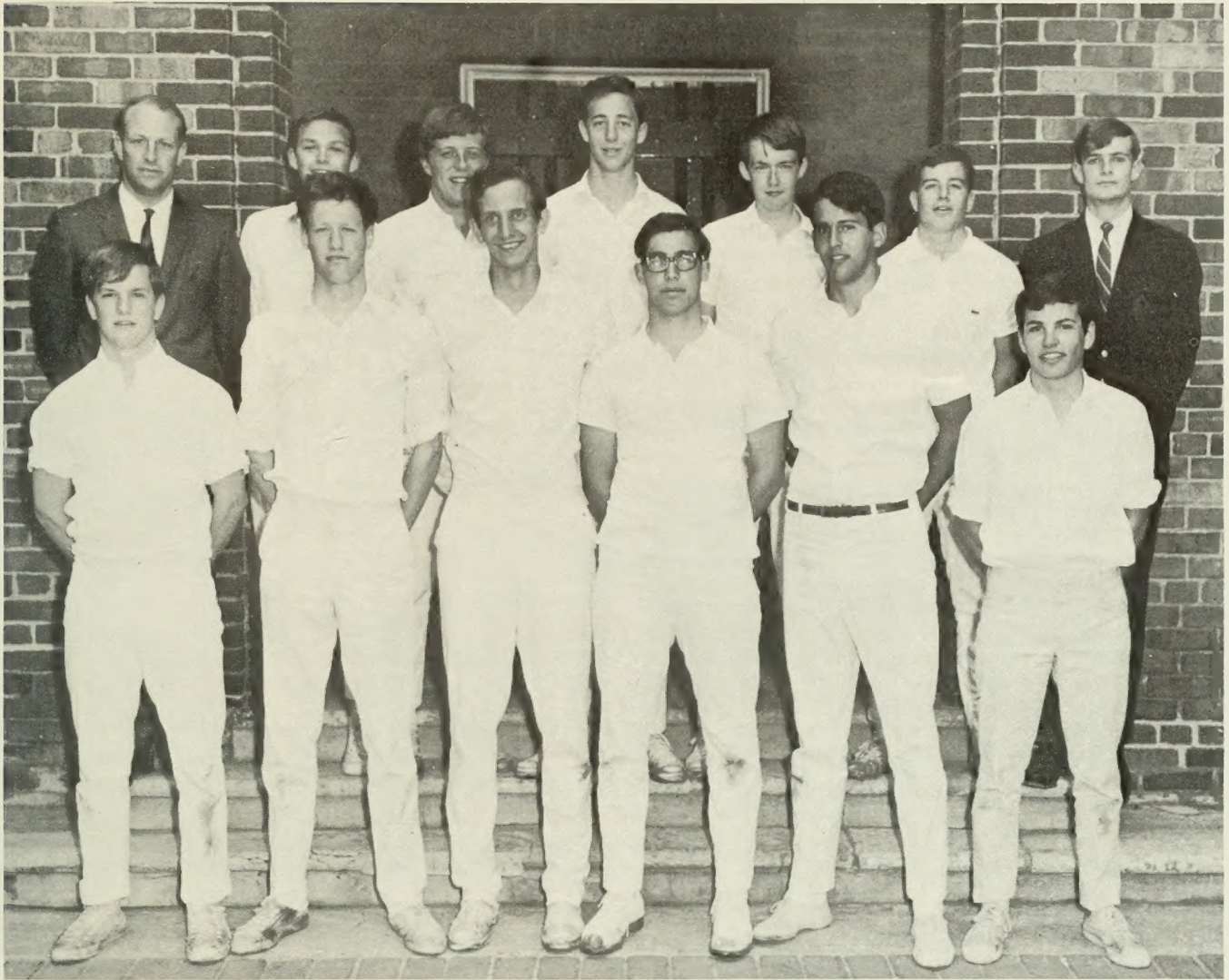
THE OPEN TEAM

Back Row (L-R): Kitchen II, Woods, Whiteside, Prill.

Front Row (L-R): Kitchen I, Mason, Sommerville I.
(Absent Otus Duggan)



FIRST CRICKET



Back Row: (L-R) Mr. Wilson, Love I, Shields, Durie, Hally II, Hatch, Harstone (scorer).

Front Row (L-R) Ball, Macdonald I, Grant, Jones (C), Dougall, Glassow.

U.C.C.

The L.B.F. season opened at Upper Canada. U.C.C. won the toss and decided to bat. Inconsistent bowling enabled U.C.C. to reach 84 for 3, but then, good fielding and an improved bowling effort folded up the remainder of their batters for 98 runs altogether. Dougall, with 5 wickets for 26 runs, was the best of our bowlers, while Reid was high scorer for U.C.C. with 35.

S.A.C.'s first four wickets fell for only 25 runs but a good stand with some intelligent batting from Ball and Glassow carried the score to 69. Dougall and Durie then joined forces to bring the score into the 80's, whereupon Durie was bowled out. This was the last wicket to fall, and Dougall soon scored the winning runs.

The game was an extremely exciting one and gave the team the needed impetus for the next game against Ridley.

RIDLEY

We went into the second L.B.F. game against Ridley knowing that they were a very strong team and that we would have to get at least a draw to stand a chance for the championship. Ridley won the toss and chose to bat first. Despite good fielding and adequate bowling, they had accumulated 128 for 6 just before tea.

After tea, Grant and Glassow were both out quickly, thus removing practically any chance we might have had to score the necessary runs. However, Jones and Hally batted quietly against a very persistent bowling attack. Hally topscored with a well played 22, and at stumps we were 51 for 5.

Ridley were extremely outraged by the result, but it was a well earned draw and it gave us a chance for the championship.

We travelled to T.C.S. aware that we had to win in order to be eligible for the L.B.F. championship. T.C.S. batted first. Poor bowling and worse fielding enabled them to declare after four hours at 142 for 8. Throughout their innings, whenever we got a wicket needed to start the breakthrough, we always let Trinity regain the initiative.

Required to score 143 runs in two hours, we were aided by a magnificent opening stand of 62 in the first half by Grant and Hally. However, the middle order batsmen threw their wickets away in a vain attempt to score the remaining necessary runs. When all hope of victory had disappeared, Love and Shields closed shop and played out the last minutes.

Although this was a very disappointing match, congratulations should go to Grant and Hally for their batting and to Dougall, who was the best of the bowlers.

Bowling:	Overs	Maidens	Wickets	Runs	Average
Dougall	109	36	23	200	8.6
Grant	80	16	18	213	11.8
Jones	71	22	14	118	8.4
Shields	45	14	6	86	14.3

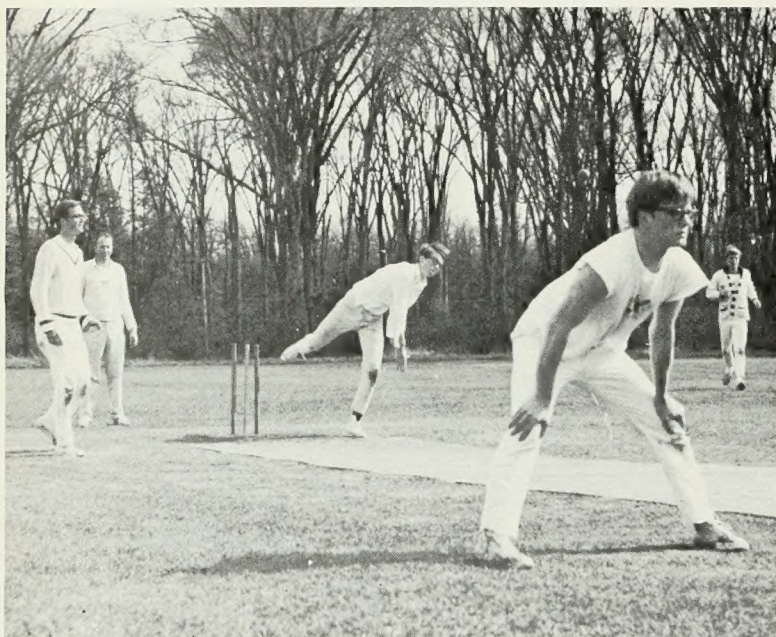
Batting:	Innings	Runs	Times out	High score	Average
Grant	8	160	1	38	22.9
Hally	8	119	1	36	17.0
Glassow	8	87	0	27	10.8
Ball	8	76	1	25	10.8
Durie	6	40	0	16	6.6
Shields	6	20	3	7	6.6
Love	5	19	1	7	4.8
Jones	7	27	0	16	3.9
Dougall	7	13	2	5	2.6
Hatch	5	7	2	5	2.3
MacDonald	6	9	2	3	2.3

Wicket-keeping:

Byes	32
Leg byes	17
Catches	4
Stumped	1

Catches:

Durie	8
Love	4
Glassow	4
Grant	2
Ball	2
Jones	2
Hally	2
MacDonald	1
Hatch	1
Dougall	1



THE SEASON

Although we did not win the L.B.F. championship this year, our second place finish was only a whisker away. We did enjoy one of the most remarkable and successful seasons that an S.A.C. cricket team has had in many years. Our only two losses were against cricket clubs. Of the schools we played, we won three and drew two.

Early question marks about the team were answered when Glassow and Dougall slipped into the empty breeches, Glassow as wicket keeper - a very competent one - and Dougall as opening bowler. The club fixtures were advantageous in helping to improve not only individuals but the team as a whole. The Upper Canada match showed the true fighting quality of the side and was a game we will all remember.

Next year's team is bound to suffer because of the great number of vacancies that will have to be filled. However, Hally and Dougall should give a good account of themselves and I'm sure that Mr. Wilson, to whom this year's team owes so much, will have found and developed a team that will do justice to the school. The sun shone this year; don't let it fade away.

R. L. J.



Back row (L-R): Forbes I, Jackson I, Evans II.

Second (L-R): Mr. Gibb, Davidson, Marshall II, McTavish, Anjo.

Third (L-R): Anderson, Thom, Jones I, Somerville III, Buckner.

THE METS

This year, the Mets retained their proud tradition in achieving a degree of excellence in the "gentlemen's sport".

The season began quite early and, since the Mets were rather "green", they suffered their first loss of the season by dropping a close one to Appleby. However, the Mets had not suffered any loss of dignity or morale. The next game was against U.C.C. The Mets went into the game very determined. They finally won the game in the last over on the last ball by a boundary shot slugged by Brian Marshall. The remaining games were at S.A.C. and perhaps this was the changing factor. The Mets were edged out by Ridley 131-56, but by the next game the tide had changed. The Mets defeated T.C.S. by a close margin of one run. For this game, credit should go to the bowlers, Thom, Evans II, and Jones I. (. . . and to the wicket keepers Frase McTavish and J. S. Jackson. . . ? . . .) To finish off the season in traditional style, the Mets played the masters. This year, by finding some new material, the masters downed the Mets 75-22. The Seconds were kept to a low score by the faster-than-life bowling of Mr. Lister and by the unorthodox bowling styles of Dr. Wilkie and Mr. Stoate.

The season was both enjoyable and successful. Sincere thanks to Mr. Gibb for training and coaching the Seconds.

"J. S."



U-15 A CRICKET

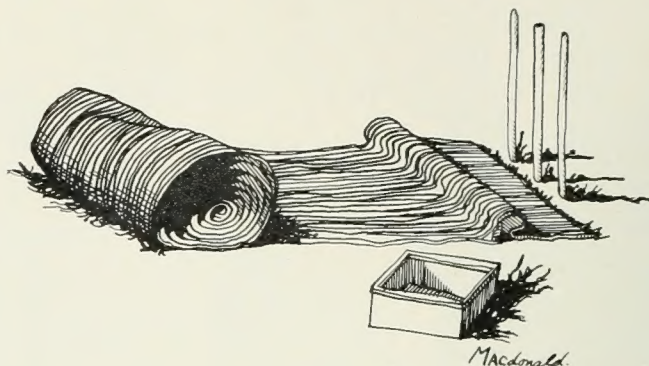
We began this year with very few recruits for the U-15 A team. But as the weeks went by, the serious practices started.

Our first game of the season came very soon since most of us only had one or two practices. The game was against Lakefield. The score was very close, with Lakefield winning by two runs. The highlight of this game occurred when Patchell hit two sixes for a final score of 43 runs.

In our second game, we defeated Appleby by a score of 91-59. In this game, Jackson II pulled us through by hitting 22 runs and getting seven wickets. We upset U.C.C. with a draw in the third game. The score was 64-49 for nine wickets. Our "hero" in this game was Hutchins (eleventh batter) who went in and stalled for time in the last two minutes. For our fourth game we played B. R. C. After a win and a draw, we dropped to a bad loss. Ridley retired for 122 and eight men out. We got 49 and were all out. We encountered T. C. S. for our fifth game. It was a loss: 55-48. Our final game was against Appleby.

Unfortunately, we drew this game. Throughout this entire season, our spirit was very good as well as was support from our fans. We all think Mr. Ives deserves credit for his wonderful work as coach and advisor.

G. J. B.



Back row (L-R): Mr. Ives, Jones IV.

Second (L-R): Stewart I, Patchell II, Blackshaw, Grass, Hutchins.

Third (L-R): Percival, Cary-Bernard, Jackson II (*Capt.*), Walker II, Casselman, Hally III (*Scorer*).



U-15 B CRICKET



*Back row (L-R): Macdonald III, Bryant, MacKay, Morris.
Second (L-R): Mr. Inglis, Wilkie III, Davis, Davies III, Ralling.
Third (L-R): Depew, Redwood, Ruse (Capt.), Jones V.*

An inexperienced team started the season but, as the season progressed, the team learned quickly. The team defeated U.C.C., T.C.S., and Appleby easily. In our encounter with Ridley, we had to play in poor weather. Unfortunately, it didn't take them long to get us out and score enough runs to draw wickets.

The team suffered defeat in the Lakefield game because of inexperience. This brought the season record to three wins and two losses.

Sincere thanks and congratulations to our newlywed coach, Mr. Inglis.

T. R.



TRACK and FIELD



Back row (L-R): Overton, Martin III, Jackson I, Harris, Hathaway, Goss, Owens, Brownrigg I, Sara, Mr. West, Blanchard, Smith I.
Second (L-R): Duncan, Smith II, Wilson, Ward, Downing.
Third (L-R): Ralling, Garratt, Baker II, MacKenzie II, McBryde, Hawke I, Fisher.

This year's track and field season was indescribably exciting. In past years, S.A.C. has never really had a good track team. But, this year a fairly good team scrambled off the buses at various tracks for competition. We didn't win everything but we won our share.

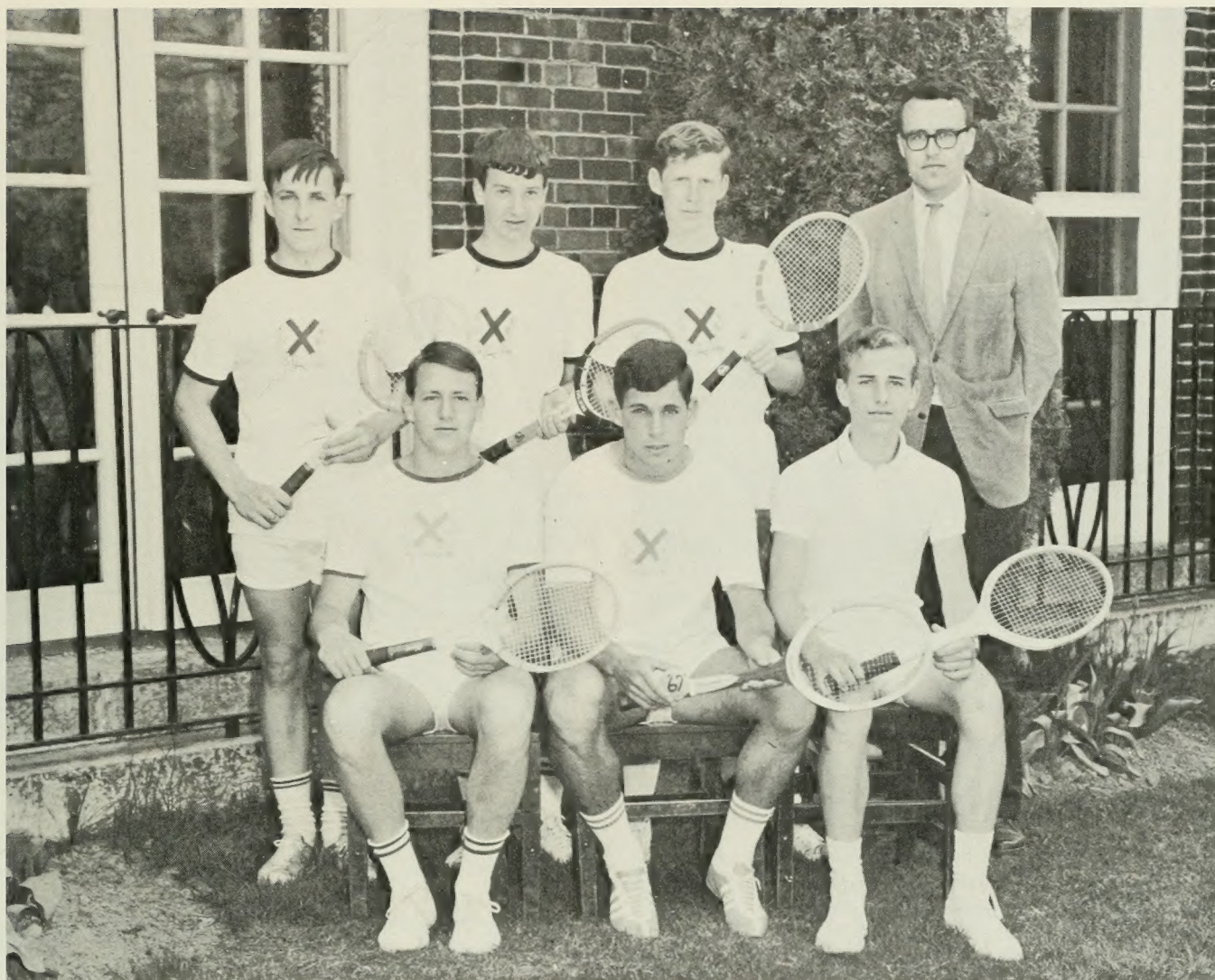
Track and field is an individual sport, but this year everyone contributed their utmost to help everyone else, the result being, the formation of a real team with a great amount of spirit and drive which should continue in coming years.

Such members as Mike Barrett, "Gorf" Duncan, and "Bugs" Owens are leaving this year, but, their contribution to the team was appreciated. I do know that this track season was a great success and I am hoping the team will do even better next year.

Three words sum up what the whole team did this year: RUN . . RUN . . . RUN!

"Horse"





*Back row (L-R): Amell, McAdam, Marley, Mr. Timms.
Front row (L-R): Gilchrist, Brownrigg, Maynard.*

During September, the annual L.B.F. tournament was held at the B. and R. in Toronto. It resulted in many well-played but unsuccessful matches for S.A.C.

The spring tennis season began on May 17th., when we went to U.C.C. We edged their L.B.F. Champs 3-2. Particular mention should be made of the second doubles pair, Marley and McAdam, who broke the tie.

Ridley visited us three days later. It was a cold day for any sport. We drew 2-2.

On May 24th., we went to T.C.S. where we suffered our first defeat. Our only win was the first doubles pair of Brownrigg and Gilchrist, who calmly disposed of opposition from their T.C.S. adversaries.

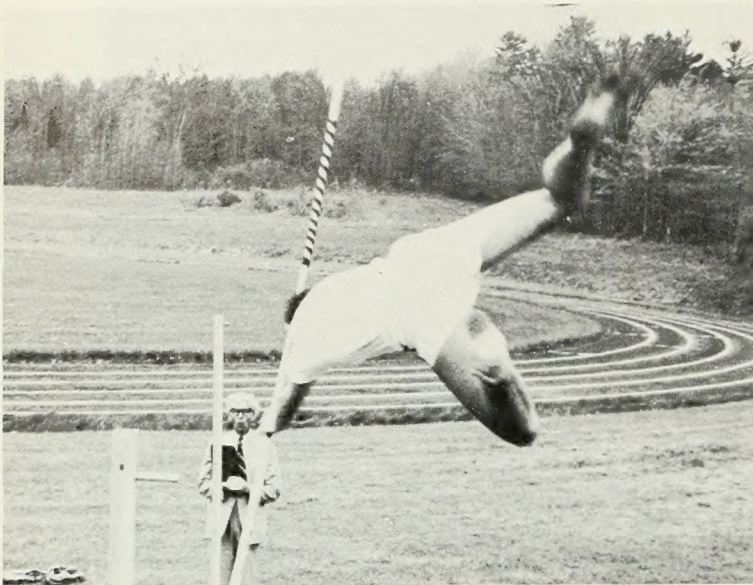
Great prospects lie ahead for outstanding young tennis players such as Tom Amell and Mike Brownrigg.

R.B.
T.A.



GAMES DAY

Everyone surely must agree that this year's Sports Day was one of the most exciting in the past few seasons. We saw good participation from all Clans, and from most members of the Clans. Sports Day was held rather late this year; therefore some events did conflict with studies. Perhaps next year it will be held a few weeks earlier so that everyone will be able to compete.



It was interesting this year in that, despite the fact that some of the events had to be postponed to a later date, everyone retained full interest; almost everyone exhibited full measures of Clan spirit and support.

Though the competition was fierce we (ha!) realized the supremacy of Bruce Clan. Douglas followed Bruce, with Montrose next, and last and least, Wallace. Blackshaw was Juvenile Champ; Junior, Christie; Intermediate, R. J. Martin; with "Bugs" Owens the Senior Champ.

On the whole, Games Day was a great success due to the co-operation and spirit of the four Clans.

B.W.O.



CLAN ACTIVITIES

Past Clan Activity write-ups have been diversified. We've had pleas to "Dear Abby" from defeated clans, and even a three dimensional effort in which tempers literally rose and players slammed together. Hooking, tripping, and other sins of the game were all represented in a clever Oriental mosaic.

This year, the Great Clan Chiefs of lofty Olympus did not grace our little bit of Scotland with any co-operation "re" weather. The Gaelic sport of hockey was washed out except for a few opening games. But naturally, the Scots, a quick-thinking race, came up with a brilliant idea. We'd carry on the Highland tradition of inter-clan sports by playing volleyball and basketball. And so, the Ladies of Hades trooped to the gym. Here, these "non-contact sports" became contact and non-sport.

Now of course we must not forget the dormitory athletics, which were possibly individual sports but more likely team efforts. In the early ungodly hours of the morning, a few brave Scots gently roused others with little cellophane bags filled with cold water. These got bombed.

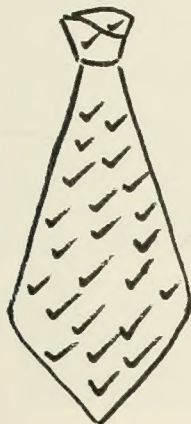
The term ended with the usual fight for Clan supremacy. Games day was a good example of this. Montrose Clan floated easily to the top out of a sea of scum and riffraff.

W.G.E.

TIES

Every few years, the staff comes up with another idea for a tie to be worn by students in recognition of their achievements or positions in the school. Since the number of these ties is growing so rapidly, it will soon be hard to distinguish them all. Accordingly, we thought it might be a good idea for them to look something like this . . .

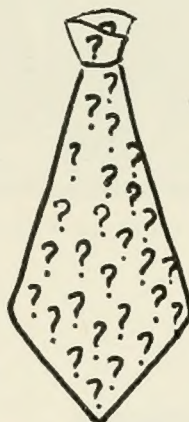
SCHOLARS



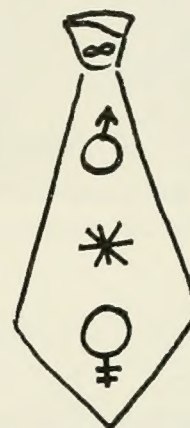
UNDER 60



MASTERS



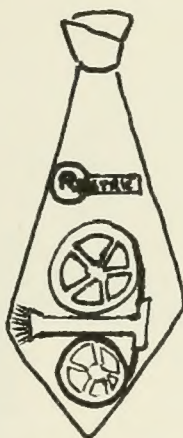
SOCIAL COMMITTEE.



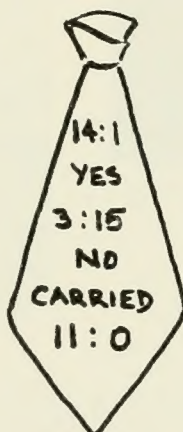
SERVICE
COMMITTEE



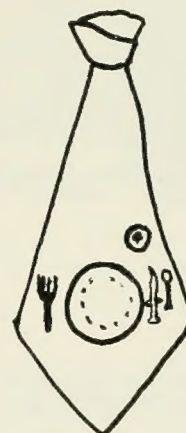
CINEMA
COMMITTEE



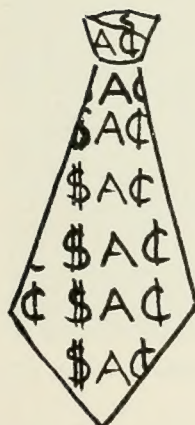
STUDENTS'
COUNCIL



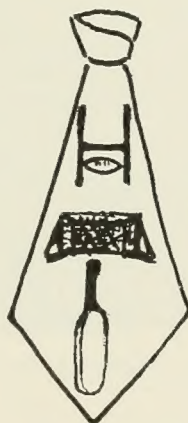
KITCHEN STAFF



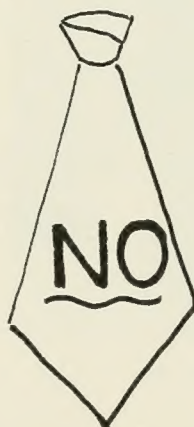
OLD BOYS
TIE



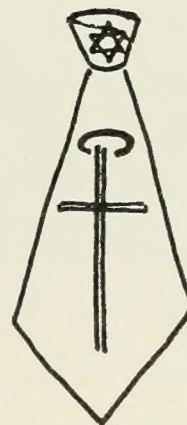
ATHELETIC
COMMITTEE



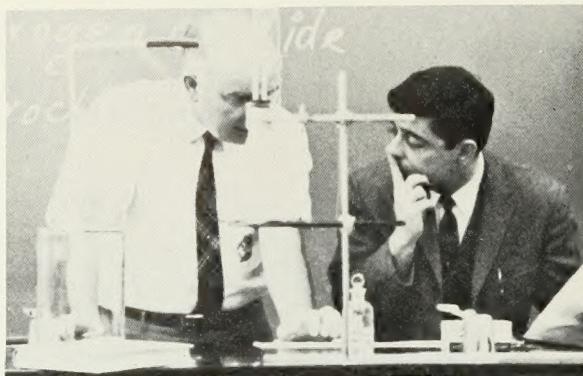
HOUSE
CAPTAINS



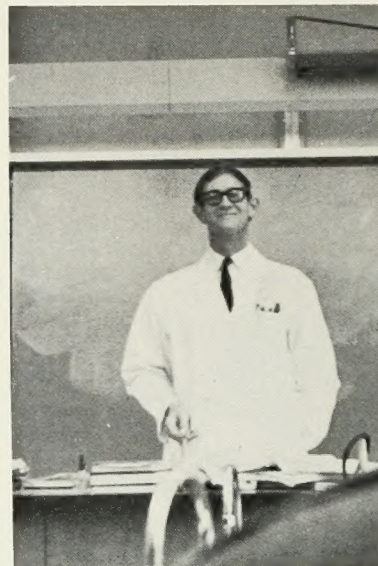
PREFECTS



GIGGIES



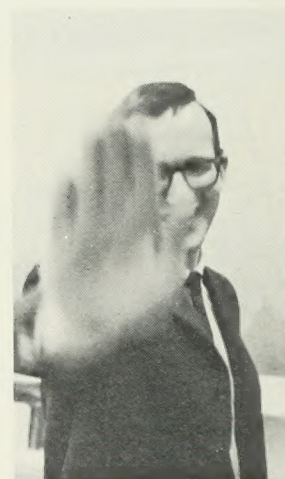
"Which university do you think I should go to?"



"You too, can be like me, if you try."



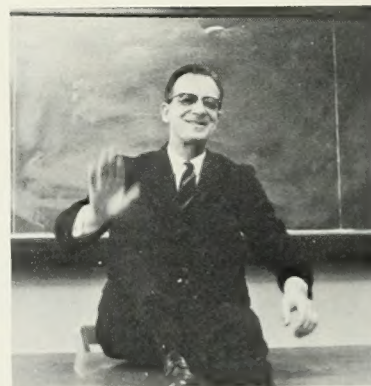
"Students' Council will now come to order!"



"Hold it right there, buster!"



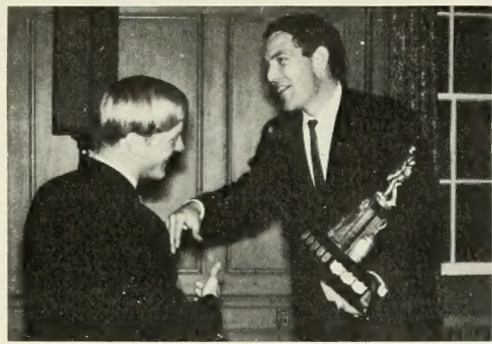
"And that's the weather, folks."



"Don't believe everything I say."



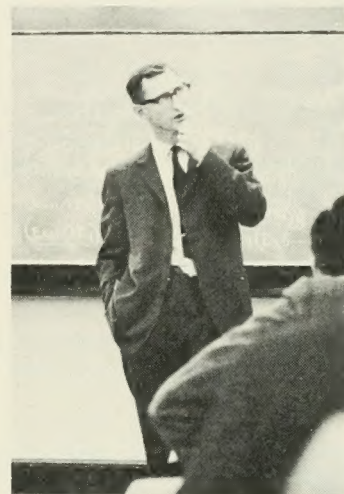
"Would you believe my dad is this big?"



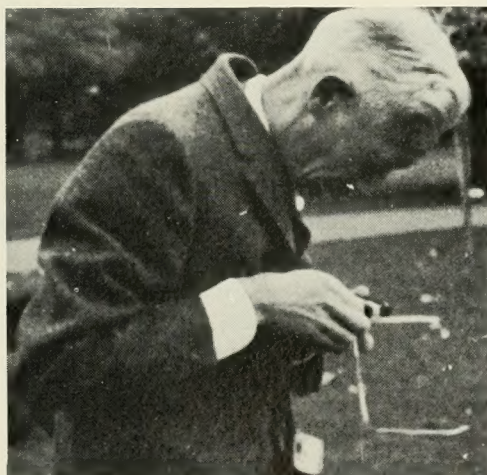
"Gee, thanks Mike, first thing I've won in a long time."



"What do you figure we can pawn it for?"



"Ah, let me see, I used to know what a function was."



"If I could only find my glasses!"



". . . And this building to your right is our boiler room."

OPINION

Members of today's older generation have witnessed the most vigorous period of metamorphosis society has ever undergone. They have seen the replacement of superstition by scientific reason, the freeing of the working class from the iron law of wages, increasing specialization and departmentalization in careers, the growth of huge cities, and the almost complete takeover of mass production. Compulsory education has produced a new literacy with a corresponding increase in permissiveness in areas such as religion and sex. Changes such as these are still going on. How are we to know what will become of our society in the future?

One of the best ways to find out is to examine the opinions of the people who, a few decades from now, will be running it. With that in mind, the Review has tried to tabulate some of these opinions by means of a questionnaire given to grades twelve and thirteen. Some of the questions are perhaps leading or even misleading, but, for what they are worth, here are the answers we got.

POLITICS

Do you think the attacks on North Viet Nam by the U.S. are justified?

- 52% Yes
- 36% No
- 12% Don't know

Who would you like to see as ruler of the whole of Viet Nam?

- 18% Premier Ky
- 4% Ho Chi Minh
- 4% Mao Tse Tung
- 2% Pres. Johnson
- 2% De Gaulle
- 70% None of these

Is the amount of money spent on space exploration justified?

- 68% Yes
- 26% No
- 6% Don't know

Does the idea of world government appeal to you?

- 57% Yes
- 35% No
- 8% Don't know

Should Canada join the United States?

- 8% Yes
- 90% No
- 2% Don't know

Would you like to see Canada withdraw from N.A.T.O. and dissolve her armed forces?

- 16% Yes
- 76% No
- 8% Don't know

Should the Canadian government continue to subsidize the CBC?

- 36% Yes
- 42% No
- 22% Don't know

What is the answer to the world population problem?

- 55% Birth control
- 14% Planetary Migration
- 4% War
- 0% Christian Teaching
- 21% No solution possible
- 6% No solution necessary

RELIGION

Do you believe in God?

- 35% Yes
- 26% No
- 39% His existence is impossible to determine.

Can you communicate with or experience God?

- 18% Yes
- 43% No
- 39% Don't know

Is organized religion a necessity for human happiness and co-existence?

- 30% Yes
- 62% No
- 8% Don't know

Do you believe that Christianity will someday die out?

- 53% Yes
- 27% No
- 20% Don't know

What do you think of having more popular forms of music, such as jazz, in church?

- 30% A decided improvement
- 16% An insult to the church
- 6% An insult to the music
- 48% Immaterial

What should be a person's main pursuit?

- 12% His own happiness
- 6% Others' happiness
- 78% Both of these
- 4% None of these

CENSORSHIP

Should movies, books, art, etc. which exploit sex be censored?

- 6% Yes
- 88% No
- 6% Don't know

Do you think people should be forced to wear bathing suits at public beaches and swimming pools?

- 47% Yes
- 37% No
- 16% Sometimes

TASTES

What kind of music do you like best?

- 35% Rock and Roll
- 24% Rhythm and Blues
- 2% Country and Western
- 12% Folk
- 6% Symphonic
- 13% Jazz
- 2% Baroque
- 2% West Indies
- 4% Bagpipes

Which would you rather drive?

- 65% Mustang with a 427 V-8
- 31% Bentley
- 4% Volkswagon Bus

Which school would you rather attend?

- 55% SAC
- 45% North Toronto Collegiate

Do you like Bob Dylan?

- 18% Yes
- 23% No
- 59% Sometimes

If the amount of money you made were to be the same whether you worked or not, how many hours a day would you work?

- 6% Ten
- 17% Eight
- 10% Seven
- 17% Six
- 16% Five
- 14% Four
- 4% Three
- 16% None

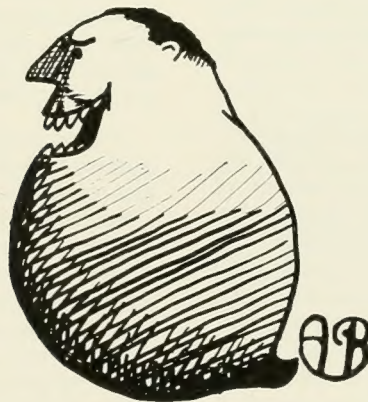
Which factor do you consider the most when choosing a university to go to?

- 61% Educational facilities
- 21% Social life
- 8% Proximity to a favourite hangout
- 4% Size of university
- 4% Entrance requirements
- 2% Sports

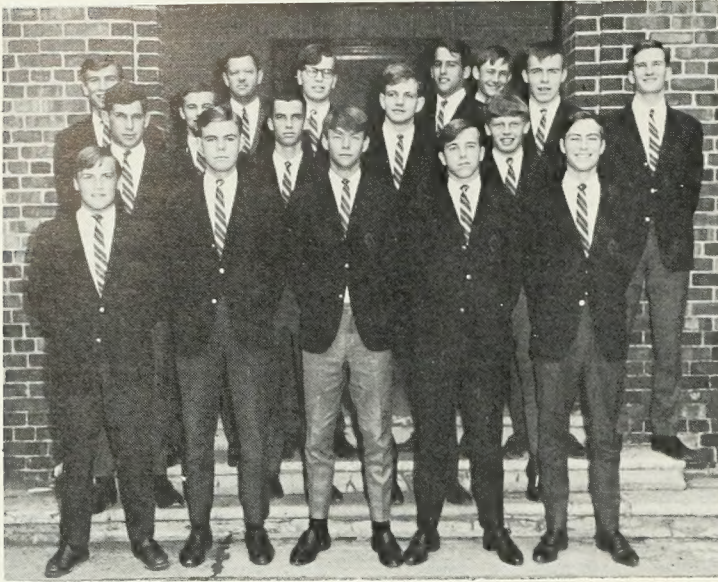
SPITE

Do you think the teachers should be allowed to use the swings and sand box during recess?

- 23% Yes
- 31% No
- 46% Only when a student is present to supervise.



MAC HOUSE



THE HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back (L-R): Mr. Skinner, Empey.

Second (L-R): Bates, Rutherford, Oswell,
Dougall, Martin, Agnew.

Third (L-R): Brownrigg, Perry, Armstrong,
McLean.

Fourth (L-R): Good, Crookston, Rous, Hous-
ser, Reid.

ARE YOU A NAZI?

Are you a Nazi? Many people would think that a ridiculous question today. Strangely enough it is not as absurd as it sounds. There is an up and coming Nazi party in Canada and an already well established one in the United States. In the October issue of "Maclean's" magazine, there is an article about how John Garrity, a secret agent for the Jewish Congress, spied on the "pathetic band of misfits" that call themselves the Canadian Nazi Party. The question that arises is this: are these people merely a joke? "No," says John Garrity, "they are a menace and must be crushed!"

John Garrity is an independent investigator who is licensed, and was employed a year and a half ago by the Jewish Congress to investigate the actions of the Nazi Party in Canada. After sixteen months, his investigation had proved very worthwhile. When he had finished, he had gained the confidence of John Beattie, the present leader of the Canadian Nazi Party; he had taped meetings that had been held, and had compiled lists of most of the members of the party in Canada, as well as some of those in the U.S.A.

Today's Nazis are just as evil and prejudiced as they were under Hitler. They publish "hate literature" in great quantities, distributing it among their followers and benefactors. In this literature the most terrible hatreds and prejudices are expressed. In their magazine, "Stormtrooper", there is a comic

strip of a Nazi superman fighting "Supercoon", supposedly a Negro superman. There is always something included about Jews, and lists of names are given in connection with scandalous information which, needless to say, is not true.

This party has definite aims and is working very hard to achieve its goals. Prime Minister Pearson has promised that a law will be passed forbidding the publication of hate literature. This would certainly hamper the Nazi movement. One of their ideals, or mottos, is, "Say anything as long as it gets you in the papers." They congratulate each other when they make the front page of some newspaper because this is what they want—publicity.

The shocking thing is that some of the people who suffered under Hitler's reign of terror come "crawling out of the woodwork" to give support to the party. These people will give financial support that the party needs, but will not give their real names. Some of these people can be made to cringe at the sight of hate literature, and give their support to the party out of sheer fear. Others are simply faithful followers who believe in the ideals of the party. A large body of these people are immigrants from foreign countries who are lying back in the shadows, waiting.

Naziism is a fact. Like all other evil things, it exists and grows. There are hundreds of Nazis in Canada and thousands in the United States. They are a menace to the rights of free people and a curse to democracy.

Russell II

William Booth stared at the blank ceiling above him as he lay on his bed. His eyes were dark and deep-set from fatigue and nervous strain, but he just lay there and stared. The ceiling was not blank to him, though. On it was the vision of a young blonde woman, her face hideously contorted and her tongue hanging out. She was Lyrica Bennet, his secretary. She had been strangled the night before. Why did I have to do it, he thought. Why? Why? Why?

He had asked Lyrica to marry him the day before. She had said that she would think it over. All that night he had stayed up. What if she said no? She couldn't say no. In the morning, he was very agitated. That evening, Lyrica came to dinner. After dinner he asked her again.

"I'm sorry, Bill," she said, "but I can't." Suddenly, in a fit of rage and compassion, he flew at her throat. He squeezed mercilessly. She tried to scream, but nothing came out except a hoarse whisper. She turned purple and then fell limp. Booth relaxed his hands and she crumpled to the floor. Suddenly he awakened to the facts. He had killed her. Why? He couldn't answer that. What could he do with the body? There was only one place to put it. He dragged her downstairs. Then he put her in a bin used for storing wood in the winter. It would have to do for the time-being.

Why did he do it? What should he do? His conscience told him to go to the police, but he couldn't. He would get life imprisonment. Why did he do it? Why? In a dirty prison for the rest of his life. He began to sob.

Suddenly his face cleared up. He laughed. He laughed hard and long. It felt good to laugh so he laughed all the more. His mind had been lightened from a heavy burden. His eyes were different now. They were vague and expressionless. He laughed and laughed.

Across the street, Mrs. Sedore was quietly knitting by the open window. Suddenly she was conscious of laughter coming from Mr. Booth's house. It was not a joyful laugh, but sinister and evil-sounding. It went on and on. Thoroughly agitated and puzzled, she went to the phone and called the police.

By the time the patrol car got there, the laughter had stopped. Mrs. Sedore quickly explained to the two policemen what had happened. From her living-room she saw them walk up to Booth's door and ring the bell. No one answered. They rang again. The laughter started again. One of the men took a small tool from his pocket. He put it in the lock, twisted it, and the door swung open. The men were inside for five minutes. Then they came out carrying the unconscious William Booth. They put him in the back of the car and drove off.

Booth woke up ten minutes later. The drug used on him wasn't strong. His mind was a blank. His eyes still had that vague look.

Two minutes later, they entered the insane asylum.



GRIP OF DEATH

A frantic scream for help—too late. I was down under a couple of hundred-pound beams, and the tide was coming in fast. At this rate, it would cover me in about two hours. The pain was unbearable. How could I get out of this? I tried to think, but the combination of fear and pain prevented all thought. I lit up a cigarette, but then the pack fell into the fast approaching water and quickly drifted away. A last smoke for a condemned man.

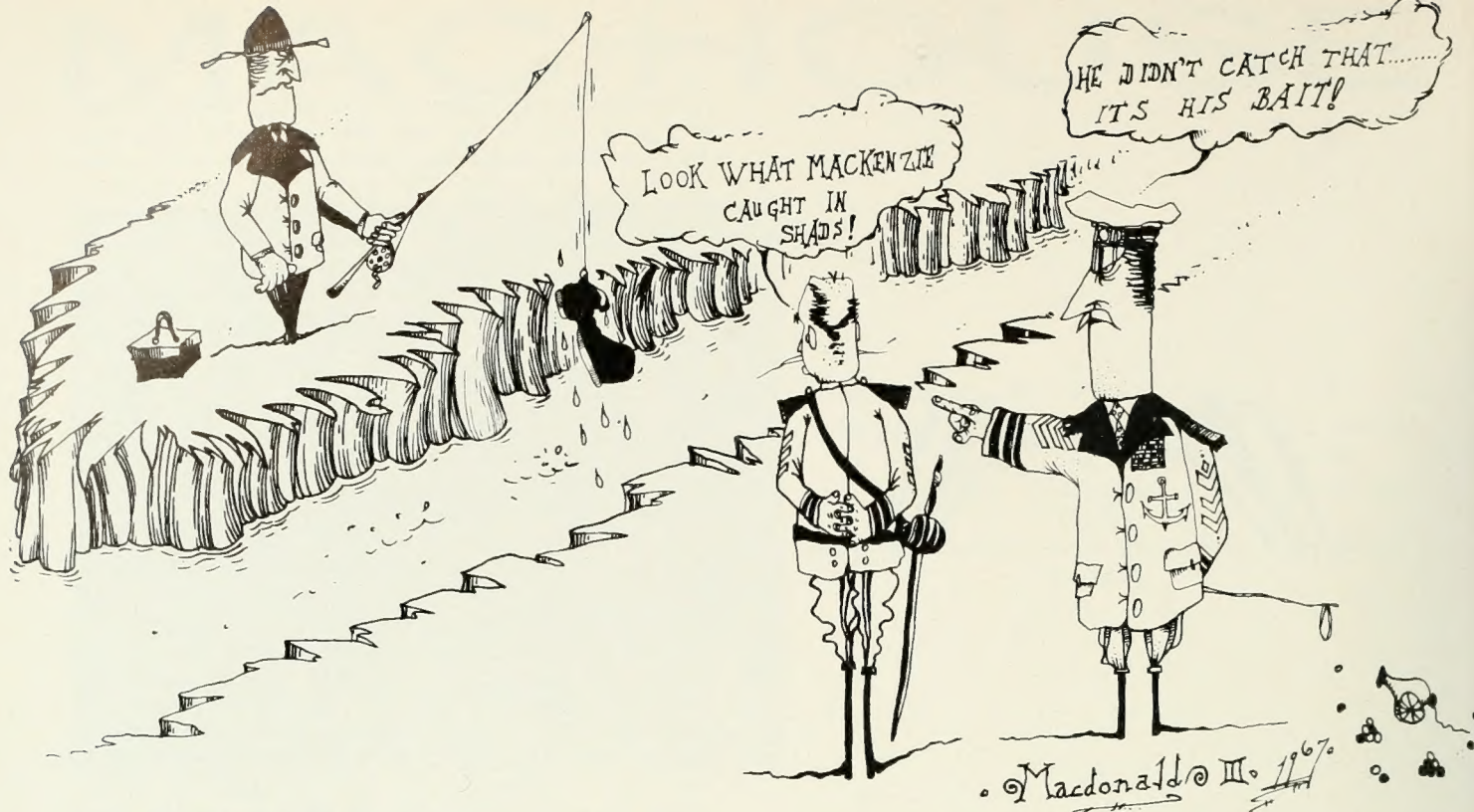
By now the water was up to my ribs. I pulled a razor-sharp knife from my pocket and remembered that trapped animals will gnaw off a foot or a leg in order to escape. I placed the blade by my ankle, but could I do it? No, it's impractical—the blood would attract sharks. I pulled the drifting boat nearer to me and grabbed the side so that my head would stay above the water, which was up to my chest by now. The water still rose, slapping at my face, so anxious to claim another victim.

An idea struck me. There was a rope hanging carelessly from the side of the boat. I grabbed it, and submerged to tie it to the beam which held me in a grip of death. My idea was that the water would raise the boat, which would in turn raise the beam. After the task was finished, I started to count the last few minutes which would determine whether I lived or died.

Next day, half-conscious, I noticed something about me—a new love for life. Yes, I made it; I would live. Since the rope did not work, I took the alternate way.

D. Cooper

D. Hally III



THE SUPERNATURAL

Something odd was going on around Macdonald House, and M was determined to find out what was causing it. Books that were there one minute and gone the next was one example. M contacted his agents, who immediately went into action.

A report after the first half-hour, from .000, said that .007 had vanished, just like the books. M alerted all agents to the area. A report came in from Illya, stating that .000 was missing. The next report said that Prox, Illya, Rock and .003 had heard a strange noise, like that of a vacuum cleaner, and were moving in for the attack. By the next report, .007 and .000 had been spotted by dorm 109 along with the books. A monster who called himself the Vacuum was guarding them. .003 said that he could see that .000 and .007 were not dead, but just unconscious. At this point, .004 and .005 moved in on the scene. .003 reported that the Vacuum had vacuum breath, hence his name.

M did not know what to do. .000 and .007 were hostages at the mercy of the Vacuum. If he gave the order to attack, .000 and .007 might be killed. The next report stated that .004 and .005 were also captured. "Four good men at the mercy of a monster", thought M. "What can I do?" Finally, he decided to chase the monster off school property. "If I can get the Vacuum away from his hostages, we can free them and then we can attempt to kill them."

He sent out a message to all agents, telling them to lure the Vacuum away from his victims, and then

capture or kill him. The next report said Rock had rescued .007 and .005, but the Vacuum had smothered .000 and .004. M was grieved; two of his best agents were gone. No one could ever replace those two. By the next report, Prox had fired two barrels of rocket bullets at the Vacuum, but the Vacuum had disarmed them with his breath. M told him to use a stun dose of laser. Unfortunately, the ray went right through the Vacuum with no ill effects. M did not know what to do. If a laser ray had not even tickled the Vacuum, what could he possibly do? It was obvious that the Vacuum could not be killed very easily. He remembered the computer.

M fed all information into the computer, and found out that the Vacuum could be killed by even a small amount of radium. Before he got word out, to his agents, a report came in that the Vacuum was dead. He had stolen a radium dial clock from G. Hawke and the radium killed him instantly.

It was over! Mac House was saved. Thank goodness!

The Supernatural Secret Agent List

M	Me (Colin Hart)	.007	Douglas Jackson
.000	J. D. Taylor	Illya	Gary Redwood
.003	D. McCombe	Prox	Dennis Daly
.004	J. Davies	Rock	D. Hally
.005	C. Kayser	The Vacuum	who knows?

C. HART II



A wild and strange experience was endowed upon me not more than a week back. So hair raising was my find, my pen quakes when I attempt to relate it on paper. Regardless of this hindrance, I give you here my adventure.

Slowly, the wall gave way to reveal a tunnel winding its tedious way under Macdonald House. What was once an act of vandalism in chiseling a hole through the wall of the basement was then suddenly a mystery. Slowly and cautiously, I crept forward on all fours. The sides of the excavation were rough, but seemed to have been hewn by human hands. The floor suddenly gave way into the depths of Hell. I was tumbling end over end, feeling nothing but the hot air race past my cheeks. Then, slowed by an invisible force, I made a hard, uncomfortable landing, but a much easier one than I might have had if not for my silent ally. I found myself in a cavern with walls lined with inscriptions. This was the beginning of a baffling puzzle.

"This is the lair of the old women of lost ages," read the inscription. "Many things have happened in this institute of learning, but the most uncanny of them all is that of the zombie who resides within the altar at the front of the Chapel." I can recall with no difficulty the story that ensued.

Many years gone by, a master, whose name I fear I cannot mention, died. This master was not on common terms with the boys of St. Andrew's, to such

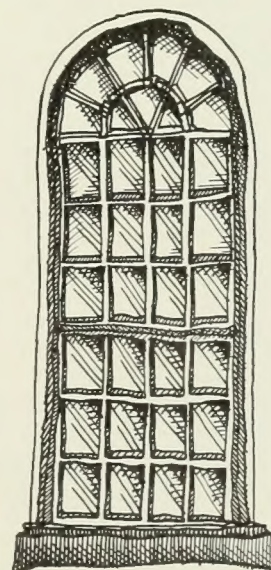
an extent that, when he was buried, a certain group of students dug up his rotting body. Carrying the reeking corpse back was a filthy, back-breaking job, but perseverance prevailed and the carcass arrived back at Macdonald House. Now, this certain group of boys mutilated the old man to such an extent that old boys hearing of it became angered. They determined to have their own against the mob of ruffian youths. Casting a vote, they found the majority in favour of making the corpse into a zombie. This was accomplished in no uncertain way and the product was commanded to dwell in the altar at the front of the Chapel. The zombie was given all authority over his small area. He was also given the power to KILL!

Many victims did the zombie take in the ensuing years. But the inscription contained the secret of the zombie's defect. "In his mutilation, the creature lost his right eye. If an attacker were to thwart the zombie, he must take him by surprise from his blind side."

It is plain to see that my nerves are not made of iron. More precisely, they contain papier maché. It was, therefore, not nerve which inspired me to inspect the altar, but an overpowering sense of curiosity. Noiselessly, I shoved the altar from its seat. A large cavity came into view, in one corner of which sulked a figure, hardly recognizable as a man. Bones lay strewn about the floor. The walls were draped with the heads and scalps of his victims. Slime covered most of the room's inhabitants, dead or alive. Fear gripped my throat as the ugly relic began to stir. I panicked, thrusting my body upwards and out of the eerie light which bathed the room. Hurriedly, I pushed the altar into position and turned my back to run, with my tail between my legs.

That very zombie still resides within the altar of the Chapel. There he will remain for evermore if no brave human is found. Here I appeal to boys of imperceivable courage. Here is their chance to become heroes in their own time.

J. L. WALKER



WHITE HORIZON

The wind swept fiercely past his frozen face as he stood gazing in wonder at the flat white horizon. Henry Becker had been lost for forty-eight hours in this vast icefield. It had started two days before, when he broke away from the rest of the scientific party in search of a great white polar bear. He had walked for hours on end before he had seen signs of it.

He was now being battered and shoved over by the wind and snow. Becker realized that he was sitting in a snowbank, and tried to pull himself up. His body refused to move, but he tried again and again.

Then he saw it. In the thick snow being blown around was a figure. It was the outline of a huge white ball. A furry ball that just remained still. Semi-consciously, he lifted his gun to his shoulder. A shot rang out and the bear dropped. All movement stopped. Becker moved towards the hulk with a great strain. Step by step he tramped on, until he reached the dead bear. Becker, using his common sense, crawled under the bear for warmth.

When he awoke, he felt an intense warmth surrounding him. He opened his eyes to see the soft fur of the dead carcass and the snow above him. He gazed for a moment, trying to get things straight in his mind. He then realized he was buried in the snow.

He began to break away the snow and he felt its cold chill hitting his face. He dug, like a dog in search of a bone, for about ten minutes. Then he reached something strange. Ice had formed over the top and he could barely see the light. He banged and scraped hopelessly at it until, with exhaustion, he sank back into his cave. He was beginning to feel the effect of his effort, and before long lay down again. He was trapped and helpless.

A few hours later, he heard a banging on the ice above him. It was cracking! He was saved! It was his friends. They pulled him out and covered him with a blanket. He was fed and reclothed.

That night there was a great rejoicing and they broke open the liquor rations. Becker had had more than his share of alcohol, and wandered away from the camp.

The next morning, they found him lying in a shallow pool of water, face down. He was dead.

P. H. DEAN

A LOOK AT EYES

Does a dog see red and other colours as we do? Can a bull see red? Since the "seeing" of an animal takes place in its brain, scientists do not know the answers to these questions, but can make good guesses. Since bulls and dogs have few cells sensitive to colour, we know that these animals live in a world of black, white and grey.

Most insects have a pair of compound eyes made up of many tiny eyes packed together. Each of these small cone-shaped eyes has a sensitive lens that is connected to an optic nerve that runs to the brain. Each eye "sees" a different part of the scene. Compound eyes are very good for detecting movement because the motion is watched by eye after eye.

Owls, whose eyes are as big as humans', can see eight times more "sharply" than we do. These animals can see colour.

Field mice and other animals that are awake at night see quite clearly in the dark, but they don't see colour. Their eyes are sensitive to dim light only. These animals have very large lenses.

Some animals bask in the sun and their eyes need to be protected from much light. So many of them have eye openings or pupils that narrow to a slit.

Raccoons' eyes glow in the dark when light is shined on them. This eye-shine is caused by a mirror-like layer behind the eyes' light-sensitive cells. Any light that escapes the cells is reflected back to them by the mirror. Some of the light is reflected out of the animal's eyes, and this is the eye-shine you see in cats, deer, and other night animals.

Most spiders have eight simple eyes, but they may differ in size and arrangement. The jumping spider's eyes are used in different ways. It has eight eyes. The top pair of eyes locates the prey so that the spider can get his four front feet near it. The next pair of eyes sees what is going on behind the spider. The outside pair of front eyes judges distance and the inside front eyes focus on the prey.

R. WILKIE III

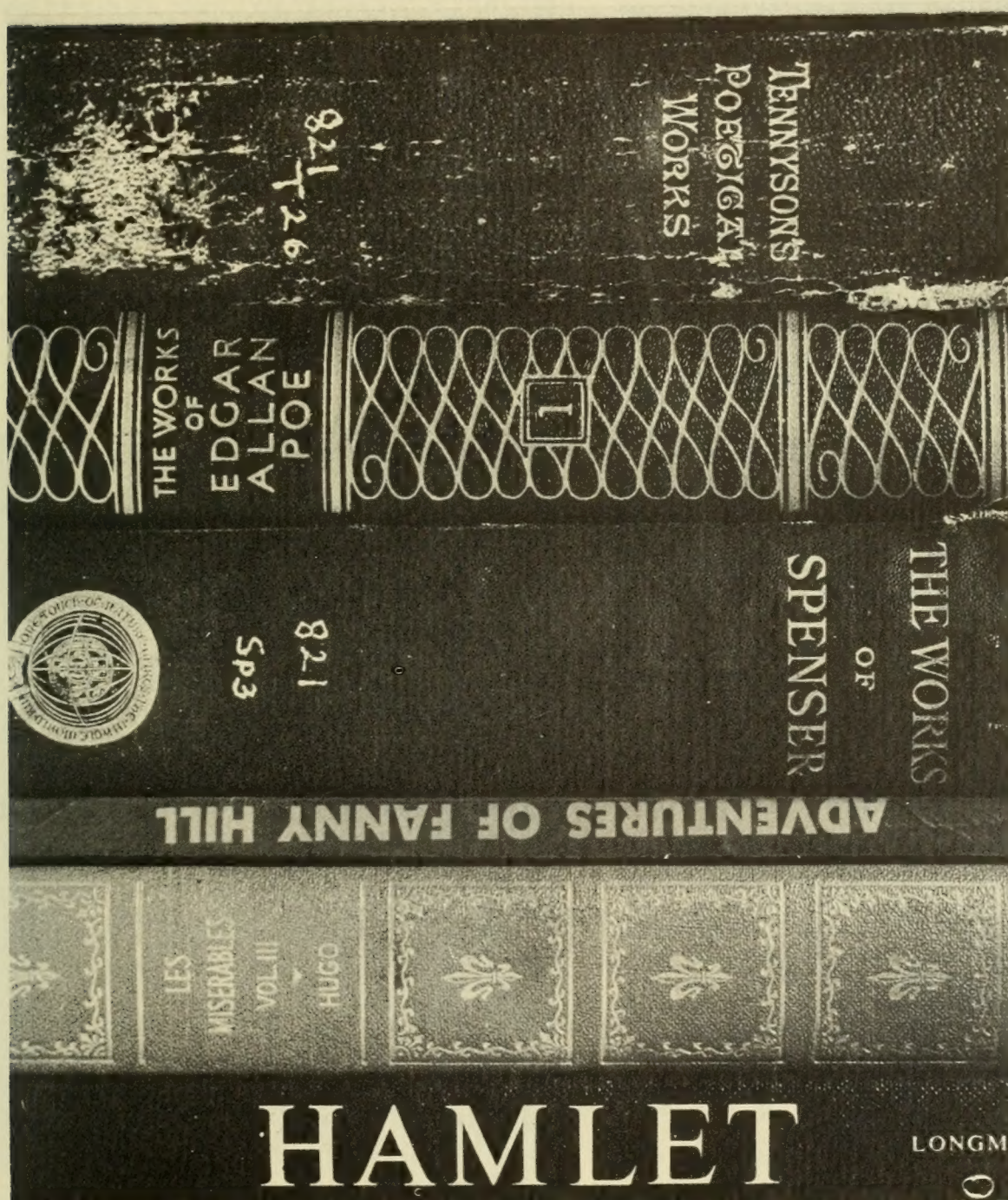
TO THE DENTIST WE GO

I suppose some people brush their teeth twice a day and see their dentist twice a year, but I don't. I brush my teeth once a day with a brush whose few remaining bristles look hail-struck and I never see my dentist until it's too late. For some time, for example, I have been bothered by pink toothbrush, sometimes right up to the wrist. At first I cleverly avoided the warning by using a pink toothpaste, but, as the wash basin and nearby wall continued to look as though they had been the scene of an axe murder, I realized that I would either have to see my dentist or have the bathroom done over in a shade to match my blood. While prowling around in my mouth in search of scraps, the tip of my tongue had discovered several interesting cavities and it often worried me by disappearing completely into a particularly spacious cavern at the rear. I had the impression it was storing food for the winter.

Clearly, it was time to see my dentist. I went to the nurse to see if I could get an appointment with the dentist, assuring myself that it would be weeks away, but the nurse said that by luck, (luck?), Dr. Pockle had an opening at nine-thirty the next day. So at nine-thirty the next day, I was sitting in the dentist's chair. He searched my mouth for a couple of minutes and then got out the drill, that evil, skinny, twisted, steel arm with which he tortured his patients. Half an hour later, which seemed more like four hours later, he had finished filling the cavern. He took his mirror and had a brief, horrifying glimpse of the rest of my mouth. Then he said, "Alright for now until one week." Surging out of the chair, I felt the special satisfaction that comes only with a tooth well filled and a face too frozen to feel it. I could even forgive Old Man Pockle. In fact, I haven't a thing to worry about until a week from Wednesday, when I go back to have two more filled. A week to live!

JOHN McSHERRY

Literary



Popular
Selections
From the
Works of:

Adsett
Chan
Chapman
Cossar
Crookston
Davies
Fahlgren
Grant
Hally
Henderson
Jolliffe
Marshall
Nation
Owens
Perry
Watt

A PICTURE IN OILS

Yes, I remember that day when I sat drowsily in my chair after finishing a hard morning of work in the small village nearby. As I gazed at the scene typical of that of my home in Cumberland, and of Northern England, I saw more and more detail that I had not seen the day before.

Today, as usual, I saw those same stately oaks that stood heavily with their rain-soaked trunks seeming black to the perfectly shaped greenery of their crowns. The few oaks stood proudly, their powerful roots gripping deeply into a damp earth that was blanketed in a covering of lush grass. A characteristic sky with low stationary overcast added a sombre touch to the picture; a light drizzle sprinkled dampness on all. This rain spattered on the painted leaves, then dripped continuously to the imbued blanket which spread into the mint at the far pasture behind the trees. A few large black-faced ewes stood beneath the spreading trees which seemed to offer little protection. The sheep stood as statues — mute, poised, and soaked. As usual, all was fresh and cool and fragrant. I was very tired and wished that I could step through a magic door into this setting before me.

After a short sleep I awoke and went to the window. The sandstorm had ceased so I hung the painting back on the wall, and stepped into the burning, baking, blazing sun where I had foolishly left my now red-hot bicycle. I looked out of wincing eyes and saw that ever-present desert which had been my home for the past few years. I glanced over the miles and miles of shifting, seething, parched sands that gave no life except to the horrid scorpions which were a menace to all. I crushed one of these creatures with a brittle, crispy sound, and gingerly mounted my bicycle, which I turned and pedalled along the path that led through this barren expanse of stinking, treeless reality. So dry was this desert in these months that even the date trees dried up.

Bruce Owens

FREEDOM

A black form could be seen running, tripping, crawling and sometimes half-swimming as he frantically pushed his way through the swamp. He ran and ran, not looking behind, ahead, nor even to the ground to be sure of his path. He seemed to run neither from anything nor even to anything. He just ran. Sweat and blood covered his half-naked body, and from his wounded forehead gushed blood, rhythmically with the beat of his heart. In his eyes and written on his face, under the dried blood and dirt, were pain, fear, . . . hatred.

The hot midsummer sun hung directly overhead. The air appeared breathless except for the fluttering of a few leaves on a group of trees in the distance. The vast countryside of tall, sun-dried grass and marsh was completely still and quiet. Absent was the sound of chirping birds in a nearby grove, and even the many little insects had ceased their song. The only sign of life was a hawk, circling a small area, dipping low and then climbing again, as if closing in on his prey.

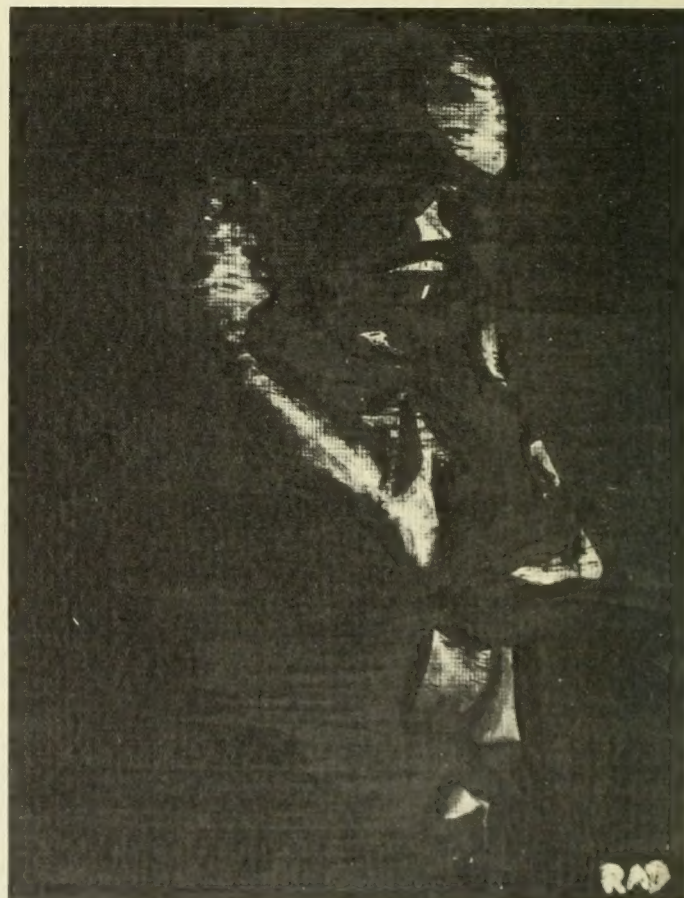
Little time passed before the eternal silence was broken. From far off came the baying of hounds and the sound of human voices. The fugitive, hidden by the tall, golden-brown grass, was running for his life!

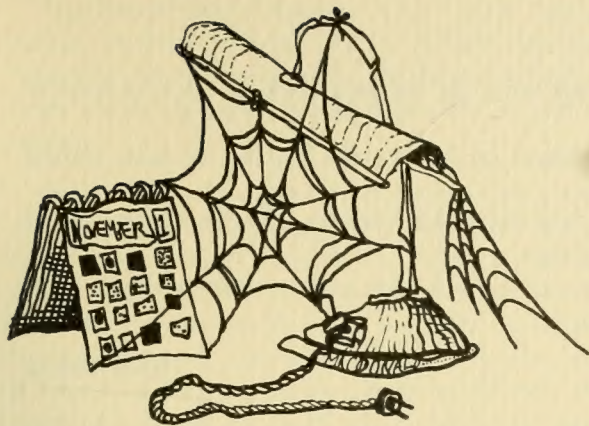
As he fled, he was so tired that he seemed unable to control his limbs; he was continually falling to the wet ground. His mouth hung open and his eyes gleamed innocently in the sunlight. In his fist, he clenched a clump of dirt as if holding onto the last bit of life in him. But the hunters, drawing closer, were tired too. The heat brought out beads of sweat from their clean, white brows. The barking of the anxious dogs and the sound of gunfire filled the endless countryside as the distance between the hunter and the hunted drew to a close.

There was no chance for the black figure which scrambled back to his feet again, yet he did not slow. It was as if his freedom was over the next rise, as if only ten feet away was a paradise where men are equal, where black is white and white is black . . .

He felt no pain now. He had run for his freedom and had made it. And at that moment, the hawk swept down, in for the kill. A small cry of death was heard, and the hunter flew off with his prey.

Scott Jolliffe





THE SPIDER'S WEB

Emil, leaning against the wall on the corner, watched the people moving in and out of the dingy hotel across the street. He had been there so long that the morning sun had moved around until it shone full on him and filled him with a drowsy warmth. Lethargically, he slid farther along into the shadows where it was cooler. The scents of the flowers on a corner stall mingled with the muted buzz of activity off the side street. It was quiet and still here. The people passing were in no particular hurry. They crept closer to the walls and Emil melted farther into them.

Suddenly he stiffened. His eyes came alive and they followed a man who was entering the hotel. Drifting nonchalantly, he went through the rotating doors into the hotel's foyer. It was cooler in there, but still the damp heat of the tropics hovered in the air. Emil watched the lights above the elevator. The blinking stopped at the fifth floor — perfect. His eyes were hard now and his left cheek quirked. Raising his hand, he smoothed away the twitch. Now was the time! He started up the stairs. He could count on no one seeing him there. Everyone used the new elevator now for it was too hot to climb.

At the fourth landing he stopped. Pulling a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, he mopped his forehead. The halls were bathed in dark, gloomy half-light — the curtains were carefully drawn to keep out the searing sun. Reaching the fifth floor — it was quieter, hotter, more humid here — Emil stepped into the shadow of the alcove. He drew a gun from his pocket and skillfully fitted a silencer on its muzzle. Meticulously he checked the chamber. Satisfied, he sidled swiftly and silently along the corridor. Rapping on the third door, he backed into the gloom. He heard the bolt being drawn back. The door opened several inches — "Room Service, señor" — it opened wider.

Ten minutes later, Emil sauntered out of the dim coolness of the hotel lobby into the blistering street. He stepped across the road, his eyes and manner dreamy and vague. Stopping at the flower stall, he fastened a boutonniere in his lapel. Then he turned about and strolled away, whispering beneath his breath.

Doug Fahlgren

KNIGHT AND DAY

Lonely rides the well bred knight,
In armour from above,
Worn to prevent ignoble contact
With arrows of love.

So all around ride well bred knights
Who joust as fits the rule
Of a game wherein the human being
Is made a fool.

Distantly things happen which
Make the species wiser;
Love occurs within a knight
Who lifts his visor.

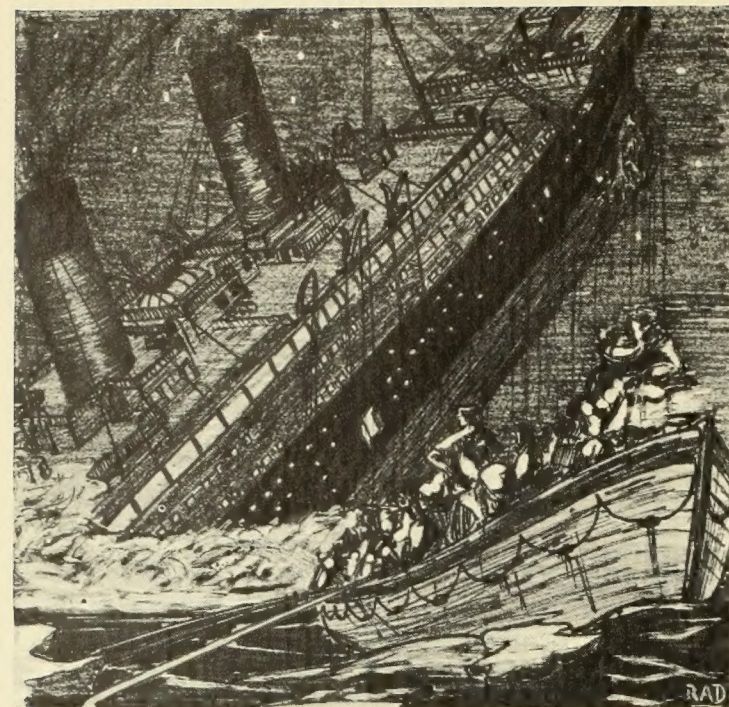
John Cossar

THEOSOPHY

Deep within the bowels of a well-established abode dwells a dormant flame. It comes to life after meals and during the evening break, belching forth clouds of smoke. It thrives now as never before, with a growing mass of educated disciples. It contemplates, but causes little havoc, usually keeping its joys and complaints deep in its vitals. Yet it is real, and its vast wisdom, gleaned from many new and wonderful experiences in different lands, is like a centre of culture to which all true connoisseurs must turn. This is a breeding place in a surrounding of ignorance. From this vast unknown come our leaders of tomorrow, refreshed and content. They have just experienced something of wisdom and enlightenment. Thus they climb the stairs.

Scott Marshall





THOUGHTS ON APOLLO 1

As the 1840 vintage smashed against the steel plate,
None feared that devastation was to be this liner's fate.
"Titanic is unsinkable", said they who built that craft,
"No there's now't'll sink Titanic," agreed thousands,
and they laughed;

Laughed at those discerning few who clamoured not for
room
Aboard "invincible" Titanic; and they hung their heads
in gloom,
As the wireless crackled dolefully, time after time after
time,
About "invincible" Titanic, gone down in the frigid
brine,

About a sturdy, stalwart mountain, an immovable mass
of ice,
Refusing to yield to Titanic, it didn't hear the cries
Of the children clinging to their mums, or the grand-
mothers' dying groan,
Or the frantic screams of a blind man, pleading of
what went on,

And the lifeboats crammed with wretched souls, hang-
ing on for life,
Looking for hope and warmth, finding but grief and
strife;
And they with disbelieving eyes, like saucers in the
sink,
Unable to close their gaping mouths, as their friends
succumbed to the drink.

And even now, as we look back on that remorseful
day,
When Titanic on her maiden voyage so sadly passed
away,
We all still shake and tremble, though it's fifty years
since then,
And can only hope that such a blow strikes us not
again.

Peter Davies

THE TRAGIC PLAY

The convict stopped to wipe a tear from his dirty,
tired face. He could not remember ever having cried
before, although his tragic life indeed merited it. Now
he felt like putting his hands to his face and weeping
pitifully. He was starting the longest walk of his life —
to his death.

Walking down the hall, surrounded by guards, the
doomed man stared straight ahead. His death would
be fast. He knew it. Yet this fact did little to console
him. He tried not to picture his coming nemesis and to
bury his mind in the past.

All his life he had been hunting for something,
something better, but he could not pinpoint what it
was. His life had been a cycle of many vain attempts
to reach a non-existent goal. Each was an act in a
frustrating play. A play which was about to reach its
climax. There will be no dénouement. The final cur-
tain's fall will be very soon.

The thought of the crime brought a terrible sensa-
tion that seemed to echo through his body. He did not
want to think about it, but he felt compelled to. He was
not a murderous cut-throat. He had no intention of
hurting anyone, let alone killing him. It was to be a
simple robbery, but that man had come running to-
wards him, yelling and screaming like a maniac. It had
left him no choice! As the dying man fell to the
ground, he had searched the eyes of his executor as if
looking for an explanation. The convict closed his eyes
to prevent the tears from showing.

He tried not to think of the past anymore. When he
did so, he thought of a wasted life, and he could not
bear it. He found it funny that just before his death
he would think of flowers; his thoughts journeyed
there and were steadfast. If by any chance he lived
through this, he would go and pick as many flowers
as he could and surround himself with them. He had
never been a nature lover, but now he longed for its
beauty. Soon he snapped out of his realm of fantasy
and realized that he was never again to behold na-
ture's joys.

The thought of it made him quiver inside. He had to escape! Looking left and right he planned his flight to freedom. It was in vain, for a glance at the cold stern faces of the guards brought him back to past tranquility.

He was drawing closer to his destination. He must not think about it, he repeated constantly. The thought of the past brought nothing but remorse, yet the future brought fear to the doomed man. He had never believed in God, but he could not help wondering as he walked nearer and nearer about "life after death". If there is a God, he would surely punish him for his many sins. If not, his body would lie forever beneath the ground. All thinking would cease. He would become nothing more than a corpse, prey to maggots and ants. He pictured himself in such a position and winced.

Finally he reached the door of the gas chamber, his death room. He could not believe he had reached it, and looked around for someone to help him. Some hero to jump on the stage from the side and rescue him, thus giving the play a happy ending — no such thing happened. Into the dark room he went and the doors shut behind him. He tried not to breathe, yet he felt the walls moving towards him and himself falling, as if he was tumbling down into a long, horrible abyss. Finally his lungs could hold no longer. He took a breath. The curtain fell.

Gord Henderson

OTHERWHERE

Why can't I take a little journey up to otherwhere,
With nothing in my pocket but a penny for the fare?
The barriers are falling, the warm wet grass is calling,
I only want to find the answers that are given there.

It's living while alive for once, it's being just to be,
And listening to the call of summer, knowing how to
see.

The sky-green trees are willing, the silent sounds are
thrilling,

The yellow blue above the question soft-shines peace-
fully.

Simon Hally

BY A LONELY BROOKE

There he was. Alone on a mountain like a god with his head lost in the sweeping clouds. But the sun was bright, and the sky clear. Who could ever know?

Moving and breathing as one; a complete and perfect person, unsmoked, fresh, and quivering with nerves, not nervousness. What a difference! Between death and life! It's vigour, I tell you. He's alive! He's alive!

And heard him too, so could tell he was human. Maybe there goes my initiative, sapped by awe, but am proud to know and appreciate such a . . . My Lord Jim. Unknowing. Never realizing. But life is all a game, so who can be sure? I mean, maybe he really does know. If you deal too many low cards, the King will obviously take them. Just never play with the Joker.

So the time came when I did get what I wanted, and he moved into the audience. Of course, he was the leader of the lighting crew, and he seldom paid any attention, so I didn't show up very well. What's more, I had a lousy part! Discontent, I told him so. Told him he was conceited and unsympathizing and haughty, but loved him all the while.

Quite a while ago, I even talked at him. He talked at me. And his eyes grew large, his hair was longer, and teeth white. But nervous as hell! And a silence will kill him. He will die, I tell you. He simply dies. But music keeps him alive. And the sun. Just wandering alone on that open field of sun. And it's cold and windy, but the sun is always blazing. And all alone. Mysterious. Vast. That's it! An openness. All one little speck under the huge, clear sky, but so perfect. Just so perfect.

Mind you, it you minds. Deliberate, you know. Black and white can sometimes be too telling. Anyway, he loves himself. Which is great. I've always envied people who can live with themselves, knowing that from day to day they move in a hot shower after much weight lifting, content with the mind of an honest student.

It's so important, don't you see, to have this combination. You can't expect to live without it, because it's so very important to existence. Ask any Spartan; he'll tell you. It's life, I tell you. Life! And it's so great to be alive. Not dead. But you're all as good as dead until you have it. Don't try to get it in one easy step though. You won't. It takes years. And furthermore, most of it is beyond your power. Only a few people, like him, have it. One in, oh, a thousand maybe. They're just so rare. But each one is an individual. By himself. Quite different from any others. And for me, he's the only one.

I picked him out a long time ago. It was automatic. And yet the mind of an individual is not obvious to everyone, simply because everyone strikes each of us differently. I have often been accused of infatuation. So what? Do you think I really care? It's like telling Ian he has to stop smoking. I like it like this. And yet, all the time I am afraid that I will let him give himself

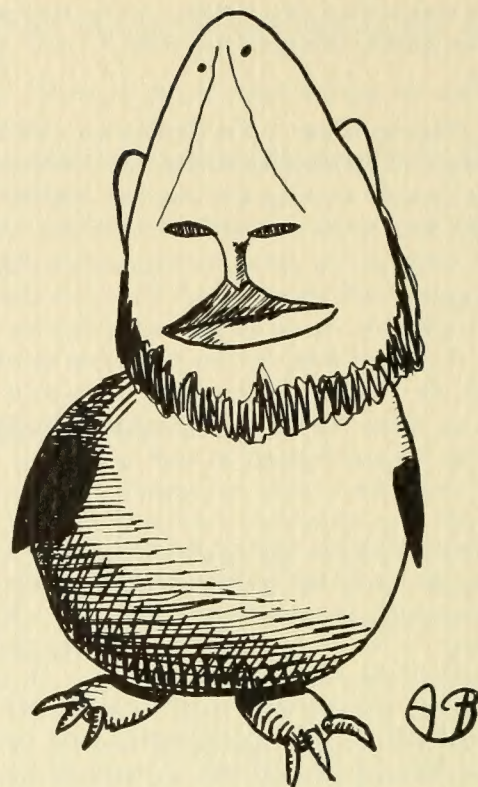
away. It would take approximately one hour of solid revelation. Candid, of course. Complete, outright frankness. Just telling ourselves everything. And then, an emptiness.

The mystery would be gone, and so would the love, the adoration, the awe, the envy, the jealousy, the hatred. And I'm headed that way. Now, I won't give you any of that nonsense about empty cigar boxes with blank pieces of paper, but it's all so obvious anyway. Don't you see what I'm doing? This whole damn thing is so simple, and yet it's all so very human (a big mouse once told me). But if I can only keep my head, he won't disappear, and he will continue to inspire. To Sap. But maybe that's all right. It's a feeling of oneness, of association. It's all so vague. But just to wonder is the great part of it. Just to think what he might be like.

Without that kind of person there seems to be little hope for life. With him, I seem to be living in an eternal sunny morning. Alone on a tennis court. Cold, but bright. However, it's not like that at all. He's really quite plain. It discourages me when I ask other people about him: "No, nothing particular"; "Well, I can't really see why"; "You're crazy". Not really. It happens to us all at one time or another.

Just leave me alone. I long for a world without love. Away. Alone. And alone.

Bill Chapman



JAMAICAN ALPHABET

A is fa Arawak, de first inhabiter,
B is fa Boulevard, de first drive-in tearter.
C is fa Cricket, an' Tes' match we win,
D is fa Duppy at Jamaica Hinn.
E is fa Equata dat bun up me skin,
F is fa Fish an' barracuda fin.
G is fa Gleaner where yu get de mornin' news,
H is fa Hibiscus, it red like a rose.
I is fa Icicle an' ice cream cake,
J is fa Johncanoe an' de trouble dey make.
K is fa Kingston, de big town in de lan',
L is fa de Language dat we can't understan'!
M is fa Miss Lou who crack plenty joke,
N is fa Nightclub where yu drink rum an' coke.
O is fa Oriental where yu nyam chiny food,
P is fa Pikni, dem boy too rude.
Q is fa Queen who jus' coronate,
R is fa Reception at King's House Gate.
S is fa Stripe an' I don't mean tootpase,
T is fa Tambrine, it have a tangy tase.
U is fa Union dat cause much worry,
V is fa Valentine, him bowl out Surrey.
W is fa White rum dat yu drink when yu spree,
X is de letta dat always fool me.
Y is fa Yellow Bird dat everybody sing,
Z is fa Zebra, But stop! We ha' nun a dem ting.

Dave Grant



IMAGINATION IS A HIGHER FORM OF COMMONSENSE

Once upon a time, a man and his friend strolled onto the bridge over a brook, when the man observed, "See how the minnows are darting about! That is the pleasure of fishes."

"You, not being yourself a fish," said his friend, "how can you possibly know what the pleasure of fishes is?"

"And you not being me," retorted the man, "how can you know that I do not know?"

"That I, not being you, do not know what you know," replied the friend, "is identical to my argument that you, not being a fish, cannot know what the pleasure of fishes is."

"Let us go back to your original question," said the man. "You ask me how I know what the pleasure of fishes is. Your very question shows that you knew I knew. I knew it from my own feelings on this bridge."

This man's feelings are really his imagination, and his friend's first question is really commonsense. This story simply shows the relation between imagination and commonsense, and also shows the ignorance of his friend. This is like the people who ask, "Where is God?" They are just as ignorant as the friend of the story.

It is commonsense that imagination is not commonsense, and it is imagination that commonsense is imagination when imagination is not commonsense. But imagination often, not always, turns out to be commonsense sooner or later; it is simply a matter of time. For example, we did not have television many years ago. The idea of television was merely imagination. But, now, it is simply commonsense to us.

Since we can imagine imagination, we should surely be able to throw all prejudice, fear, hatred, revenge and many other bad things away. That is to say, completely forget ourselves. Then we will have nothing to worry about but everything to care about. Since we have nothing to worry about, we therefore have a happy frame of mind, where the perfection of cheerfulness exists. It is displayed in good temper and kind behaviour. It arises partly from personal goodness and partly from belief in the goodness of others. It costs nothing, and yet it is invaluable. It blesses its possessor, and affords a large measure of enjoyment to others. If everybody can perform this, then "man is evil" is no longer commonsense.

If we can forget ourselves, we will obtain a great deal of courage directly within ourselves. If we can forget ourselves, then we can imagine ourselves to be others, and we then have a higher form of commonsenses and have more understanding between each other. Hence, the man's problems previously suggested are solved here. As we know, these things can only be done, not by commonsense, but by its higher form, imagination.

According to our knowledge, we understand that not only can commonsense be the basic form of imagination, but imagination can be the basic form of commonsense.

God only helps those who help themselves. And God also gives food to birds; but he does not put it in their nests. Imagination does exactly the same in our lives. Imagination is a higher form of commonsense . . .

Frank Chan

A MISSING SECOND

Unitas dashes out to the left and raises his arm as he sees Taylor leap. The ball drills to its target like a vectored missile. An uncanny sound rings across the world and tingles upon every being on your planet.

At Alma Ata, a bedraggled man palpitates with bewilderment and cold. A filthy khaki shirt, ragged and reeking with blood, flutters in the icy breeze. His eyes are turrets of horror and his quivering fingers dig into the bullet wounds of the frosted wall. He gazes rigidly at the line of Russian soldiers. He hears a terrible cadence and then hears no more.

To the north, a lieutenant plummets at mach two. Like a fiery comet in the blazing cockpit of the Crusader, he dips below the nimbo-stratus, downward, to Quand Tri.

In the uppers of the Senegal, like a grunting pig, an Englishman sinks into a permeating, stinking pond of quicksand.

Off the Shetlands, east-north-east, a Norwegian oil-tanker explodes in a holocaust with all the flame and fury of Tristan de Cunha.

As Lake Michigan chops nastily under the splendid sunset, a droning hydroplane lurches into the bastion of a towering bridge amidst clouds of gasoline flame.

In North India, a wounded tigress leaps. In Ceylon, a viper bites.

In Galveston, St. Rupert, Manchester, Oslo, Djakarta, vehicles slam their deadly bulks into human bodies.

A nuke streaks toward New York. The Golden Gate snaps in half, and with twining, lashing cables, crumpling towers, and falling cars, the structure plunges into San Francisco Bay. Such a catastrophe has never been known, yet it will never enter the pages of history.

A tidal wave sweeps Formosa as a seven hundred mile earth-quake splits England asunder while the virus works its black wonders as it seeks out every nook and cranny, every grain of dust on planet earth.

Taylor is smashed into the ground, but there is no whistle, there are no screaming crowds.

Thus on November 1, the creative force from another dimension, another time, destroyed the planet. Yet he who created time, matter and life reversed the never-altered movement of time.

On November 1, no uncanny sound shall tingle upon Earth. The crowds will cheer as Taylor completes the throw.

Bruce Adsett

Comment



CLOTHES CHANGE AND SO DO PEOPLE OR I'D RATHER FIGHT THAN SWITCH

If you are an average dresser, beware. Do you know how many cells you scrape off your body every time you change your clothes? The answer is in the millions; it's a fact. Take a Saturday for example. If it is any indication of the number of times people change their clothes per day, I am more than amazed that we have not scraped our cells down to the bone by now.

From the time the rising bell goes in the morning until the "last post" in the evening, an Andrean is almost constantly changing his habiliment. The first change of the day is from pyjamas to #2 dress. That is quite reasonable, however, unless you expect breakfast in bed. When you arrive at breakfast, you notice something is very wrong. What are all those people doing in uniforms? You forgot it was Saturday, didn't you? Directly after breakfast, better go back to your room and dress up in your soldier garb.

Immediately after the cadet period of instruction, the self-conscious Andrean dashes over to his room and promptly gets into his civvies for lunch. This can be expected, I guess, especially during the Canadian winter, for which kilts were not designed.

After lunch, again it's time for a change. The relaxing, loitering clothes of all loyal Andreans are called "grubbies". They are "in". Put them on. What's that you say? You have sports commitments to fulfil? Go to your locker and I'll explain the change.

The victim must now proceed to his locker and put on his sports gear. Upon his return, he will change into his birthday suit for a shower, and after that into his grubbies which were placed into his locker; shortly after that into his "respectable" clothes for dinner. This is becoming a bit of a drag, isn't it? One thing to look forward to is the movie after supper. Wouldn't it be nice to wear your grubbies to it? After all, you aren't going to see an Academy Performance, are you? The closest change you can make, however, is into your sweatercoat. What? It's nine o'clock already. If you're in the lower school, you can go to bed and call it quits with a grand total of ten changes. If you're in the upper school, however, there are a few additions to be made.

After the film, most Andreans change back into their grubbies and have a rest period in the smoker. Quickly the time slips by and it is once again time for your final change of the day — from grubbies to pyjamas.

Did you know you changed eleven times today? That is the maximum number of changes to be expected of you. You could, however, get away with five. By employing "Old Math" (never touch the new stuff), the Saturday average = $(5+11) \div 2 = 8$. Eight changes! Astounding! Are you a fashion model? Do clothes make or break a man? It may be good training for a quick change act at the C.N.E. grandstand, but it is rather a nuisance for the boarding Andreans who have to put up with it.

The solution is a simple one. Let boys wear what they want to wear. We aren't white collar workers in an office, and even they don't dress like that seven days a week. Just who are we trying to impress, prospective customers, the kitchen staff? The way a boy dresses should be his own personal prerogative, not the decision of any board whose members feel that, since it's good enough for them, it's good enough for us.

James Crookston

RELIGION TODAY

"God is dead!" is a phrase that is often repeated nowadays. God is not dead, but there is not just one god. I believe there is one god for every person living on this earth. Every person in the world is different, with different wants; therefore, each one's god is different, suiting the individual's habits, character and, especially, his needs. Religion is a private affair.

Primitive man's gods were, to him, supreme beings. He worshipped things that were unknown, such as the sun and fire. He did not understand these things. Therefore he feared them. Since he feared them, he thought they must have had greater powers than he. So he worshipped them as supreme beings.

Today, too, man worships the unknown. What is beyond death? I think today's religion is centred around this question. Man has worried about life's end, so the church presented a thesis about "God", "heaven" and an "after-life". By believing in these ideas, man can overcome his fears about death and look forward to an "after-life" and "heaven". Therefore religion is used by man merely for rationalization.

I strongly think this is changing. Science is disproving many things stated in the Bible and actually believed for many centuries. A good example of this is the theory of the beginning of life. Man did not know how he got on this planet, so he made up an idea that "god" made the earth. Now, Darwin's theory of evolution has been scientifically proven. Doubt about religion is strong. In the minds of the younger generation are the questions, "Is there an 'after-life'? Is there a 'heaven'?", and, "Is there 'God'?". By forcing young children to attend church regularly, this type of religion is losing ground.

What is the use of the church? — little, if any. Today it is a business similar to any other business. It is there to sell the product. The church entices people to "worship with God" just as a store entices people to buy its products with bargains. The church tries to attract people for their money, using religion as an excuse. The church is big business.

Religion should be moral support. The interpretations formed from the Bible are lessons on life. I think that should be the main idea of religion. We know much of the outside world, but, in comparison, we know little of the workings of the human mind. In a fast-moving world, humans need to know how to control their minds. The Bible is not a book of tales; it is a book, when interpreted correctly, of lessons on life.

When a person is worried, he must find relief. The best way is to discuss his problems with another person. This other person is his personal god. This god is not a real person or spirit, it is a section of the human mind which, when asked, rationalizes and gives moral support to another part of the mind. It convinces the rest of the mind, and can provide assistance and courage.

The change from the church will come about slowly. People are, in their minds, afraid to attack "God" and say he does not exist, because he has been accepted for many centuries. Even though they are sure there is no universal "God", there is always the remotest chance there could be a "God", so they are afraid to disbelieve. The public finds it hard to accept the truth. Therefore the old religious beliefs will be long in disappearing, but in a scientific age, it is inevitable that they will disappear.

Bob Perry

PERSPECTIVE

Perspective is the seeing and relating of objects to one another as they really are and not as they appear. Men in North America today are better trained and better equipped to see things in their proper perspectives than ever before in the history of the human race. The reason for this is specialization. Years of training go into the making of a specialist educated in a particular field. Having amassed all the knowledge available about one subject, he is in the best possible position to evaluate the real worth and meaning of everything he sees.

A case in point is that of the real estate agent. If, for instance, he looks at a woodlot, he will probably see twigs, branches, wild flowers, birds, squirrels, and several varieties of trees. But!—appearances are deceiving. The real estate agent will have to interpret what he sees in its real perspective. His training will enable him to arrive quickly at the woodlot's true market value, which is really what is behind such superficial things as trees, branches, and flowers.

Take, for another example, the industrial psychologist. Although the workers that he deals with appear to be people, he cannot afford to look at them in that perspective. If he did, he would probably waste his and the company's time attending to their happiness and mental health. His first concern is with how they can be made to be more productive. They are, after all, of greatest value when they operate smoothly, with the latest friction, and with the highest devotion to their jobs. It is mainly the initiated in the field of industrial psychology who will be able to assess their worth properly, ignoring their illusory similarities to human beings.

These are only two of the many jobs for which men have had to attain the right perspective in order to find the best ways of doing their work. However, there is one mental adjustment common to almost all

people in North America today, without which it would be impossible for anyone to do his job properly. This is the attitude that the life of a North American is worth a great deal more than that of an Oriental. A North American person must be worth more; otherwise, why are we so much better fed, housed, and clothed than Orientals? Surely we deserve it, or we would not allow such a situation to continue. Granted, we have the resources to equalize the conditions of the world's population, but we must not squander them on the Chinese or the Indians. At the present time, we do, carelessly, give them some economic aid, but this is justified as it causes very little discomfort to our own people, and aids in the spreading of our culture and ideology. If we, for a minute, were to abandon our present perspective and were to consider all men equal, we might commit the absurdity of integrating with the underfed peoples and allowing them to use our own farmland. Admittedly, we are not able to cultivate all of it ourselves yet, but it is better to let it lie in waste than to have less cultured people living on it.

No: we must keep our present attitude; fight for it if necessary, for the stakes are high. How can we expect our industrial leaders, businessmen, and public officials to continue selflessly working toward a better life for North Americans if we ungratefully demand that the wealth be shared? How could we expect doctors, teachers, and social workers to remain in North America if they mistakenly felt that an Oriental was as good as any man? Who would be left to sell the soap and to give the evening weather reports if there were a sudden exodus of do-gooders to the East? Is it possible, even, that our farmers would still raise crops if they knew they were feeding inferiors? No: we have inherited the earth and we must put it to its best possible use, namely ourselves.

I therefore ask every comfortable North American to examine his perspectives, to decide what must come first, and to use his skills wisely in the perpetuation of his own comfort.

John Cossar

CANADA'S ROLE IN DISARMAMENT

The Canadian armed forces are composed of approximately one hundred and twenty thousand men. The U.S.A. presently maintains an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men in Vietnam. This number is three times the size of the combined Canadian forces!

In this, the space age, intercontinental ballistic death can be delivered to one's own doorstep in a matter of minutes. Missiles with computerized guidance systems can pinpoint any given city in the world and, armed with nuclear warheads, can partially obliterate that city.

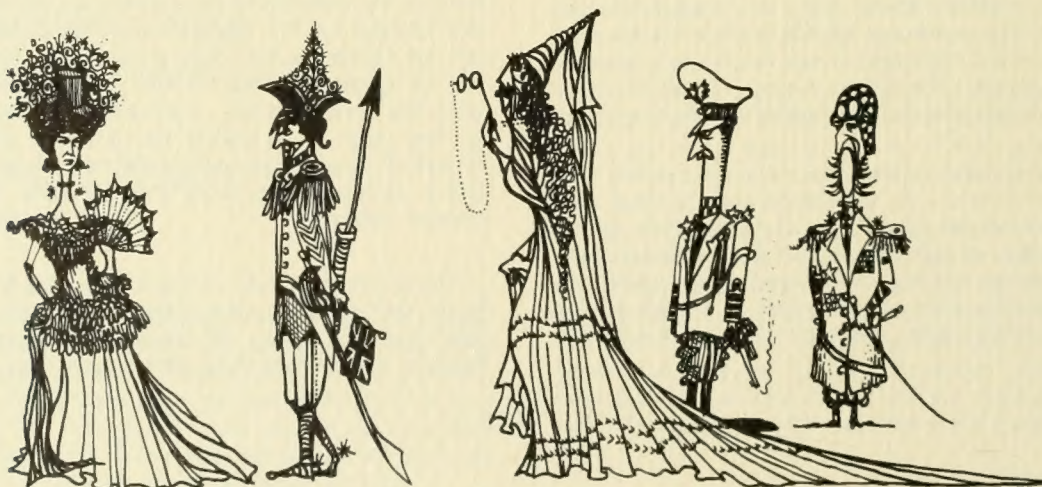
"Early" warning complexes such as the D.E.W. line which cost thousands upon thousands of dollars to construct and maintain give a paltry five minutes warning of impending death. This is enough time for the religious to pray or for the militant to push the button marked "retaliation".

Approximately thirty percent of Canada's national spending is used for defence. Defence against what? Aggression, subversion, invasion? — these are words from a "G.I. Joe" vocabulary, from "Newsweek" magazine. Defence against a missile is all but futile. Couldn't this money be better spent on the promotion of world peace? An old axiom states that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure". Since there is no cure for nuclear warfare, our only hope lies in prevention.

Canada could play an important part in world disarmament. Canada is a non-partisan country with favourable diplomatic and trading relations with almost every country in the world and is, therefore, in an excellent position to arbitrate in world affairs and disputes.

The alternatives? — there is no alternative to world peace. Canada must take the lead in disarmament.

Bill Watt



CADETS . . . ?

Is the Cadet programme at S.A.C. really necessary? Our cadet corps fulfills only a ceremonial function and has no pretensions whatsoever of being a fighting unit. More than three-quarters of the considerable amount of time spent on cadets is spent in drill, and the rest is squandered on courses that have little practical application outside the school. Opportunities for developing leadership are extended only to the thirteen boys who become officers. The rest of the cadets do not have this opportunity of leadership; how can they when they are marching in the ranks? There are very few arguments to support the school's continuing to have a cadet corps, perhaps the most important argument for the corps being that it advertises the school on the three parades that are held every year. Since it is predominantly parents, friends of the school, and a few townspeople of Aurora that see the parades, the effectiveness of this advertising may be questioned.

Is there then another activity that would achieve more than cadets? There was such an activity this year — the school's centennial project. The project was not compulsory; yet, it involved every boy in the school, helped the community, and taught many more than thirteen of the students how to organize events, work with others, and show originality. In addition, the school body had fun doing the project, there was a minimum of complaining, and almost all of the school's clubs and committees were involved. Contrast this activity with cadets, and find that there is no comparison.

The successful involvement of the whole school was the outstanding feature of our whole centennial project. Most school clubs and committees had something to do with it. Involvement ranged from such different activities as the films put on by the film committee to the sale of pottery by the pottery club. Each class also had an undertaking of its own for the Bazaar, which was the climax of the whole project. Each boy in the school had a chance to use his talents in any one of several different activities on the day of the Bazaar, and many boys volunteered to help with more than one activity. It is a credit to the student body that no compulsion was necessary for any part of the project, not even for cleaning up after the Bazaar.

Because of the large number of events that went on for the Bazaar and the fact that this was the student's project, most responsibility for the various activities was delegated to students. Leadership and organizational abilities from the students were essential to the success of the Bazaar, and every student had a chance to assume responsibility if he chose. Close co-operation between masters and classes was also necessary, perhaps even more so than in the classroom, and this co-operation was not lacking.

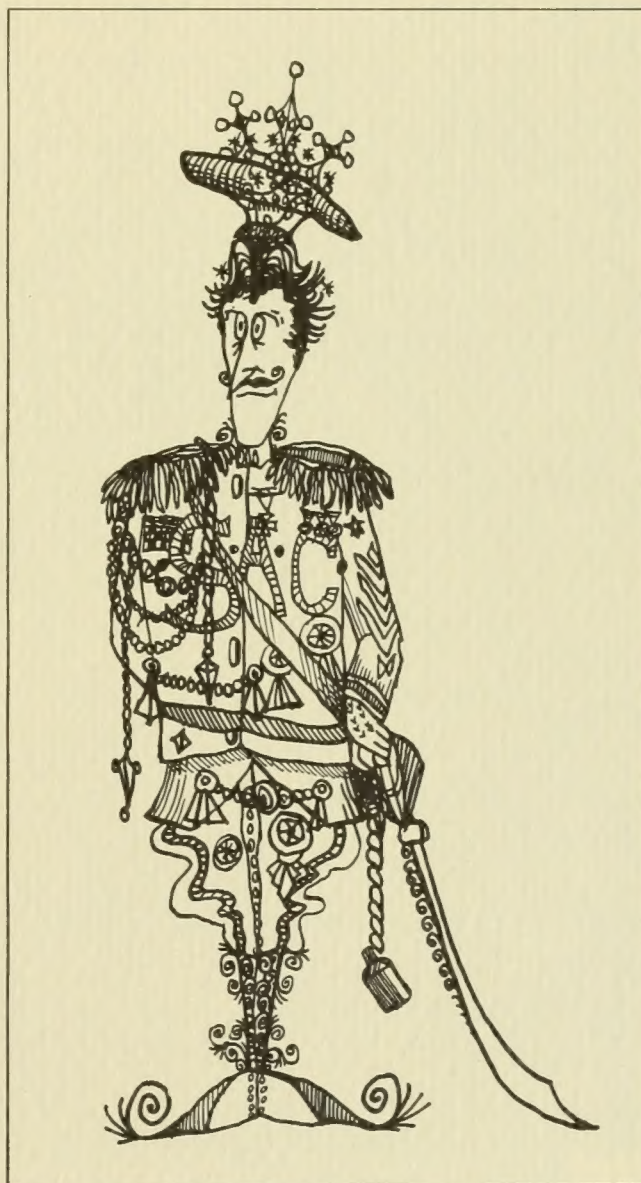
The advertising value of the Bazaar should not be underestimated either. Many people saw St. Andrew's for the first time on the Bazaar day, and all the people that came saw St. Andrew's at its best. In addition, many people in the Aurora-Newmarket district saw that the College was finally taking a long overdue

interest in this community, and the result of that can only be beneficial to both school and community.

The centennial project involved the entire school. Co-operation among boys and between boys and masters was excellent. The whole project was done voluntarily and enjoyed by all. The community benefitted from the project. It would not be hard to carry on a similar project next year.

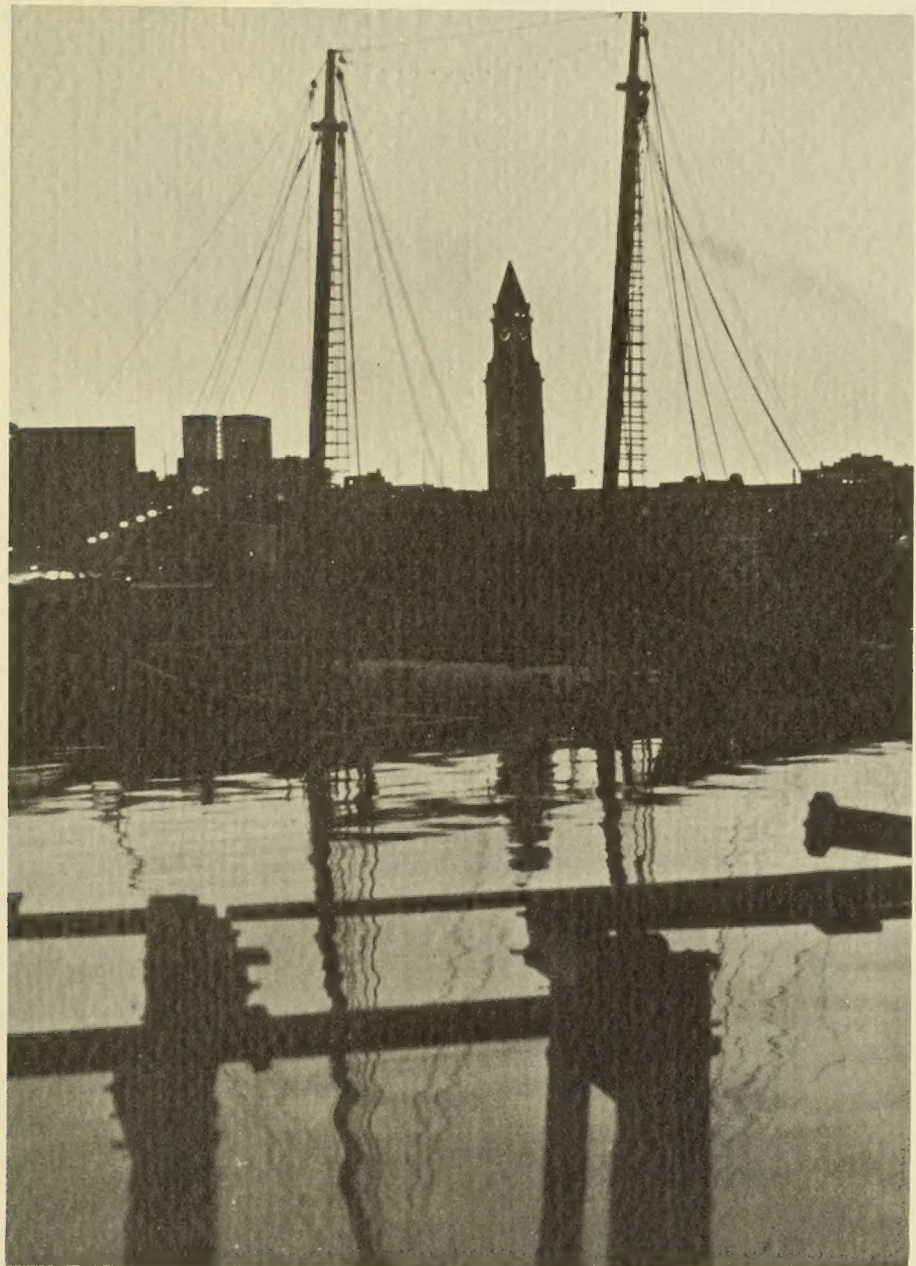
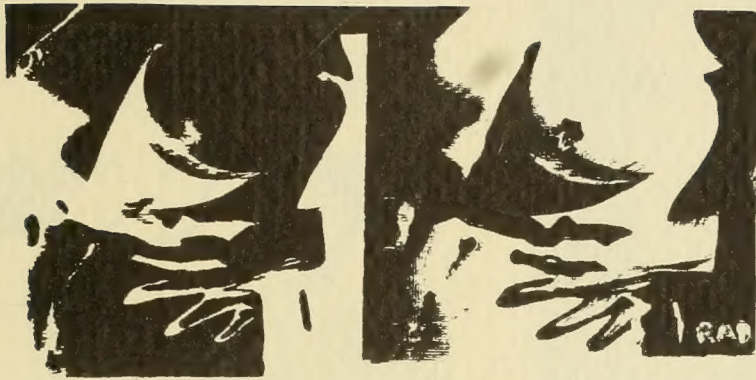
Is cadets really necessary?

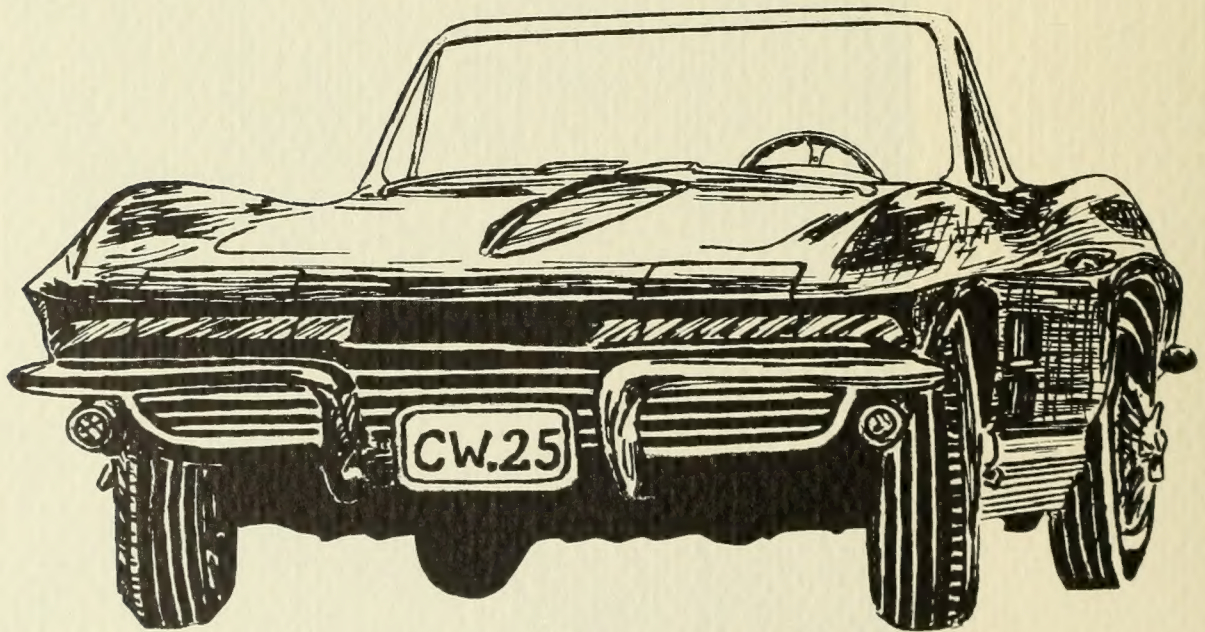
Nick Nation



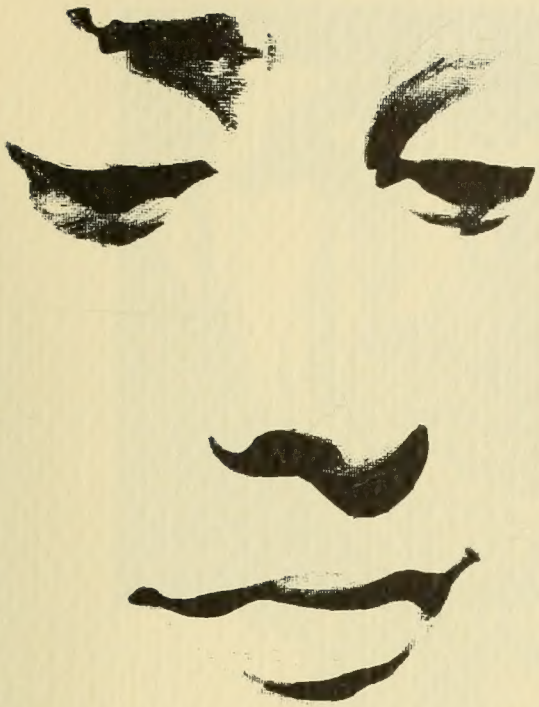
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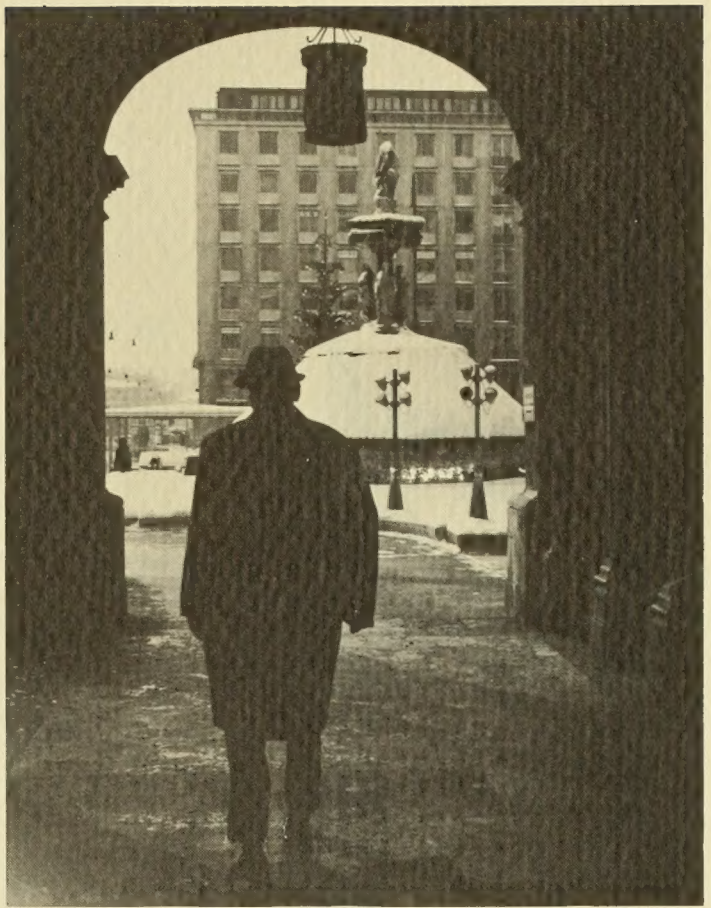


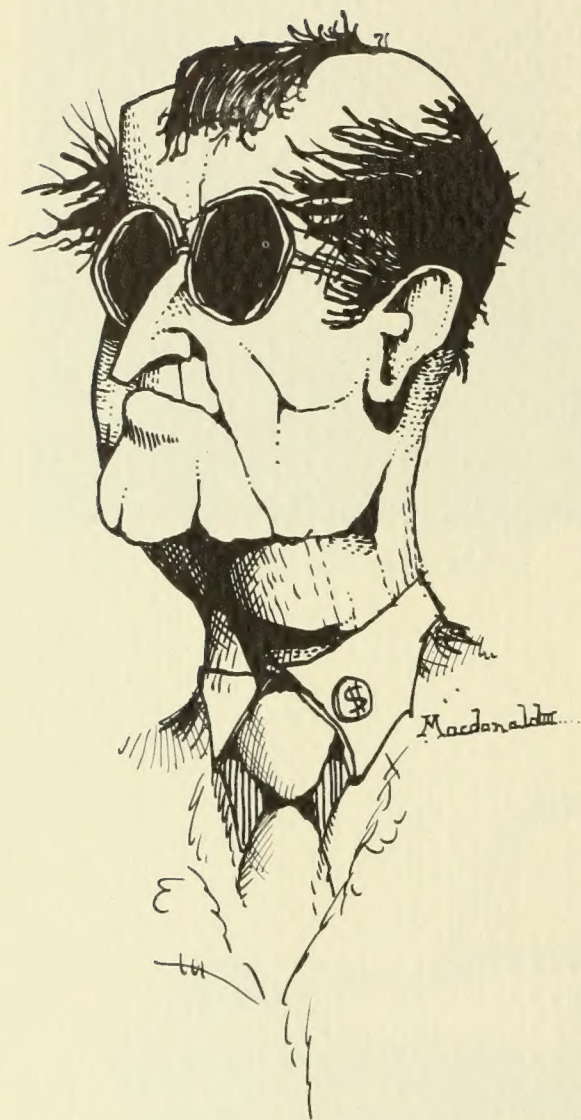
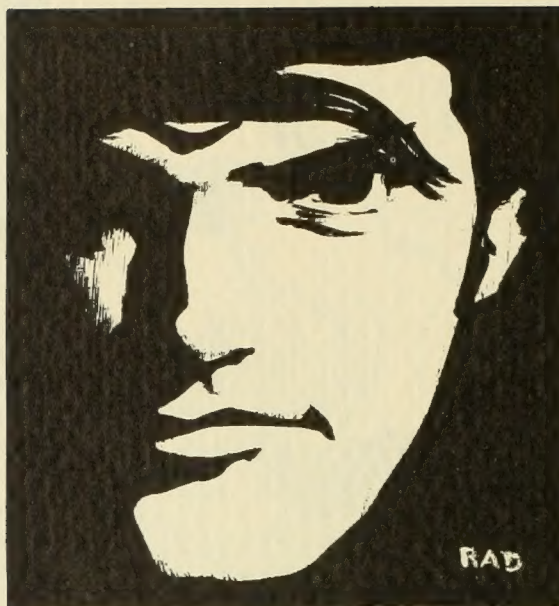


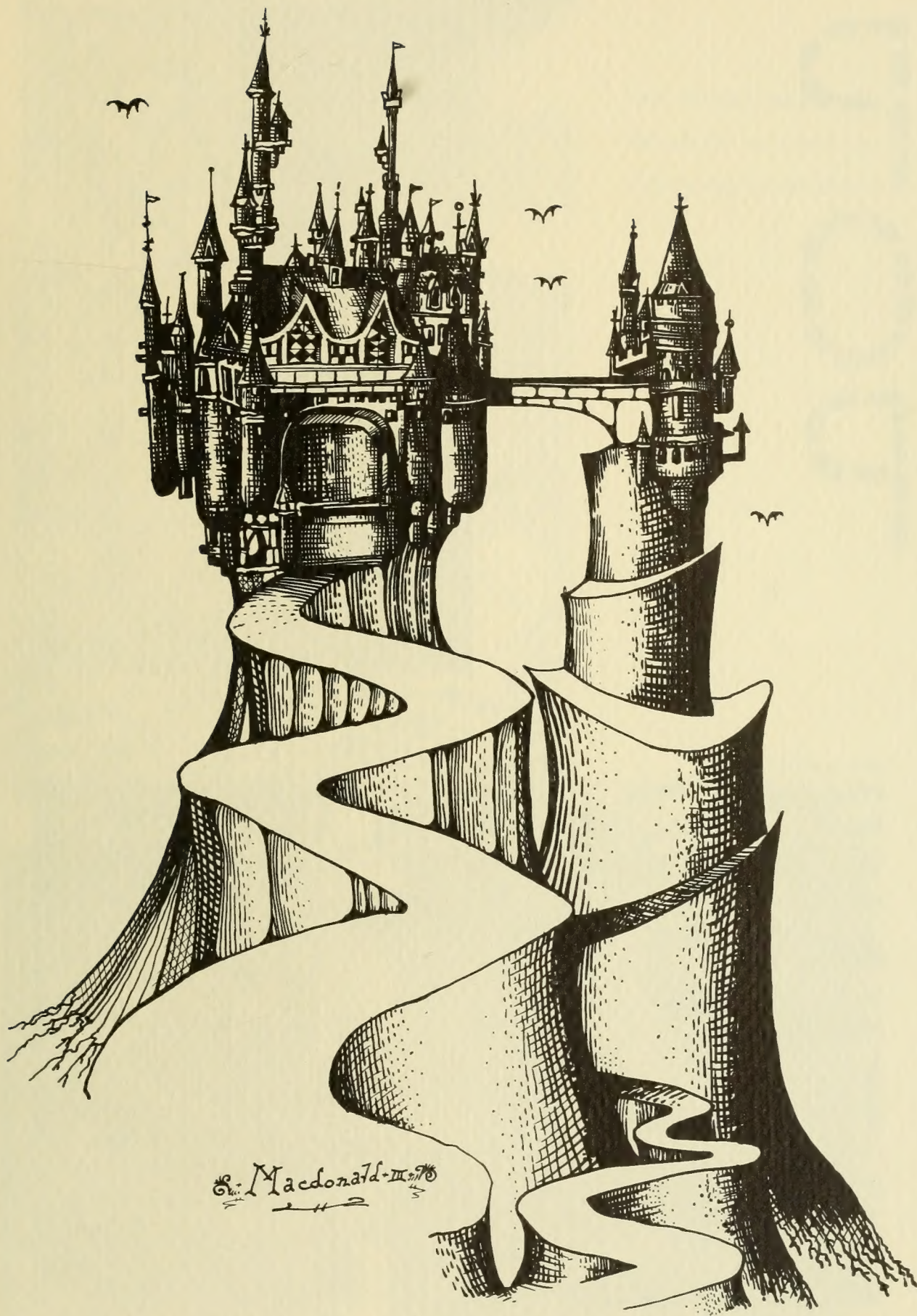
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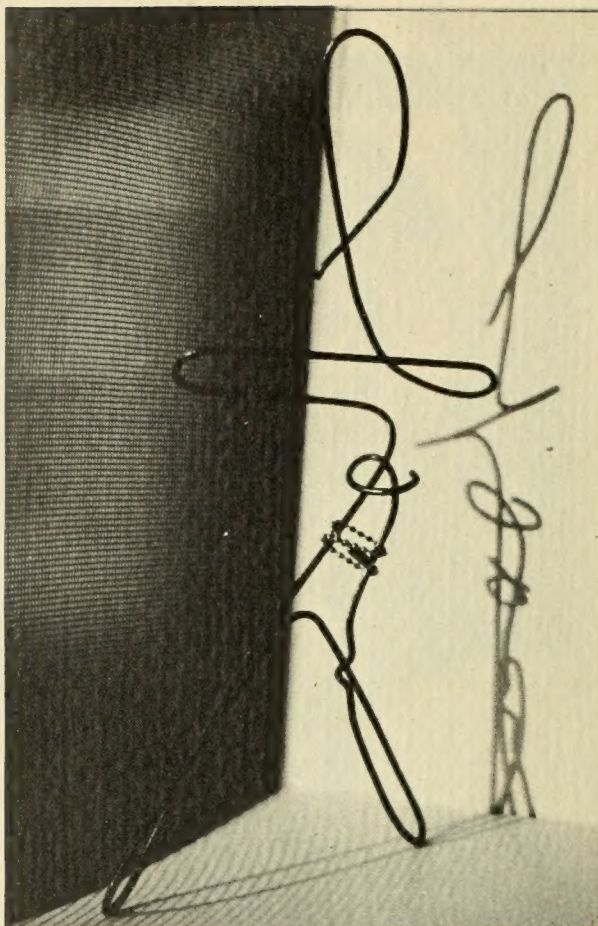
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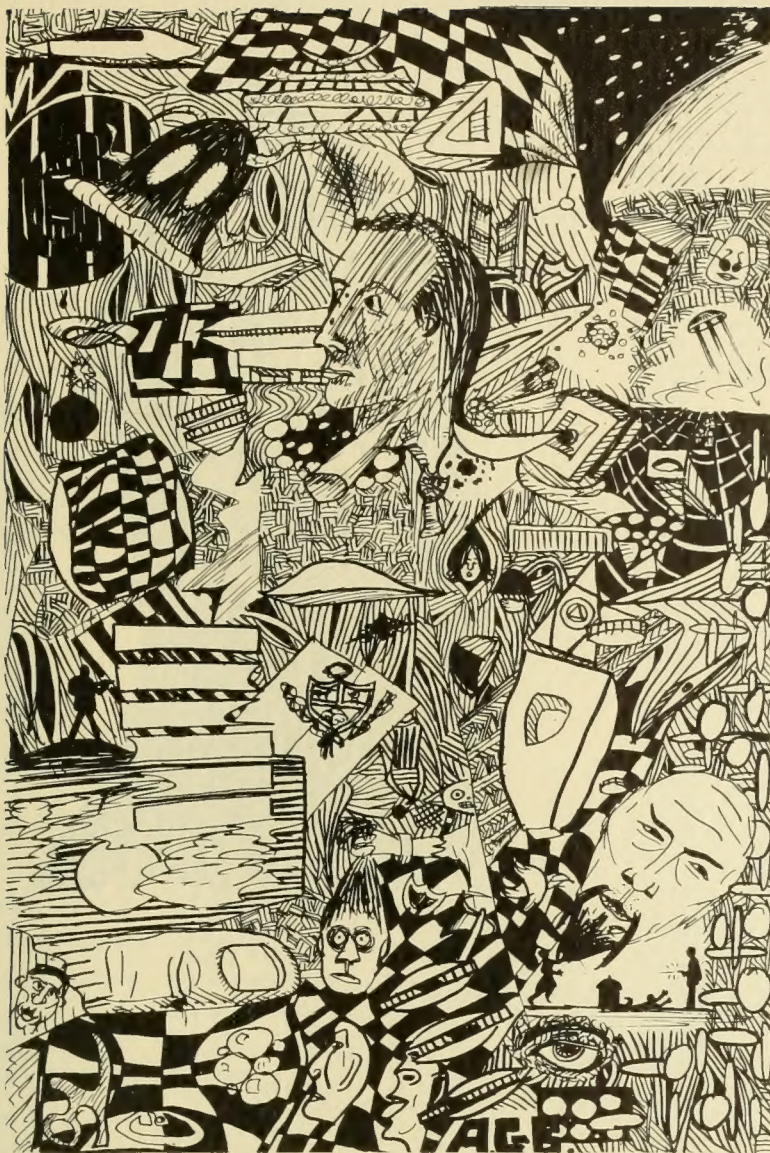
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measurements please

man and his world

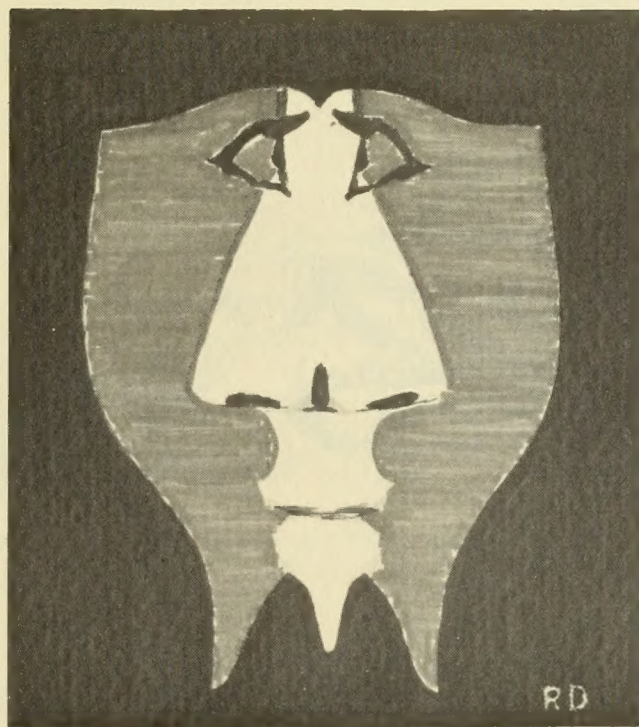
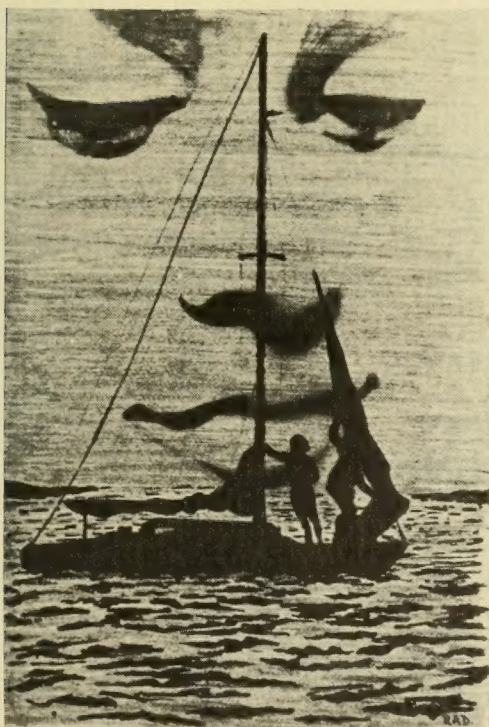


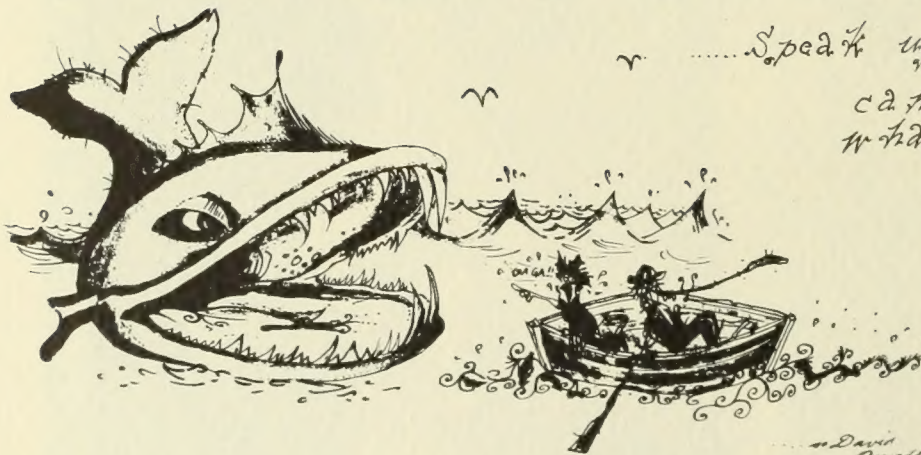


Left: *changing aspects*

Bottom left: *no matter how far*

Bottom right: *personification*





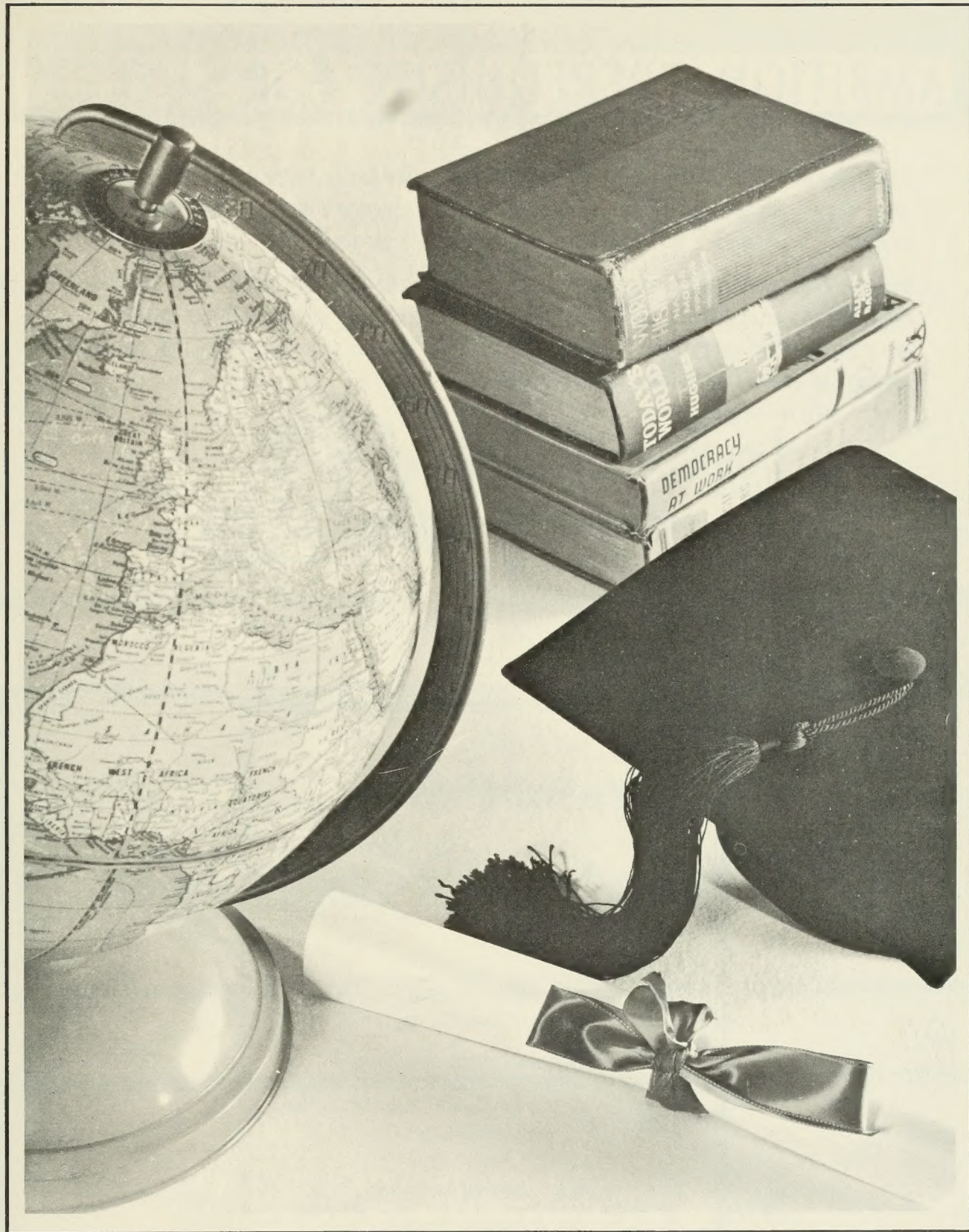
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 can't understand
 what you're
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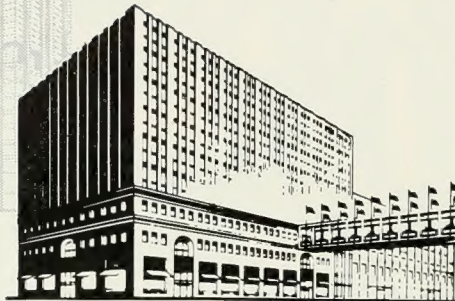
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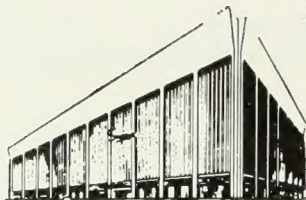


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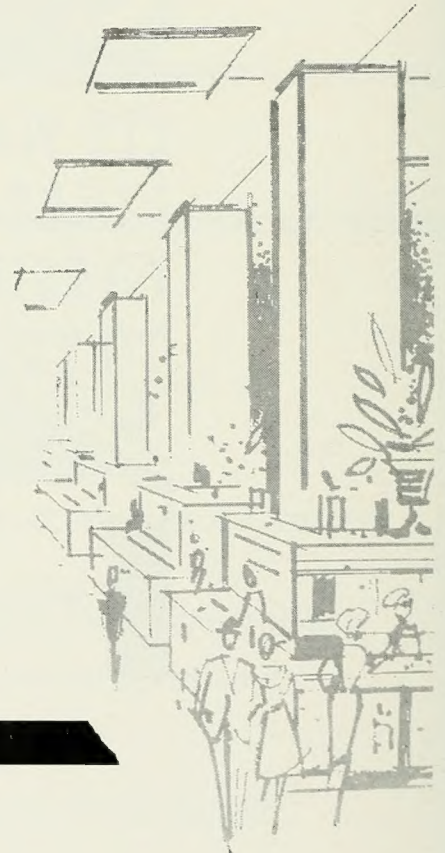
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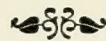
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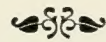
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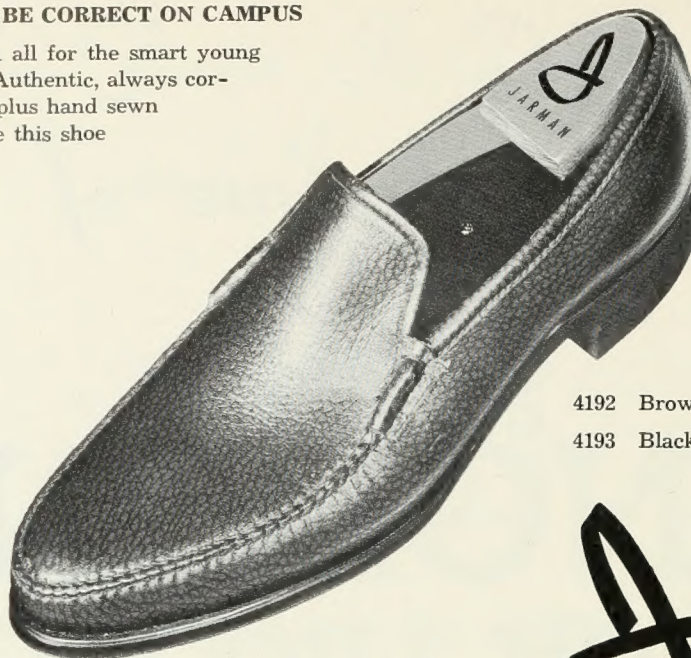
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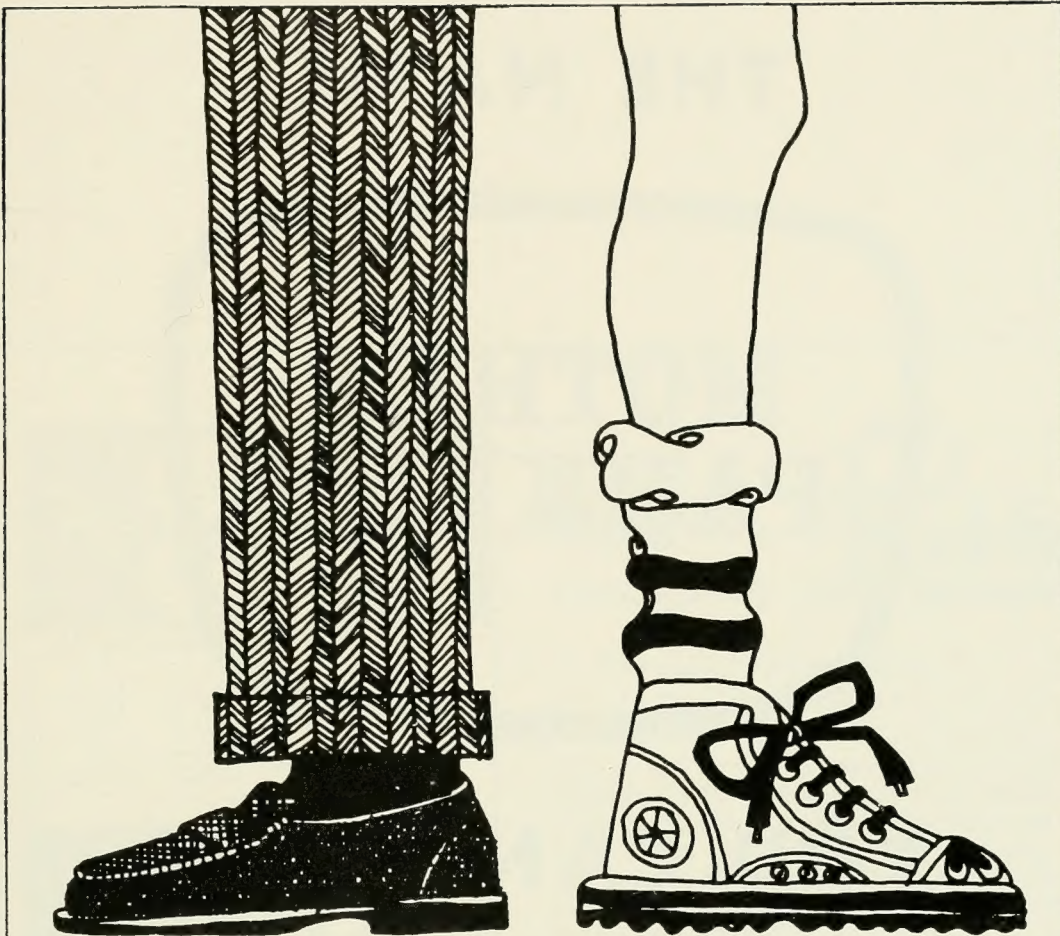
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